The Gospel Hymn Book

PROPERTY OF
CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH

THE

GOSPEL HYMN BOOK

A COLLECTION OF
NEW AND STANDARD HYMNS
FOR

Gospel and Social Meetings
Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies

Edited by

D. B. TOWNER, Mus. Doc.
Superintendent of Music, Moody Bible Institute

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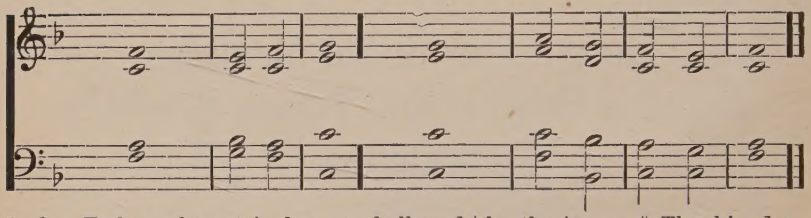
The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he arose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

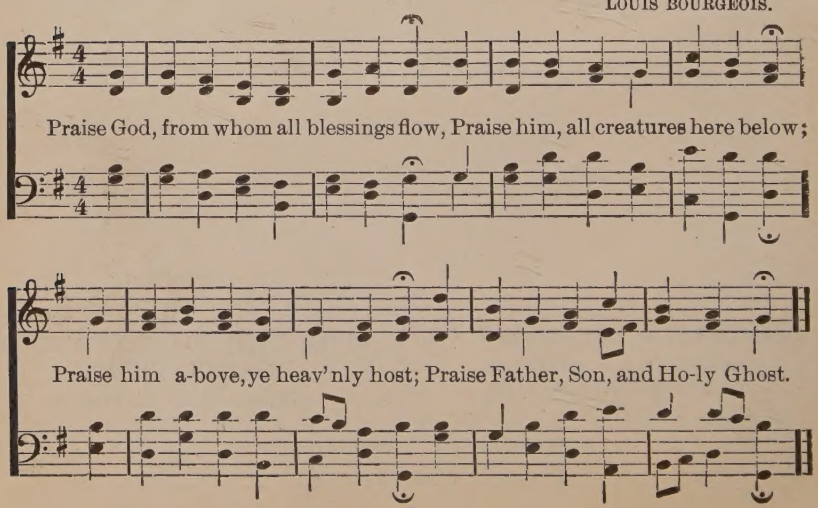
The Lord's Prayer.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name.‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread.‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil:‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ev-er. | A- | men.

Doxology.

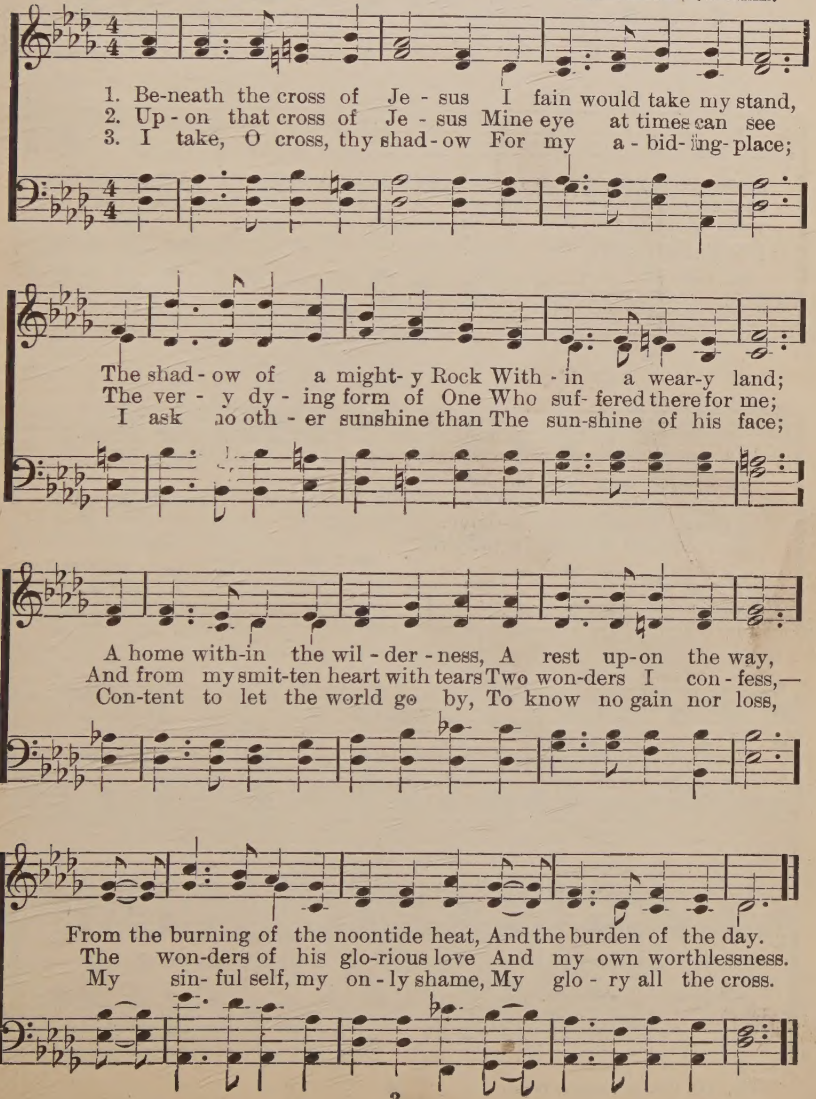
LOUIS BOURGEOIS.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

The Gospel Hymn Book.

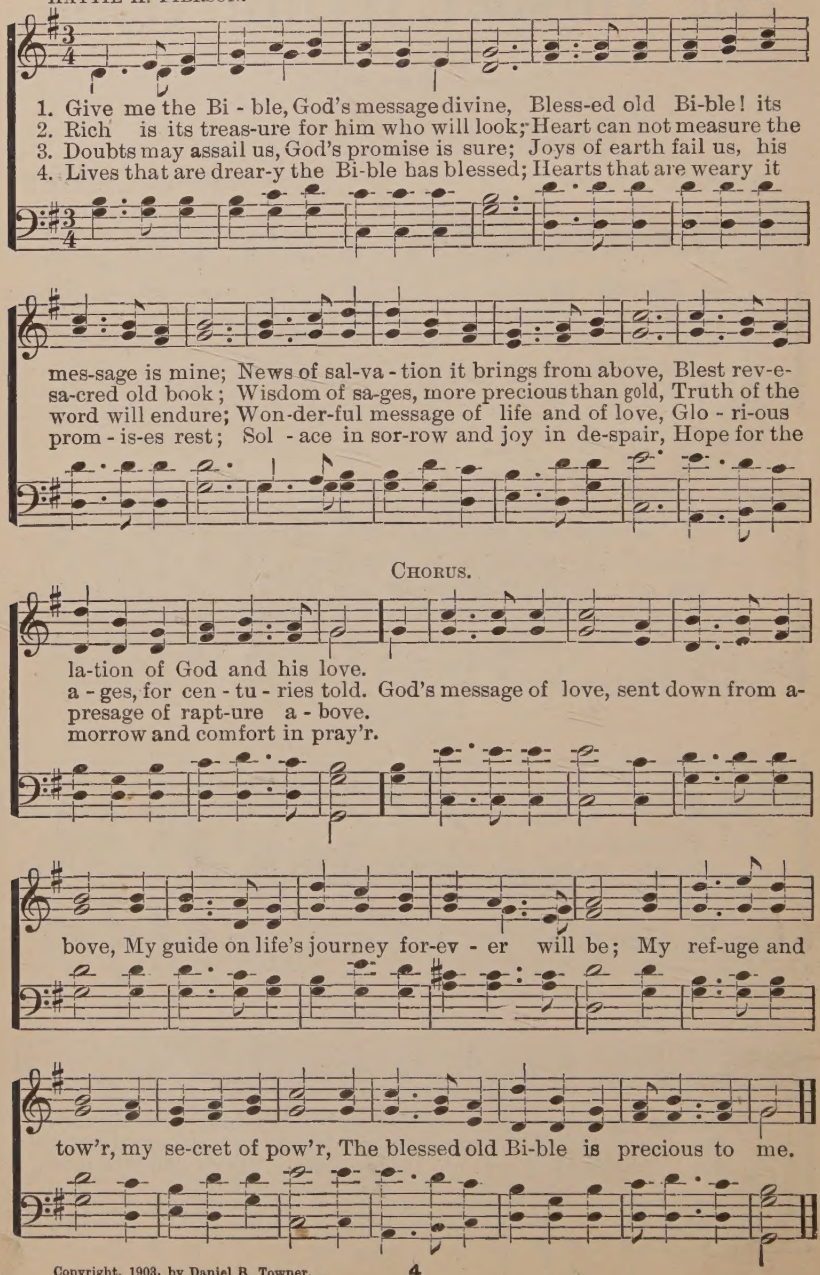
1. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.


1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid- ing- place;
The shad - ow of a might- y Rock With - in a wear-y land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf- fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sunshine than The sun-shine of his face;
A home with-in the wil - der - ness, A rest up-on the way,
And from my smit-ten heart with tears Two won-ders I con - fess,—
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burning of the noontide heat, And the burden of the day.
The won-ders of his glo-rious love And my own worthlessness.
My sin- ful self, my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

2. The Blessed Old Book.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Give me the Bi - ble, God's message divine, Bless-ed old Bi-ble! its mes-sage is mine; News of sal-va - tion it brings from above, Blest rev-e-
2. Rich is its treas-ure for him who will look; Heart can not measure the sa-cred old book; Wisdom of sa-ges, more precious than gold, Truth of the
3. Doubts may assail us, God's promise is sure; Joys of earth fail us, his word will endure; Won-der-ful message of life and of love, Glo - ri-ous
4. Lives that are drear-y the Bi-ble has blessed; Hearts that are weary it prom - is-es rest; Sol - ace in sor-row and joy in de-spair, Hope for the
CHORUS.
la-tion of God and his love.
a - ges, for cen - tu - ries told. God's message of love, sent down from a-
presage of rapt-ure a - bove.
morrow and comfort in pray'r.
bove, My guide on life's journey for-ev - er will be; My ref-uge and
tow'r, my se-cret of pow'r, The blessed old Bi-ble is precious to me.

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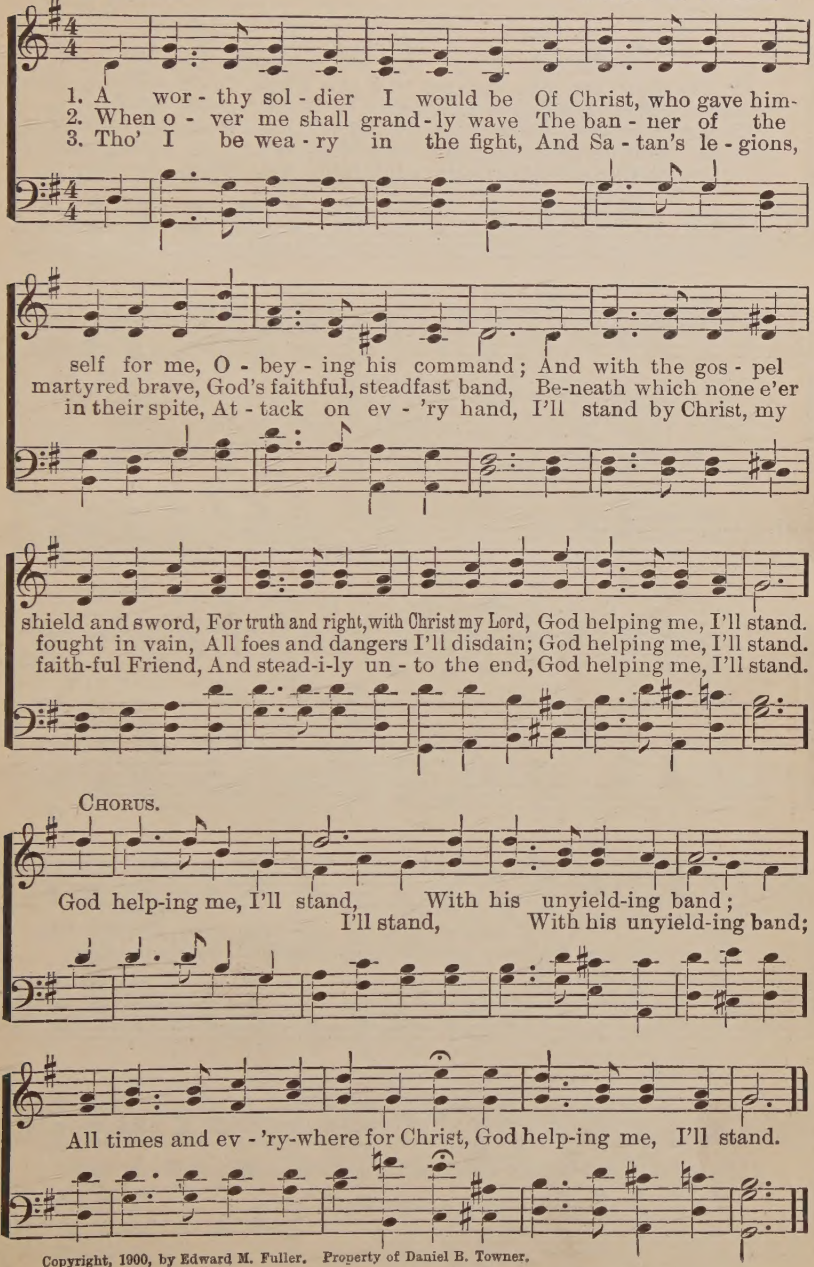
3. God Helping Me, I'll Stand.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. A wor - thy sol - dier I would be Of Christ, who gave him-
2. When o - ver me shall grand - ly wave The ban - ner of the
3. Tho' I be wea - ry in the fight, And Sa - tan's le - gions,
self for me, O - bey - ing his command; And with the gos - pel
martyred brave, God's faithful, steadfast band, Be-neath which none e'er
in their spite, At - tack on ev - 'ry hand, I'll stand by Christ, my
shield and sword, For truth and right, with Christ my Lord, God helping me, I'll stand.
fought in vain, All foes and dangers I'll disdain; God helping me, I'll stand.
faith-ful Friend, And stead-i-ly un - to the end, God helping me, I'll stand.
CHORUS.
God help-ing me, I'll stand, With his unyield-ing band;
I'll stand, With his unyield-ing band;
All times and ev - 'ry-where for Christ, God help-ing me, I'll stand.

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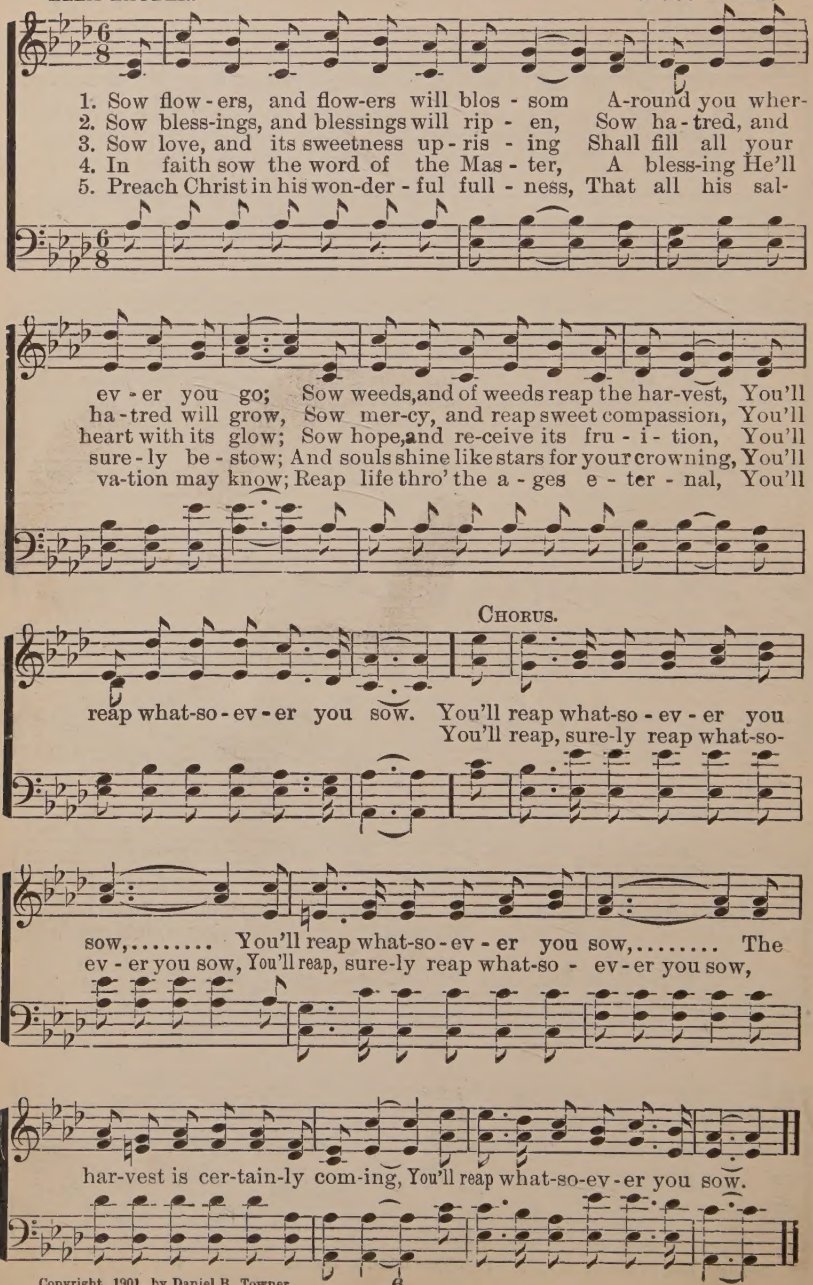
4. You'll Reap Whatsoever You Sow.

ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Sow flow-ers, and flow-ers will blos-som A-round you wher-
2. Sow bless-ings, and blessings will rip-en, Sow ha-tred, and
3. Sow love, and its sweetness up-ris-ing Shall fill all your
4. In faith sow the word of the Mas-ter, A bless-ing He'll
5. Preach Christ in his won-der-ful full-ness, That all his sal-
ev-er you go; Sow weeds, and of weeds reap the har-vest, You'll
ha-tred will grow, Sow mer-cy, and reap sweet compassion, You'll
heart with its glow; Sow hope, and re-ceive its fru-i-tion, You'll
sure-ly be-stow; And souls shine like stars for your crowning, You'll
va-tion may know; Reap life thro' the a-ges e-ter-nal, You'll
CHORUS.
reap what-so-ev-er you sow. You'll reap what-so-ev-er you
You'll reap, sure-ly reap what-so-
sow,..... You'll reap what-so-ev-er you sow,..... The
ev-er you sow, You'll reap, sure-ly reap what-so-ev-er you sow,
har-vest is cer-tain-ly com-ing, You'll reap what-so-ev-er you sow.

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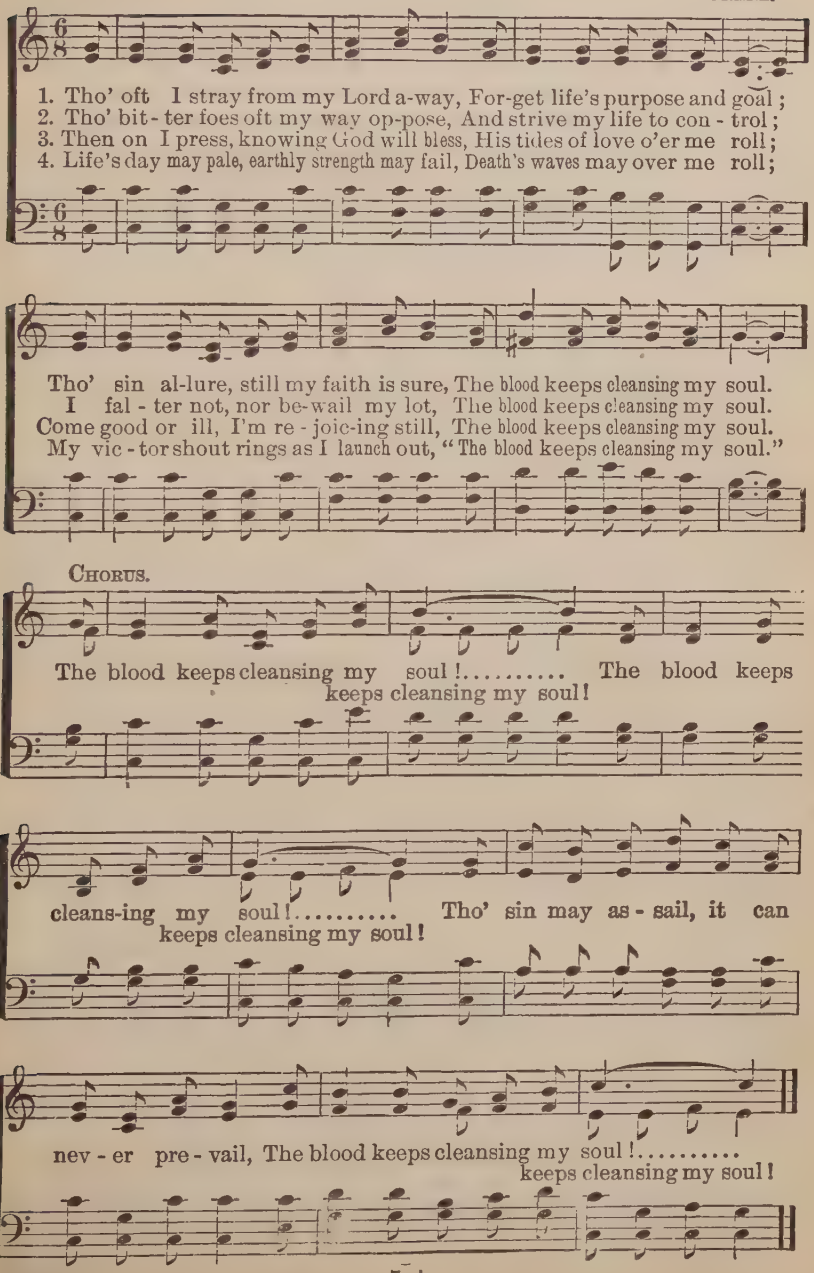
5. The Blood Keeps Cleansing.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Tho' oft I stray from my Lord a-way, For-get life's purpose and goal;
2. Tho' bit-ter foes oft my way op-pose, And strive my life to con-trol;
3. Then on I press, knowing God will bless, His tides of love o'er me roll;
4. Life's day may pale, earthly strength may fail, Death's waves may over me roll;
Tho' sin al-lure, still my faith is sure, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
I fal-ter not, nor be-wail my lot, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
Come good or ill, I'm re-joic-ing still, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
My vic-tor shout rings as I launch out, "The blood keeps cleansing my soul."
CHORUS.
The blood keeps cleansing my soul!..... The blood keeps keeps cleansing my soul!
cleans-ing my soul!..... Tho' sin may as-sail, it can keeps cleansing my soul!
nev-er pre-vail, The blood keeps cleansing my soul!..... keeps cleansing my soul!

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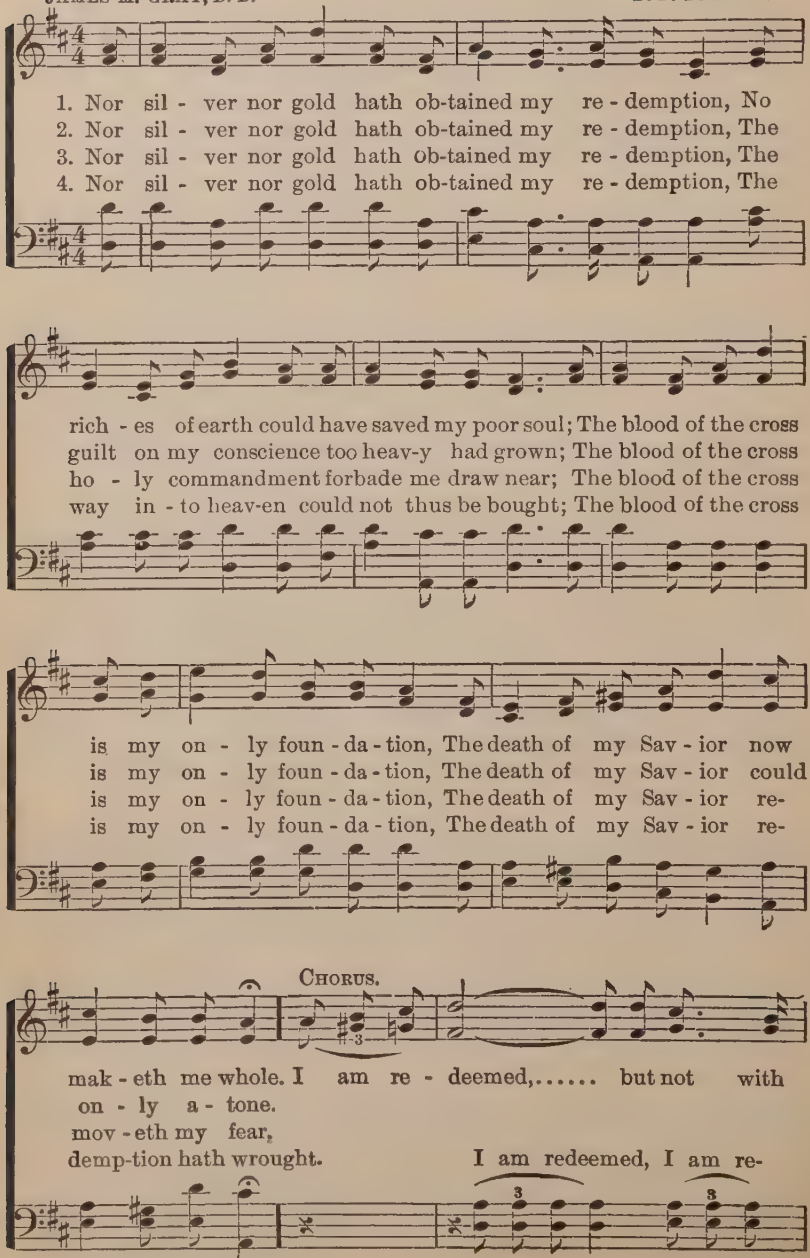
6. # Nor Silver nor Gold.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re - demption, No
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re - demption, The
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re - demption, The
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re - demption, The
rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross
guilt on my conscience too heav-y had grown; The blood of the cross
ho - ly commandment forbade me draw near; The blood of the cross
way in - to heav-en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross
is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior now
is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior could
is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior re-
is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior re-
Chorus.
mak - eth me whole. I am re - deemed,..... but not with
on - ly a - tone.
mov - eth my fear,
demp-tion hath wrought.
I am redeemed, I am re-

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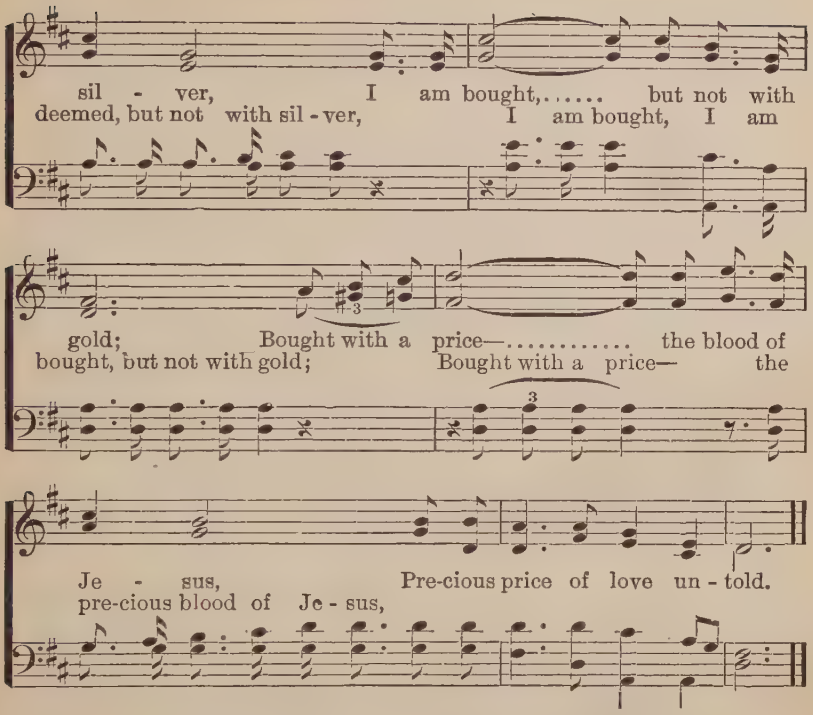
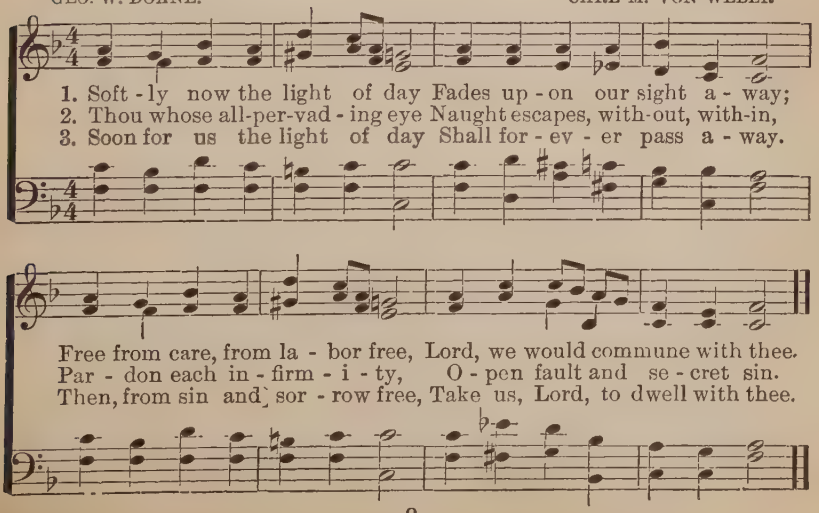
Nor Silver nor Gold. Concluded.


sil - ver, I am bought,..... but not with
deemed, but not with sil - ver, I am bought, I am
gold; Bought with a price—..... the blood of
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price— the
Je - sus, Pre-cious price of love un - told.
pre-cious blood of Je - sus,

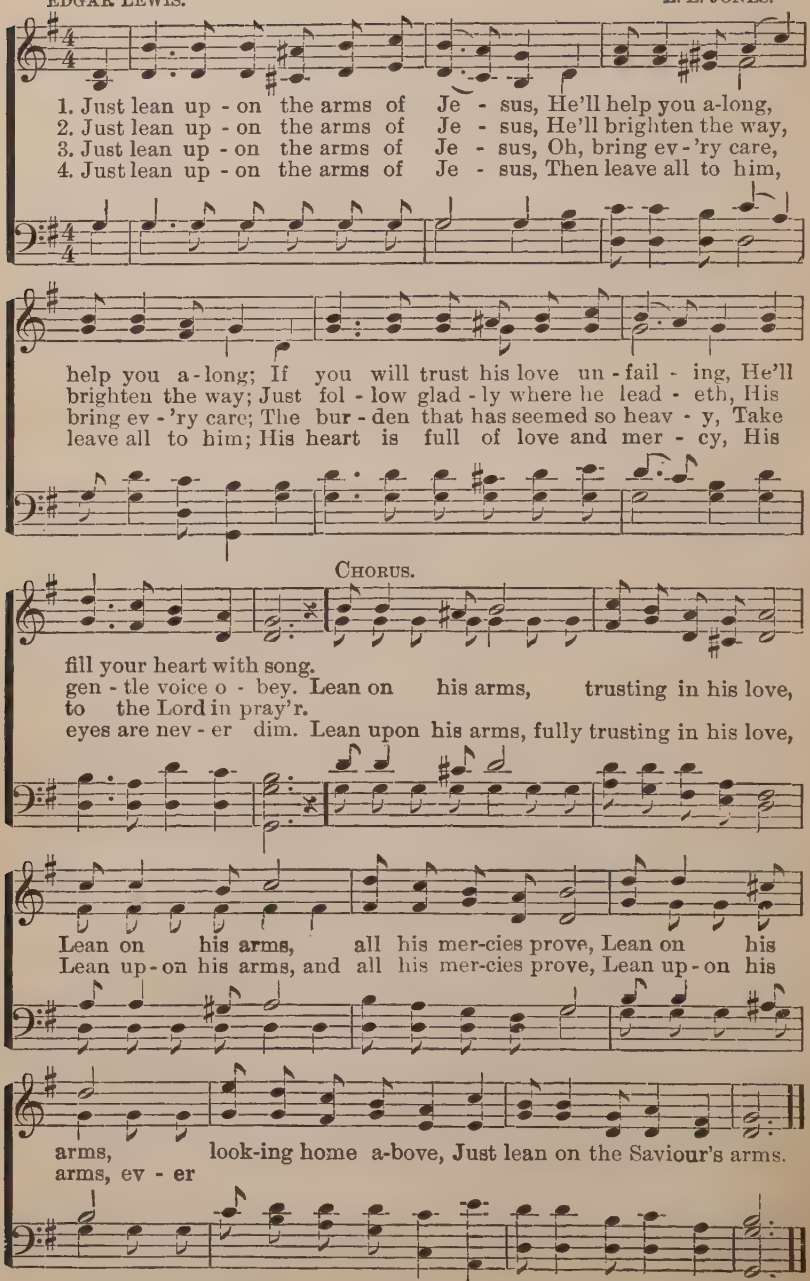
7. Softly now the Light of Day.

GEO. W. DOANE. CARL M. VON WEBER


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all-per-vad - ing eye Naught escapes, with-out, with-in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way.
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

8. Lean Upon His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.


1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a-long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Oh, bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to him,
help you a - long; If you will trust his love un - fail - ing, He'll
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where he lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care; The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His
CHORUS.
fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on his arms, trusting in his love,
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim. Lean upon his arms, fully trusting in his love,
Lean on his arms, all his mer-cies prove, Lean on his
Lean up - on his arms, and all his mer-cies prove, Lean up - on his
arms, look-ing home a-bove, Just lean on the Saviour's arms.
arms, ev - er

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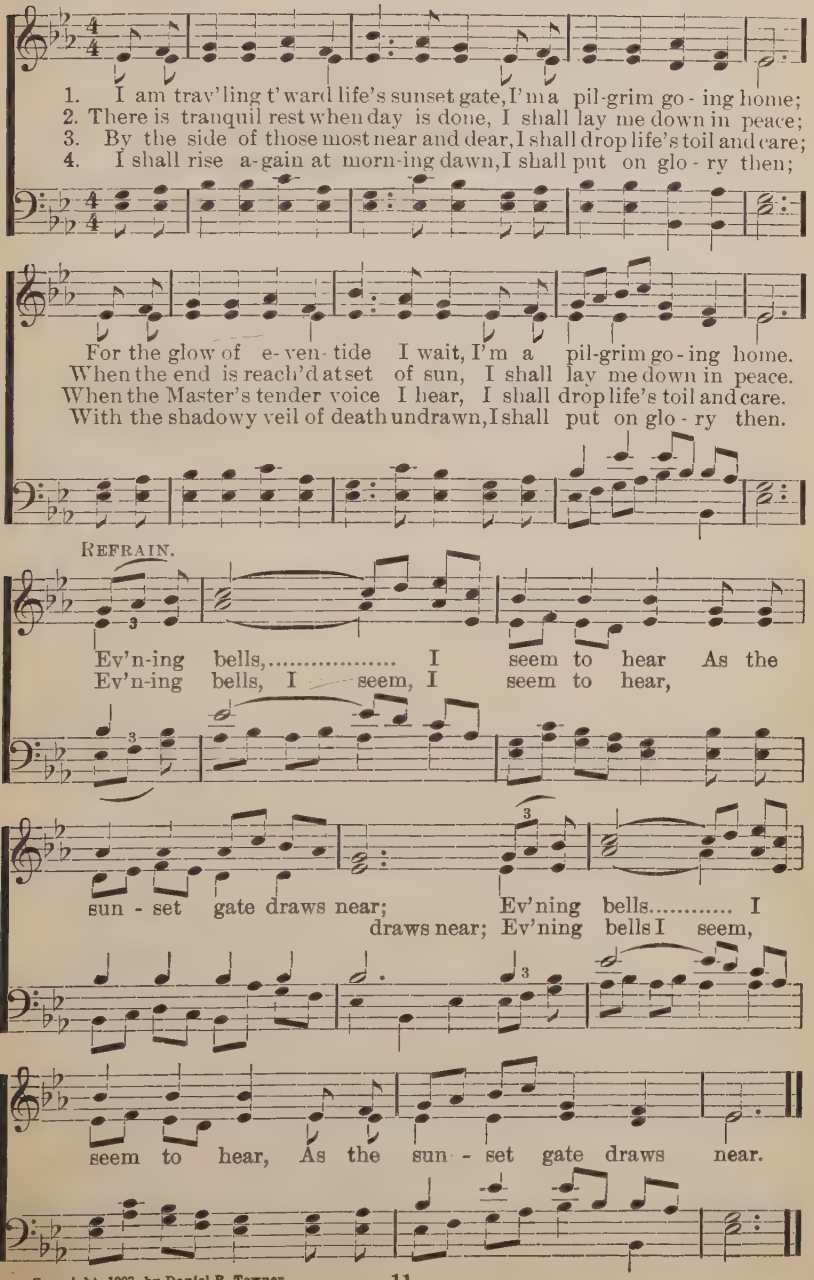
9. The Sunset Gate.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I am trav'ling t'ward life's sunset gate, I'm a pil-grim go - ing home;
2. There is tranquil rest when day is done, I shall lay me down in peace;
3. By the side of those most near and dear, I shall drop life's toil and care;
4. I shall rise a-gain at morn-ing dawn, I shall put on glo - ry then;
For the glow of e-ven-tide I wait, I'm a pil-grim go-ing home.
When the end is reach'd at set of sun, I shall lay me down in peace.
When the Master's tender voice I hear, I shall drop life's toil and care.
With the shadowy veil of death undrawn, I shall put on glo - ry then.
REFRAIN.
Ev'n-ing bells,..... I seem to hear As the
Ev'n-ing bells, I seem, I seem to hear,
sun - set gate draws near; Ev'ning bells..... I
draws near; Ev'ning bells I seem,
seem to hear, As the sun - set gate draws near.

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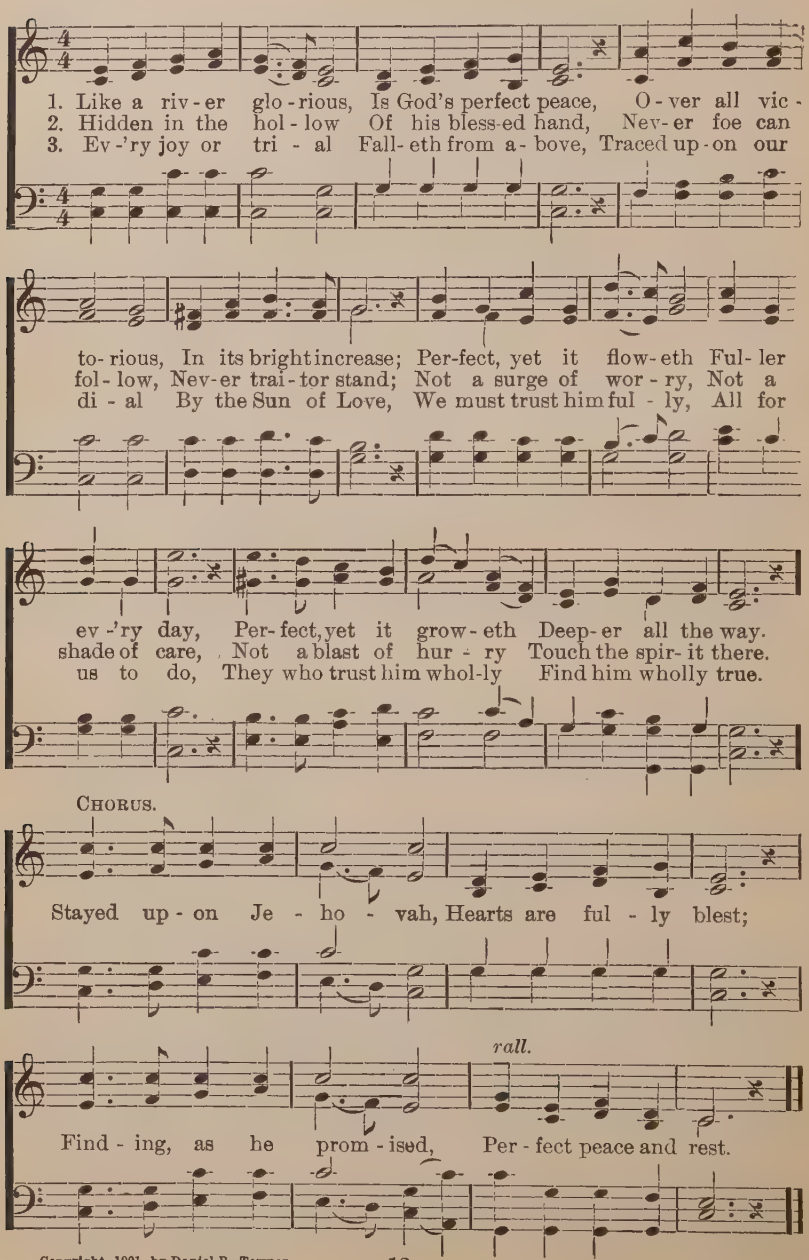
10. Perfect Peace and Rest.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Like a riv-er glo-rious, Is God's perfect peace, O-ver all vic-
2. Hidden in the hol-low Of his bless-ed hand, Nev-er foe can
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri-al Fall-eth from a-bove, Traced up-on our
to-rious, In its bright increase; Per-fect, yet it flow-eth Ful-ler
fol-low, Nev-er trai-tor stand; Not a surge of wor-ry, Not a
di-al By the Sun of Love, We must trust him ful-ly, All for
ev-'ry day, Per-fect, yet it grow-eth Deep-er all the way.
shade of care, Not a blast of hur-ry Touch the spir-it there.
us to do, They who trust him whol-ly Find him wholly true.
CHORUS.
Stayed up-on Je-ho-vah, Hearts are ful-ly blest;
rall.
Find-ing, as he prom-ised, Per-fect peace and rest.

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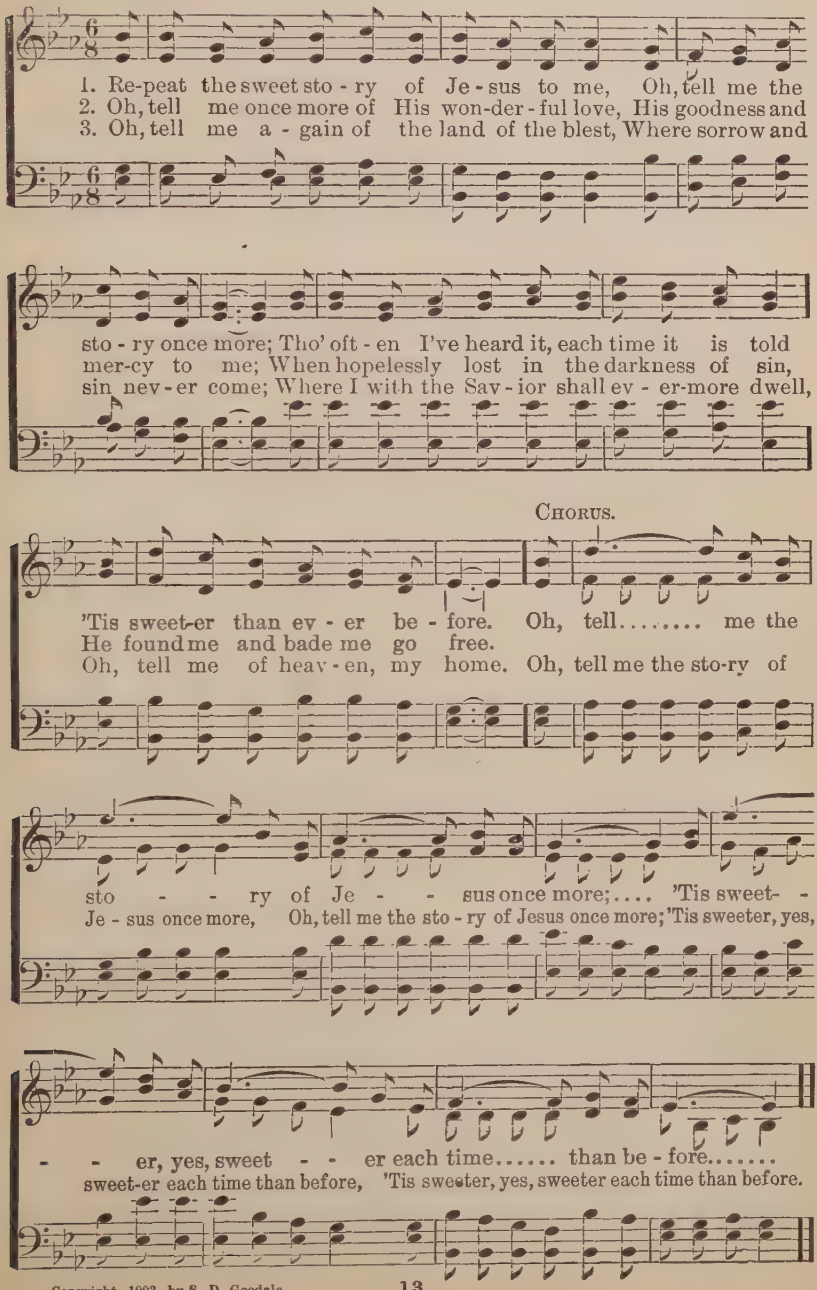
11. # Oh, Tell Me the Story.

J. B. ATCHINSON. S. D. GOODALE.

1. Re-peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, Oh, tell me the
2. Oh, tell me once more of His won-der - ful love, His goodness and
3. Oh, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sorrow and
sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told
mer-cy to me; When hopelessly lost in the darkness of sin,
sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav - ior shall ev - er-more dwell,
CHORUS.
'Tis sweet-er than ev - er be - fore. Oh, tell..... me the
He found me and bade me go free.
Oh, tell me of heav - en, my home. Oh, tell me the sto-ry of
sto - - - ry of Je - - - sus once more;.... 'Tis sweet- -
Je - sus once more, Oh, tell me the sto - ry of Jesus once more; 'Tis sweeter, yes,
- - er, yes, sweet - - er each time..... than be - fore.....
sweet-er each time than before, 'Tis sweeter, yes, sweeter each time than before.

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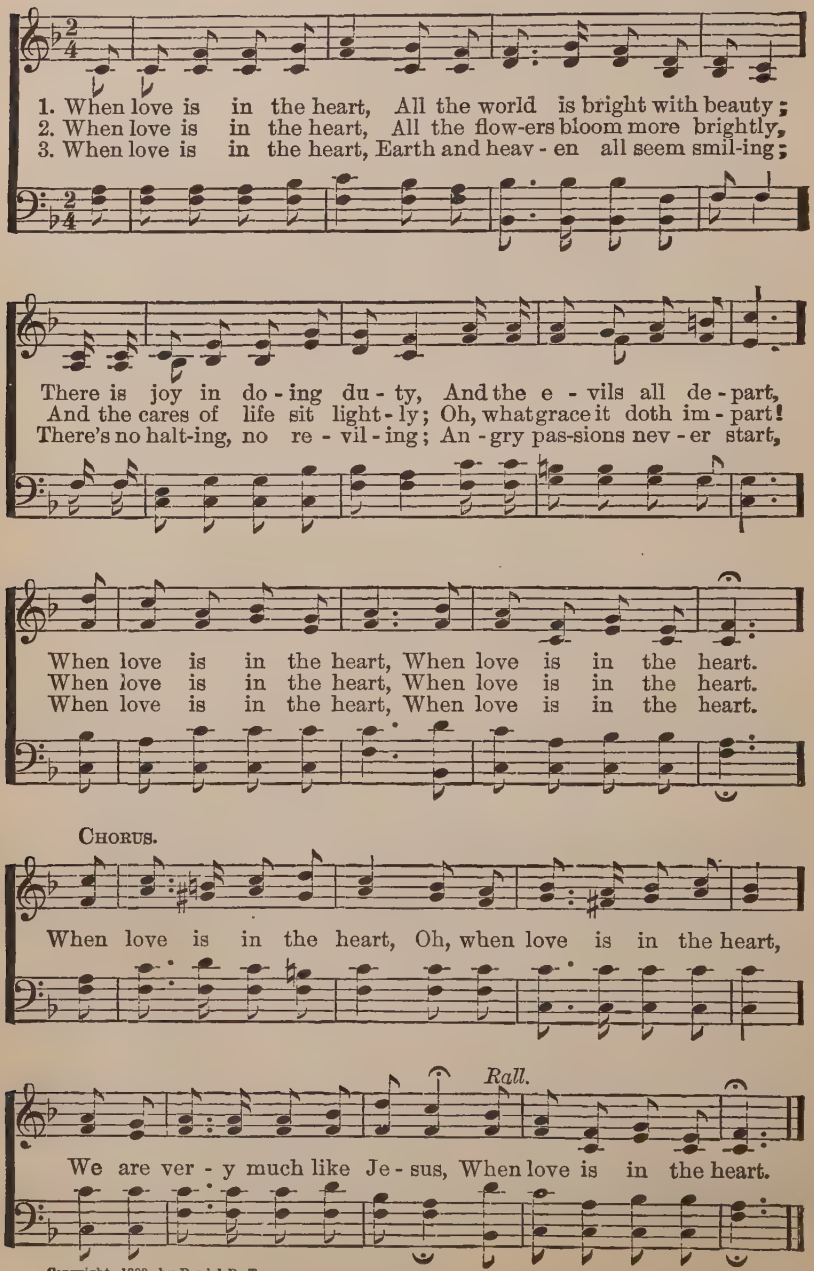
12. When Love is in the Heart.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When love is in the heart, All the world is bright with beauty;
2. When love is in the heart, All the flow-ers bloom more brightly,
3. When love is in the heart, Earth and heav - en all seem smil-ing;
There is joy in do - ing du - ty, And the e - vils all de - part,
And the cares of life sit light - ly; Oh, what grace it doth im - part!
There's no halt-ing, no re - vil - ing; An - gry pas-sions nev - er start,
When love is in the heart, When love is in the heart.
When love is in the heart, When love is in the heart.
When love is in the heart, When love is in the heart.
CHORUS.
When love is in the heart, Oh, when love is in the heart,
Rall.
We are ver - y much like Je - sus, When love is in the heart.

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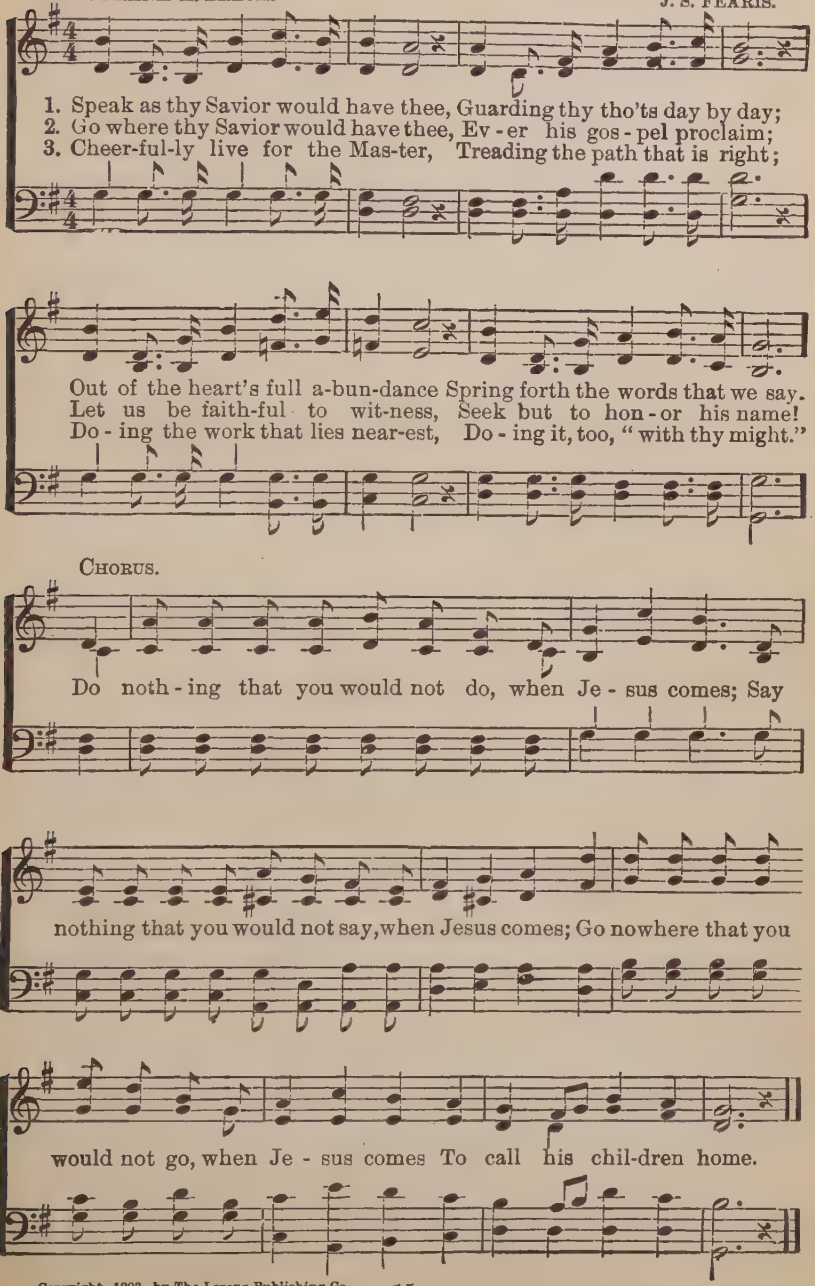
13. # The Christian's Test.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Speak as thy Savior would have thee, Guarding thy tho'ts day by day;
2. Go where thy Savior would have thee, Ev - er his gos - pel proclaim;
3. Cheer-ful-ly live for the Mas-ter, Treading the path that is right;
Out of the heart's full a-bun-dance Spring forth the words that we say.
Let us be faith-ful to wit-ness, Seek but to hon - or his name!
Do - ing the work that lies near-est, Do - ing it, too, "with thy might."
CHORUS.
Do noth - ing that you would not do, when Je - sus comes; Say
nothing that you would not say, when Jesus comes; Go nowhere that you
would not go, when Je - sus comes To call his chil-dren home.

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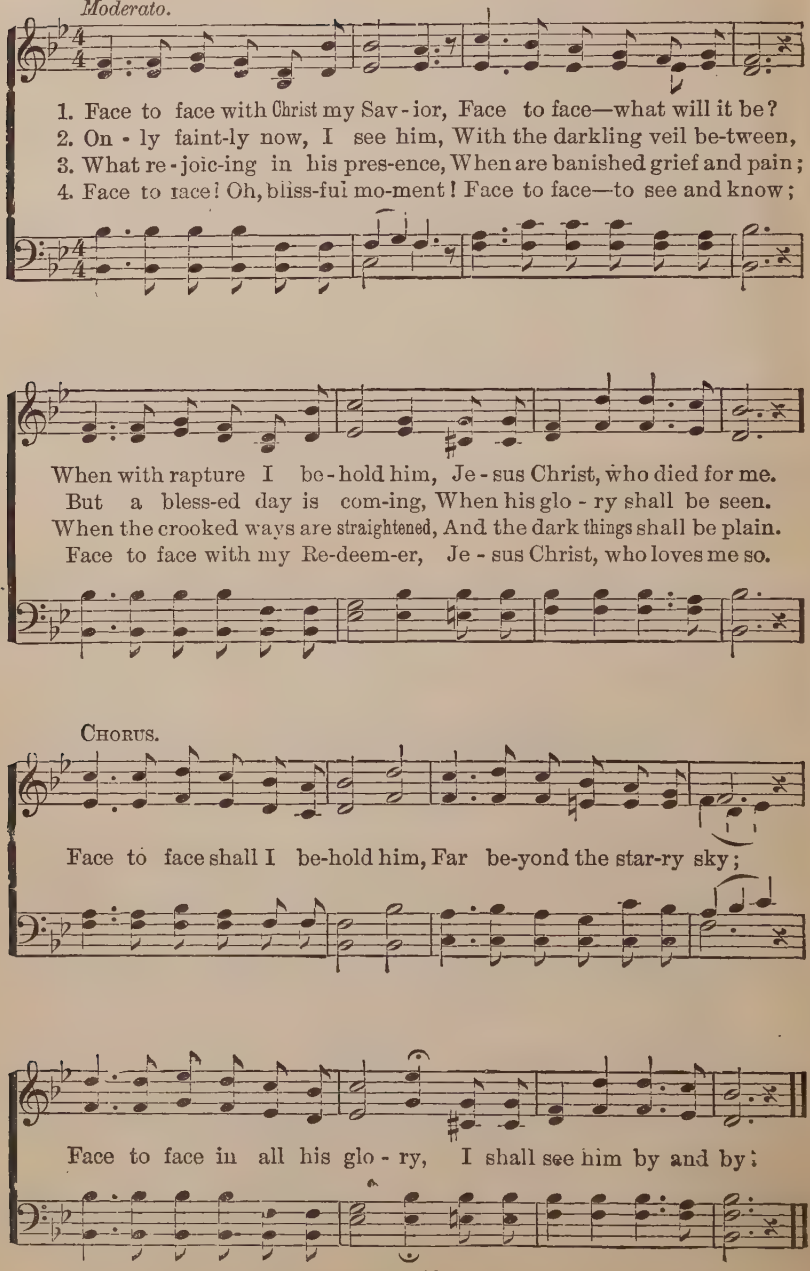
Face to Face.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.


1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see him, With the darkling veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic-ing in his pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! Oh, bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;
When with rapture I be - hold him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When his glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re-deem-er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.
Chorus.
Face to face shall I be-hold him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;
Face to face in all his glo - ry, I shall see him by and by!

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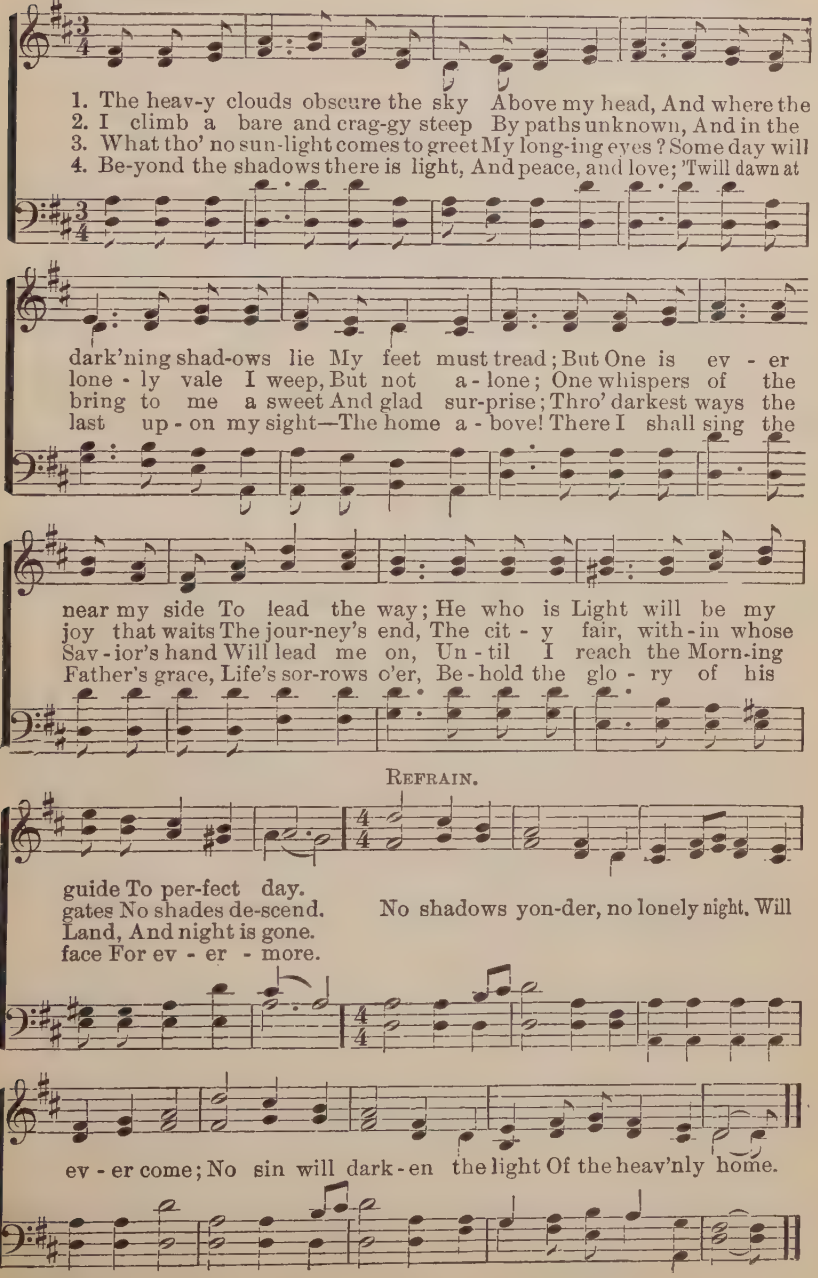
15. No Shadows Yonder.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The heav-y clouds obscure the sky Above my head, And where the
2. I climb a bare and crag-gy steep By paths unknown, And in the
3. What tho' no sun-light comes to greet My long-ing eyes? Some day will
4. Be-yond the shadows there is light, And peace, and love; 'Twill dawn at
dark'ning shad-ows lie My feet must tread; But One is ev - er
lone - ly vale I weep, But not a - lone; One whispers of the
bring to me a sweet And glad sur-prise; Thro' darkest ways the
last up - on my sight—The home a - bove! There I shall sing the
near my side To lead the way; He who is Light will be my
joy that waits The jour-ney's end, The cit - y fair, with - in whose
Sav - ior's hand Will lead me on, Un - til I reach the Morn-ing
Father's grace, Life's sor-rows o'er, Be - hold the glo - ry of his
REFRAIN.
guide To per-fect day.
gates No shades de-scend.
Land, And night is gone.
face For ev - er - more.
No shadows yon-der, no lonely night. Will
ev - er come; No sin will dark - en the light Of the heav'nly home.

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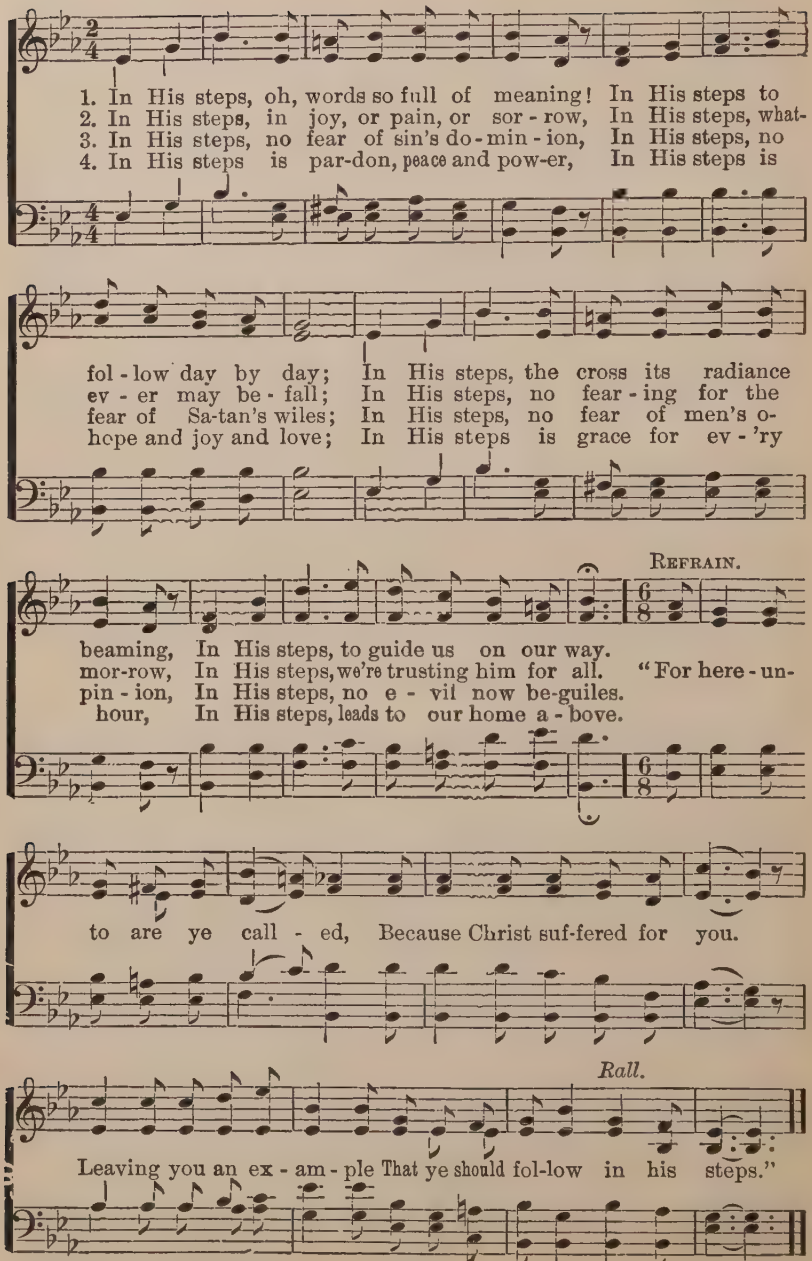
16. # In His Steps.

CARY. C. S. COLBURN.

1. In His steps, oh, words so full of meaning! In His steps to
2. In His steps, in joy, or pain, or sor-row, In His steps, what-
3. In His steps, no fear of sin's do-min-ion, In His steps, no
4. In His steps is par-don, peace and pow-er, In His steps is
fol-low day by day; In His steps, the cross its radiance
ev-er may be-fall; In His steps, no fear-ing for the
fear of Sa-tan's wiles; In His steps, no fear of men's o-
hope and joy and love; In His steps is grace for ev-'ry
REFRAIN.
beaming, In His steps, to guide us on our way.
mor-row, In His steps, we're trusting him for all. "For here-un-
pin-ion, In His steps, no e-vil now be-guiles.
hour, In His steps, leads to our home a-bove.
to are ye call-ed, Because Christ suf-fered for you.
Rall.
Leaving you an ex-am-ple That ye should fol-low in his steps."

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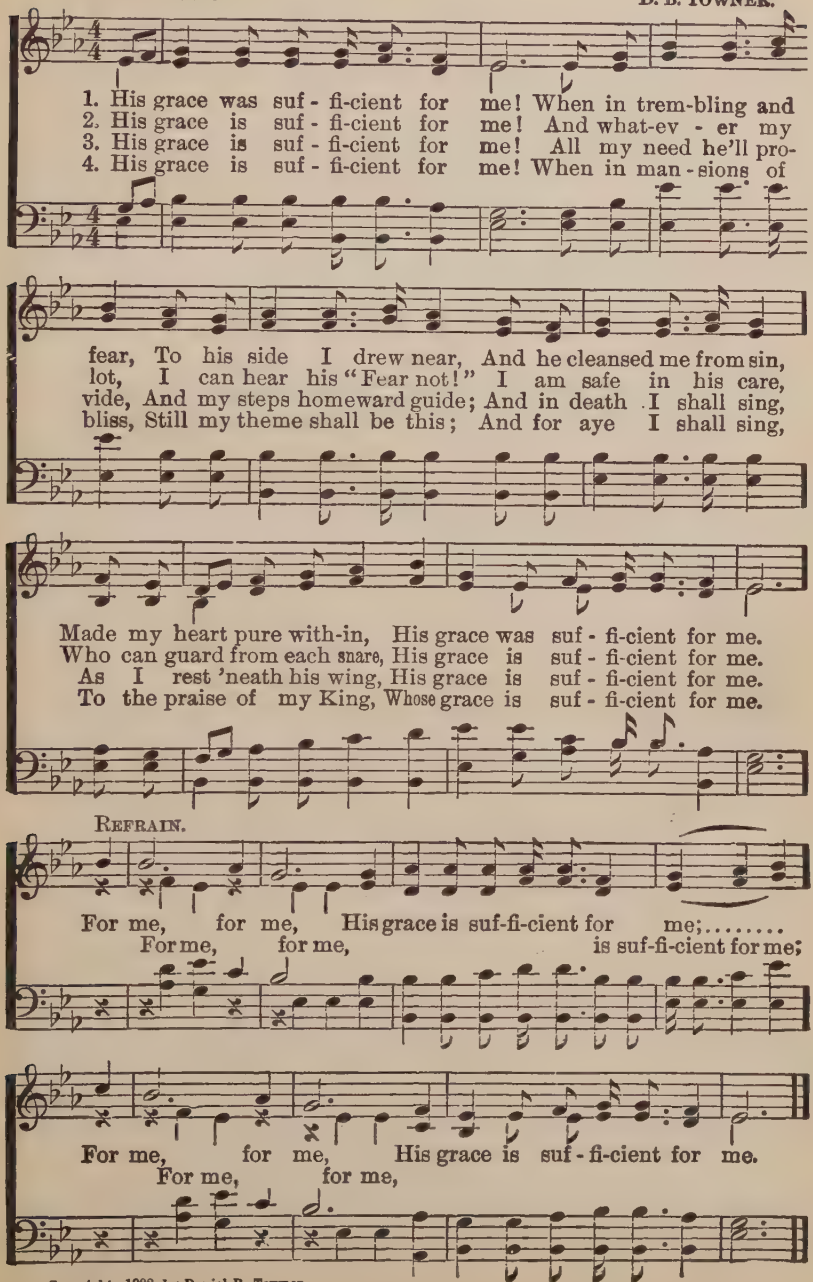
17. His Grace Is Sufficient.

R. McNAUGHTAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. His grace was suf - fi-cient for me! When in trem-bling and
2. His grace is suf - fi-cient for me! And what-ev - er my
3. His grace is suf - fi-cient for me! All my need he'll pro-
4. His grace is suf - fi-cient for me! When in man - sions of
fear, To his side I drew near, And he cleansed me from sin,
lot, I can hear his "Fear not!" I am safe in his care,
vide, And my steps homeward guide; And in death I shall sing,
bliss, Still my theme shall be this; And for aye I shall sing,
Made my heart pure with-in, His grace was suf - fi-cient for me.
Who can guard from each snare, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
As I rest 'neath his wing, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
To the praise of my King, Whose grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
REFRAIN.
For me, for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me;.....
For me, for me, is suf-fi-cient for me;
For me, for me, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
For me, for me,

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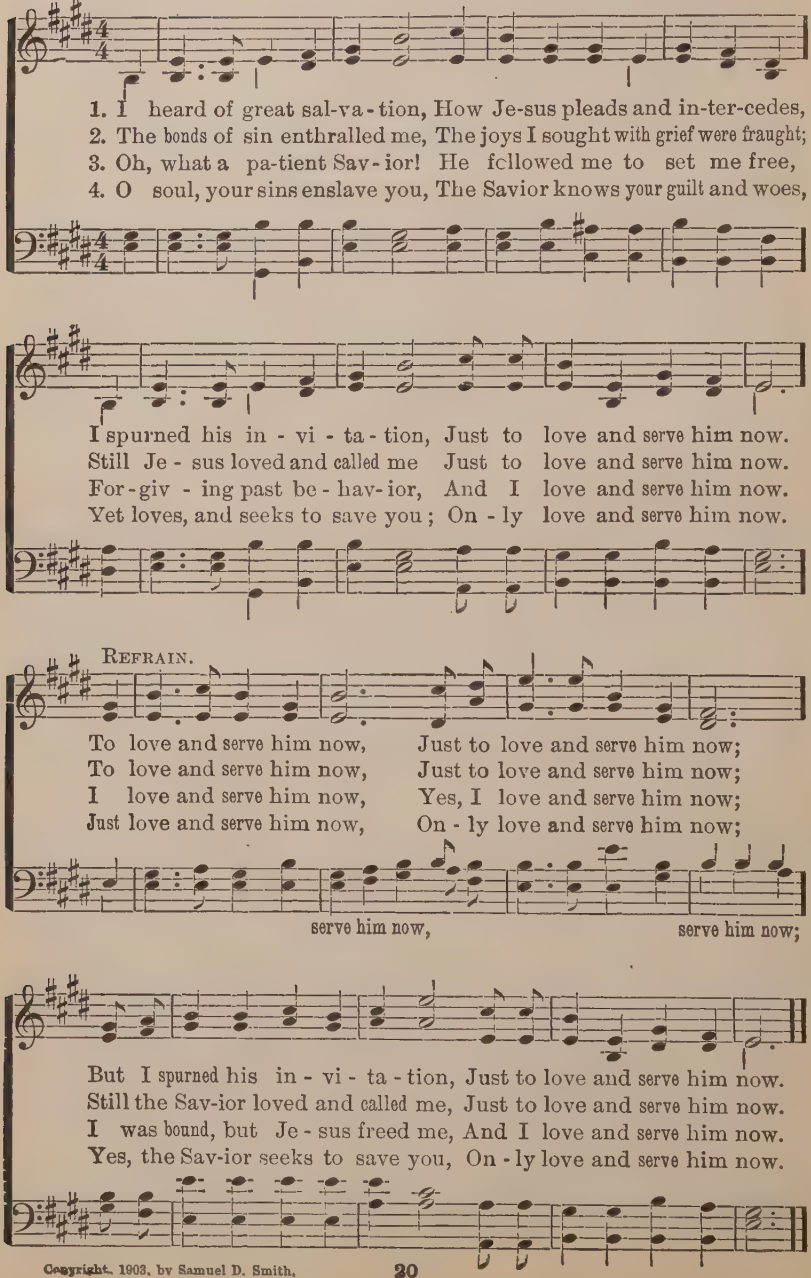
18. I Love and Serve Him Now.

S. D. S. SAMUEL D. SMITH.


1. I heard of great sal-va-tion, How Je-sus pleads and in-ter-cedes,
2. The bonds of sin enthralled me, The joys I sought with grief were fraught;
3. Oh, what a pa-tient Sav-ior! He followed me to set me free,
4. O soul, your sins enslave you, The Savior knows your guilt and woes,
I spurned his in - vi - ta - tion, Just to love and serve him now.
Still Je - sus loved and called me Just to love and serve him now.
For - giv - ing past be - hav - ior, And I love and serve him now.
Yet loves, and seeks to save you; On - ly love and serve him now.
Refrain.
To love and serve him now, Just to love and serve him now;
To love and serve him now, Just to love and serve him now;
I love and serve him now, Yes, I love and serve him now;
Just love and serve him now, On - ly love and serve him now;
serve him now, serve him now;
But I spurned his in - vi - ta - tion, Just to love and serve him now.
Still the Sav-ior loved and called me, Just to love and serve him now.
I was bound, but Je - sus freed me, And I love and serve him now.
Yes, the Sav-ior seeks to save you, On - ly love and serve him now.

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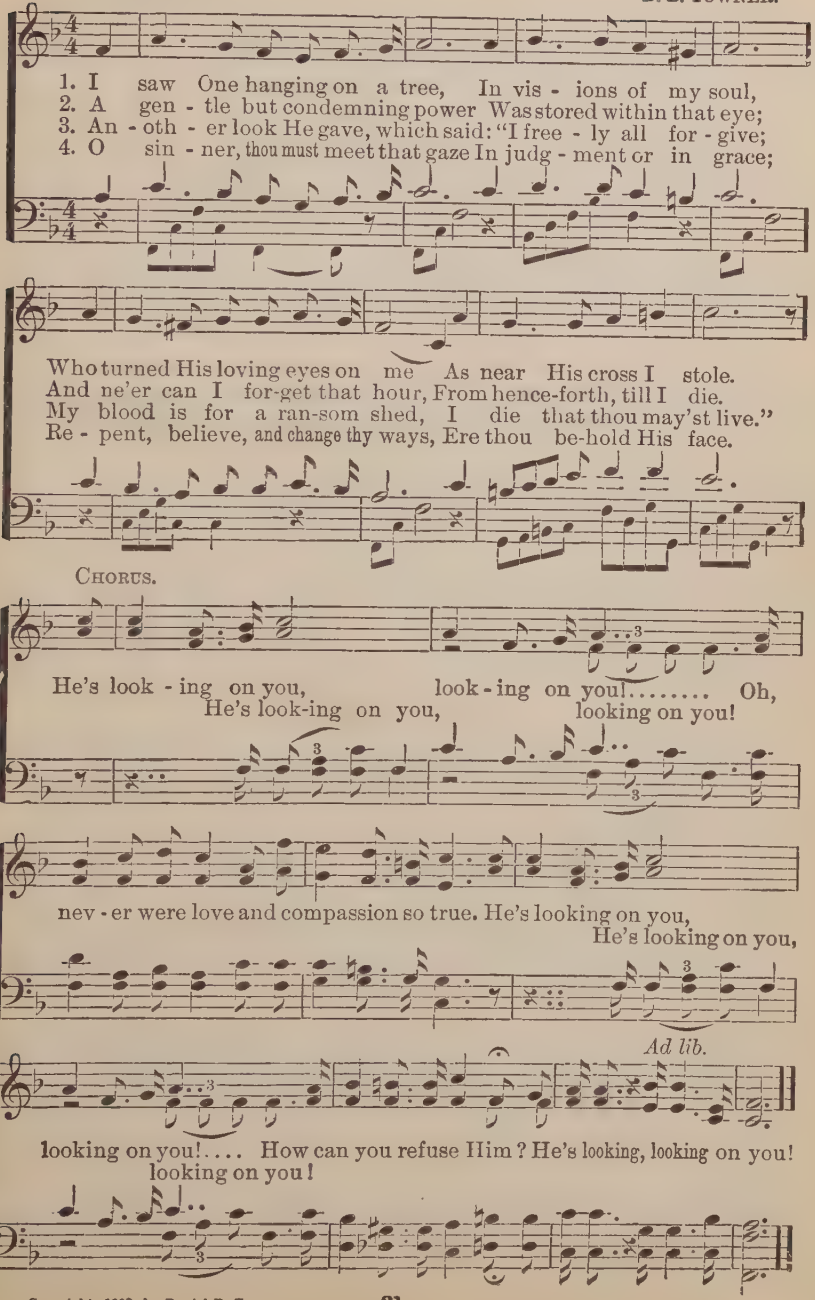
19. Looking on You.

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I saw One hanging on a tree, In vis - ions of my soul,
2. A gen - tle but condemning power Was stored within that eye;
3. An - oth - er look He gave, which said: "I free - ly all for - give;
4. O sin - ner, thou must meet that gaze In judg - ment or in grace;
Who turned His loving eyes on me As near His cross I stole.
And ne'er can I for-get that hour, From hence-forth, till I die.
My blood is for a ran-som shed, I die that thou may'st live."
Re - pent, believe, and change thy ways, Ere thou be-hold His face.
CHORUS.
He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you!..... Oh,
He's look-ing on you, looking on you!
nev - er were love and compassion so true. He's looking on you,
He's looking on you,
Ad lib.
looking on you!.... How can you refuse Him? He's looking, looking on you!
looking on you!

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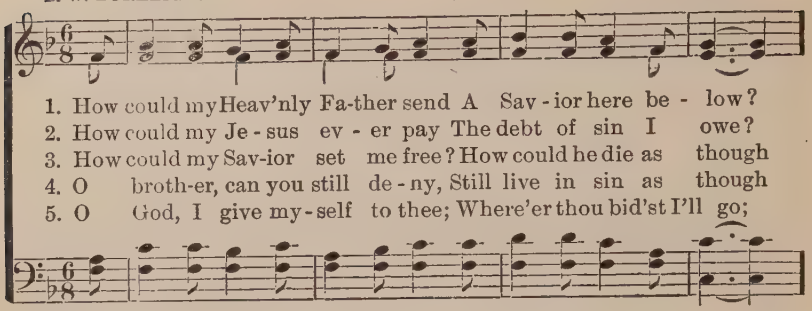
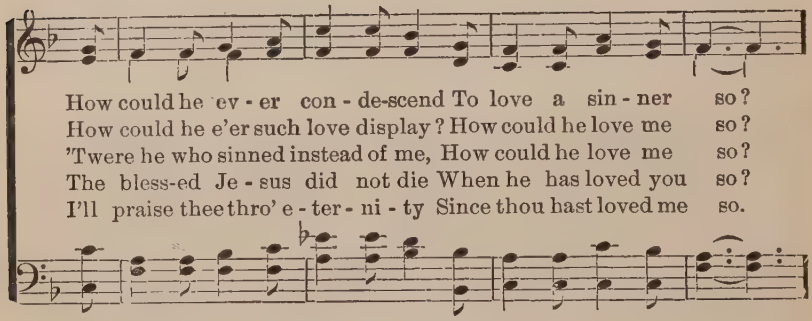
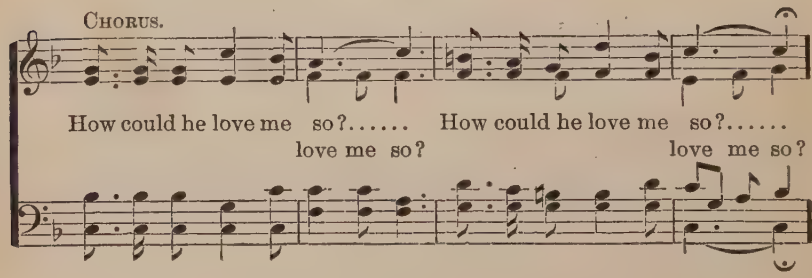
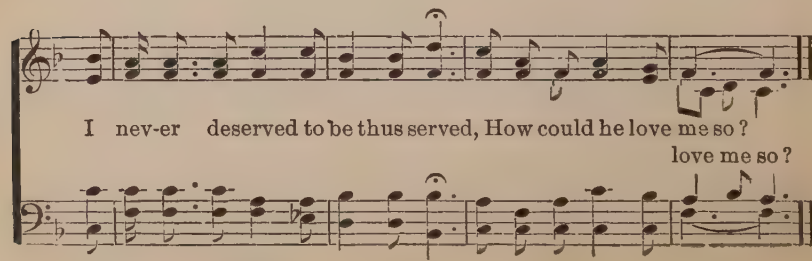
20. How could He Love Me so?

B. W. BURLEIGH. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. How could my Heav'nly Fa-ther send A Sav-ior here be-low?
2. How could my Je-sus ev-er pay The debt of sin I owe?
3. How could my Sav-ior set me free? How could he die as though
4. O broth-er, can you still de-ny, Still live in sin as though
5. O God, I give my-self to thee; Where'er thou bid'st I'll go;


How could he ev-er con-de-scend To love a sin-ner so?
How could he e'er such love display? How could he love me so?
'Twere he who sinned instead of me, How could he love me so?
The bless-ed Je-sus did not die When he has loved you so?
I'll praise thee thro' e-ter-ni-ty Since thou hast loved me so.





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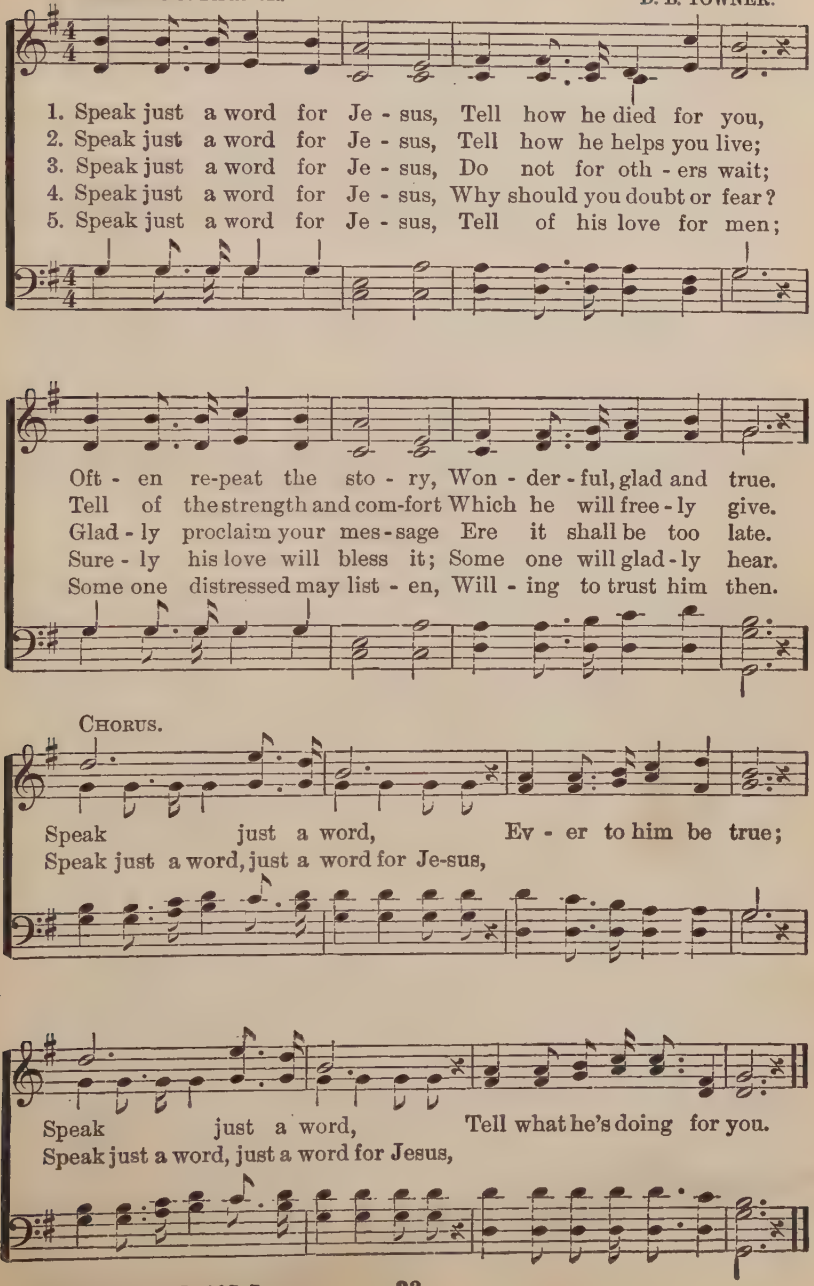
21. Speak Just a Word.

KATHERINE O. BARKER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how he died for you,
2. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how he helps you live;
3. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Do not for oth - ers wait;
4. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Why should you doubt or fear?
5. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell of his love for men;
Oft - en re-peat the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, glad and true.
Tell of the strength and com-fort Which he will free - ly give.
Glad - ly proclaim your mes - sage Ere it shall be too late.
Sure - ly his love will bless it; Some one will glad - ly hear.
Some one distressed may list - en, Will - ing to trust him then.
Chorus.
Speak just a word, Ev - er to him be true;
Speak just a word, just a word for Je-sus,
Speak just a word, Tell what he's doing for you.
Speak just a word, just a word for Jesus,

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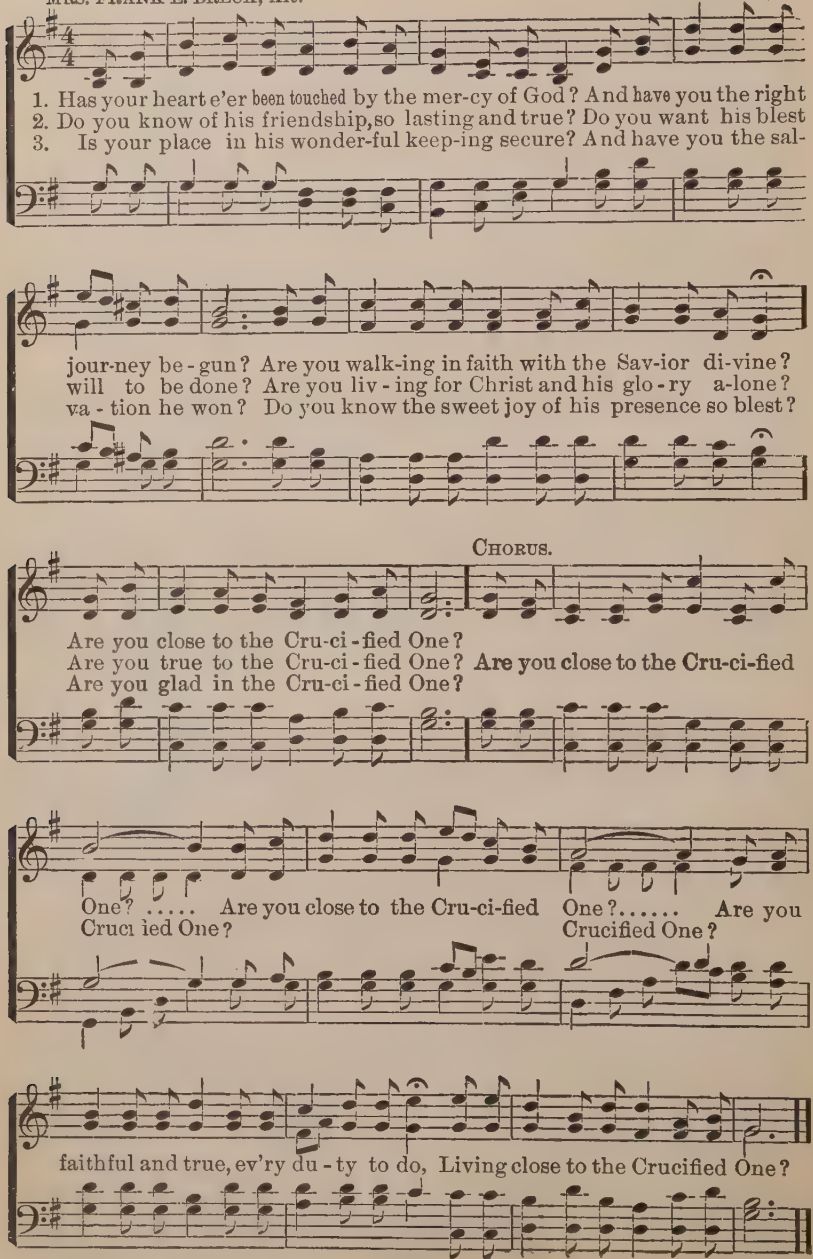
22. Close to the Crucified One.

MRS. FRANK E. BRECK, Alt. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Has your heart e'er been touched by the mer-cy of God? And have you the right
2. Do you know of his friendship, so lasting and true? Do you want his blest
3. Is your place in his wonder-ful keep-ing secure? And have you the sal-
jour-ney be-gun? Are you walk-ing in faith with the Sav-ior di-vine?
will to be done? Are you liv-ing for Christ and his glo-ry a-lone?
va-tion he won? Do you know the sweet joy of his presence so blest?
Chorus.
Are you close to the Cru-ci-fied One?
Are you true to the Cru-ci-fied One? Are you close to the Cru-ci-fied
Are you glad in the Cru-ci-fied One?
One? ..... Are you close to the Cru-ci-fied One?..... Are you
Crucified One? Crucified One?
faithful and true, ev'ry du-ty to do, Living close to the Crucified One?

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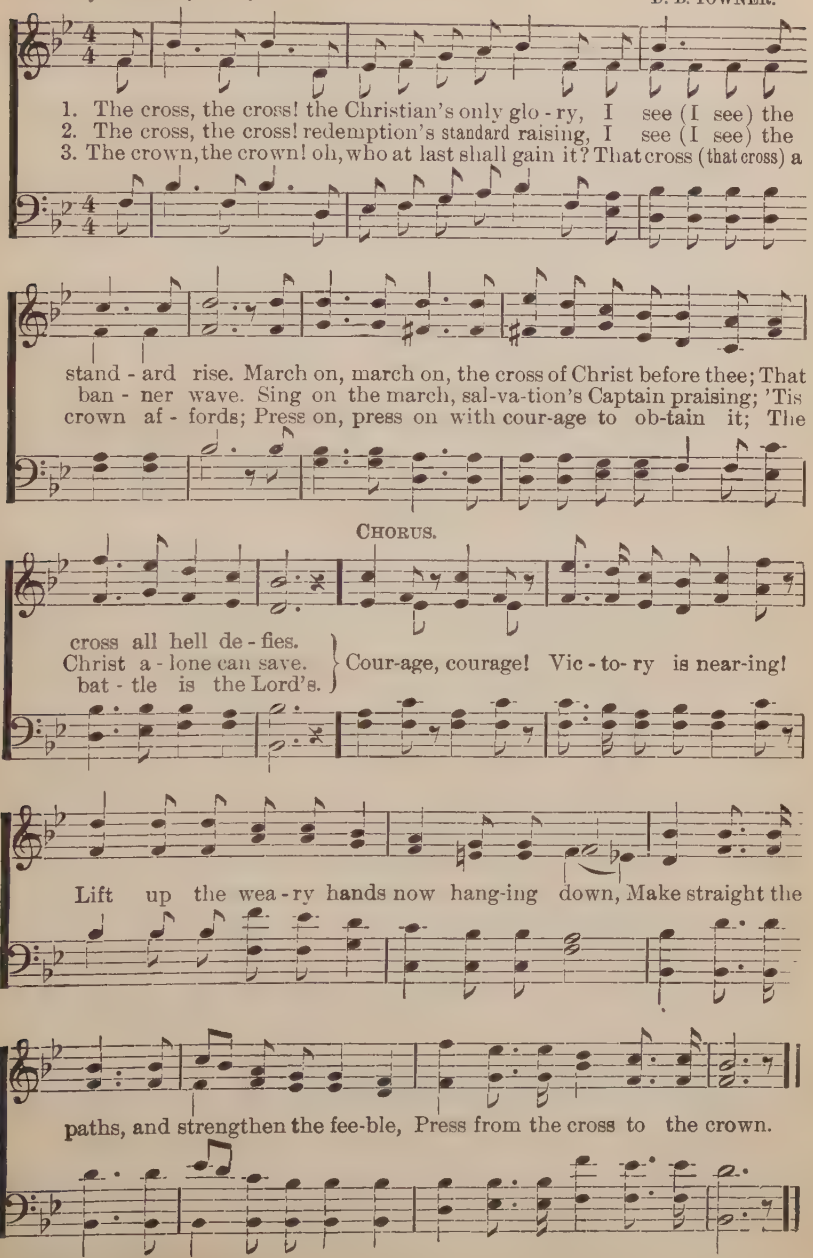
23. From Cross to Crown.

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The cross, the cross! the Christian's only glo - ry, I see (I see) the
2. The cross, the cross! redemption's standard raising, I see (I see) the
3. The crown, the crown! oh, who at last shall gain it? That cross (that cross) a
stand - ard rise. March on, march on, the cross of Christ before thee; That
ban - ner wave. Sing on the march, sal-va-tion's Captain praising; 'Tis
crown af - fords; Press on, press on with cour-age to ob-tain it; The
CHORUS.
cross all hell de - fies.
Christ a - lone can save.
bat - tle is the Lord's.
Cour-age, courage! Vic - to- ry is near-ing!
Lift up the wea - ry hands now hang-ing down, Make straight the
paths, and strengthen the fee-ble, Press from the cross to the crown.

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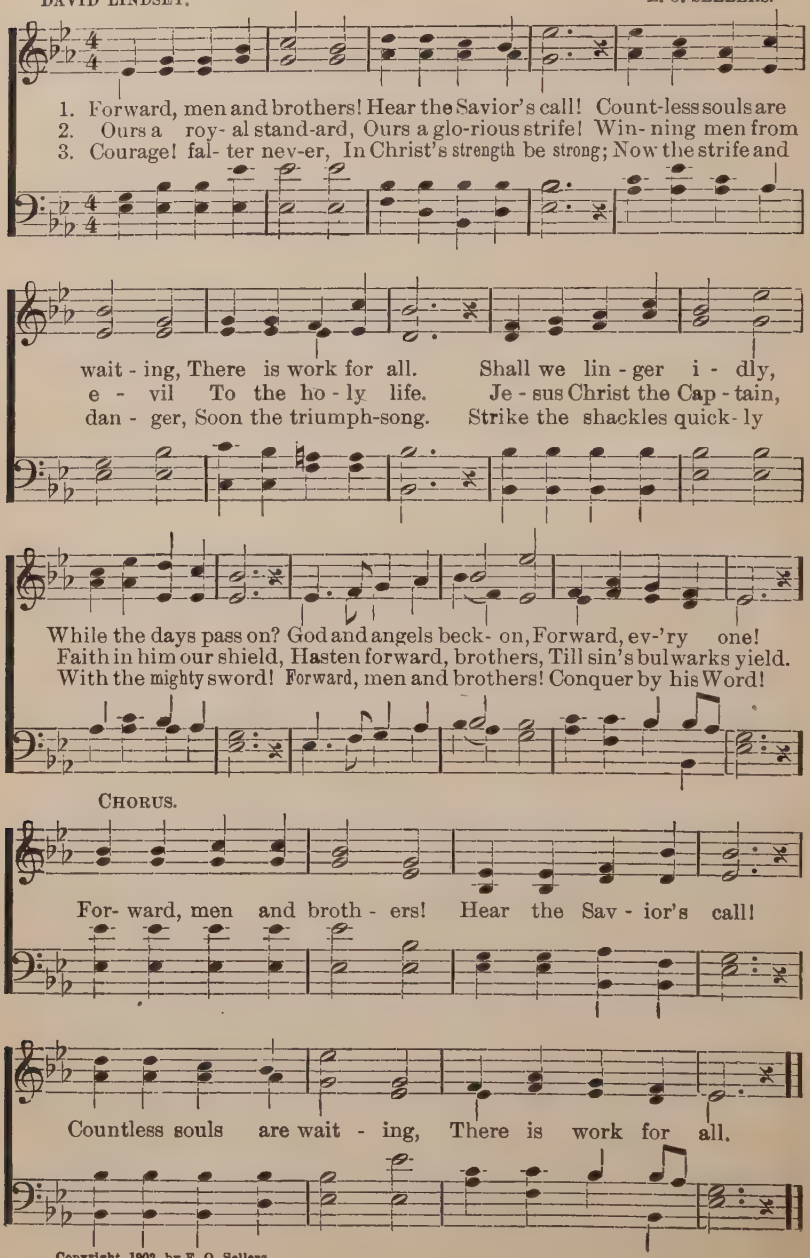
24. Forward, Men and Brothers.

DAVID LINDSEY. E. O. SELLERS.

1. Forward, men and brothers! Hear the Savior's call! Count-less souls are wait - ing, There is work for all.
2. Ours a roy- al stand-ard, Ours a glo-rious strife! Win- ning men from e - vil To the ho - ly life. Shall we lin - ger i - dly, Je - sus Christ the Cap - tain,
3. Courage! fal- ter nev-er, In Christ's strength be strong; Now the strife and dan - ger, Soon the triumph-song. Strike the shackles quick- ly
While the days pass on? God and angels beck- on, Forward, ev-'ry one!
Faith in him our shield, Hasten forward, brothers, Till sin's bulwarks yield.
With the mighty sword! Forward, men and brothers! Conquer by his Word!
CHORUS.
For- ward, men and broth - ers! Hear the Sav - ior's call!
Countless souls are wait - ing, There is work for all.

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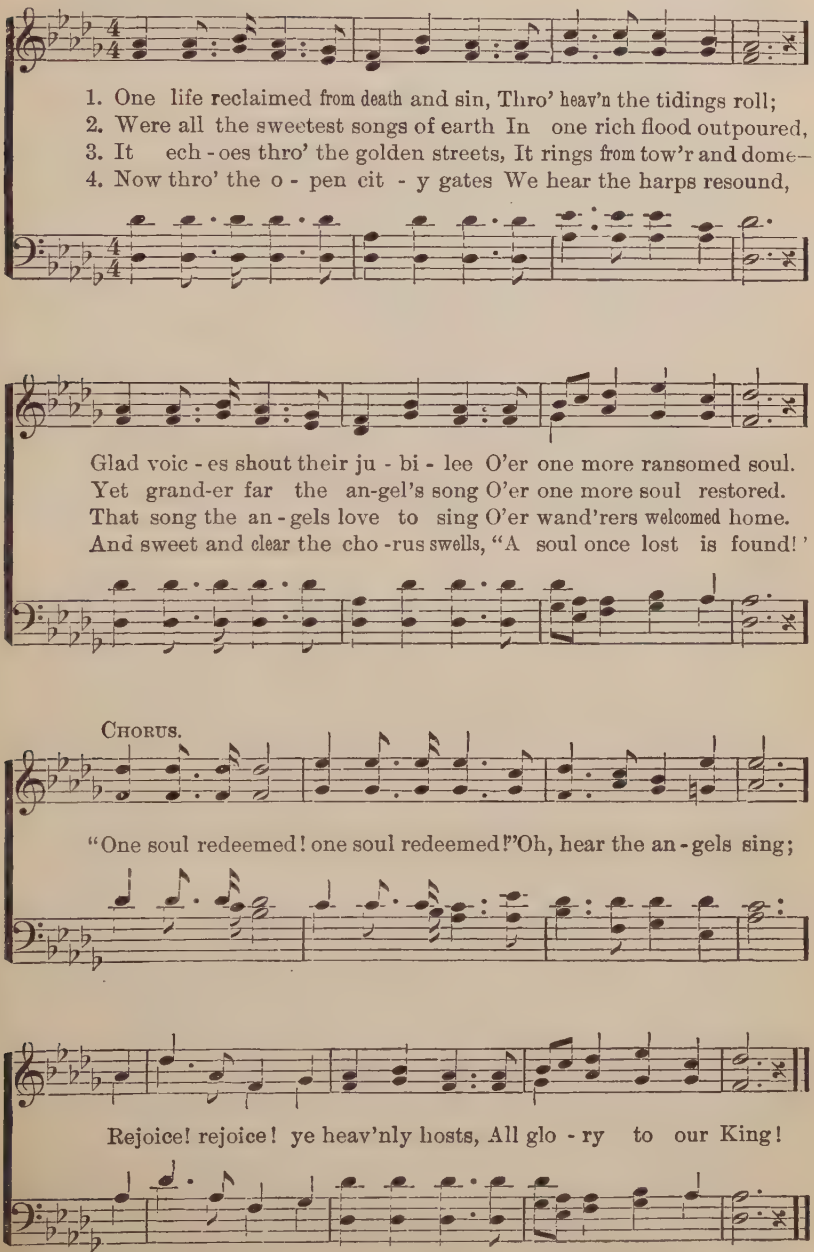
25. One Soul Redeemed.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. One life reclaimed from death and sin, Thro' heav'n the tidings roll;
2. Were all the sweetest songs of earth In one rich flood outpoured,
3. It ech - oes thro' the golden streets, It rings from tow'r and dome—
4. Now thro' the o - pen cit - y gates We hear the harps resound,
Glad voic - es shout their ju - bi - lee O'er one more ransomed soul.
Yet grand-er far the an-gel's song O'er one more soul restored.
That song the an - gels love to sing O'er wand'rers welcomed home.
And sweet and clear the cho - rus swells, "A soul once lost is found!'
CHORUS.
"One soul redeemed! one soul redeemed!" Oh, hear the an - gels sing;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye heav'nly hosts, All glo - ry to our King!

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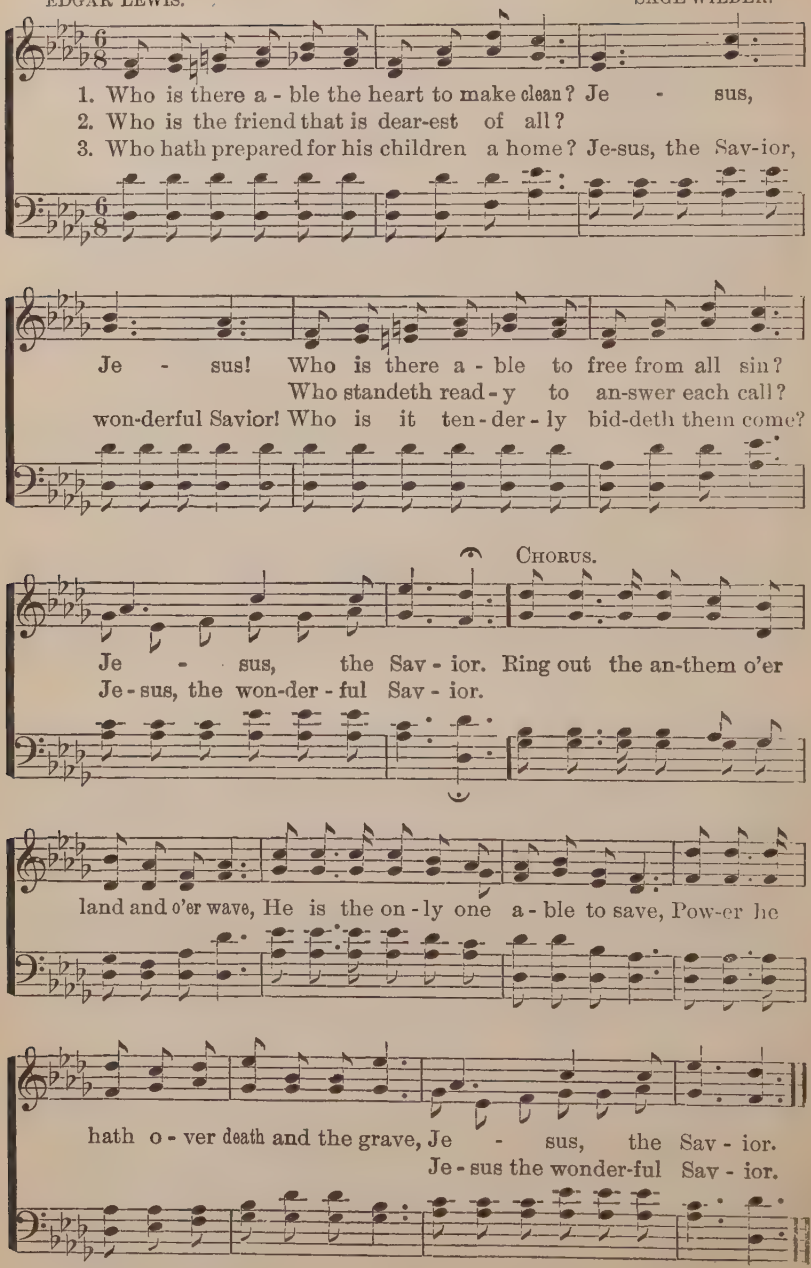
26. Jesus, the Savior.

EDGAR LEWIS. SAGE WILDER.


1. Who is there a - ble the heart to make clean? Je - sus,
2. Who is the friend that is dear-est of all?
3. Who hath prepared for his children a home? Je-sus, the Sav-ior,
Je - sus! Who is there a - ble to free from all sin?
Who standeth read - y to an-swer each call?
won-derful Savior! Who is it ten - der - ly bid-deth them come?
Chorus.
Je - sus, the Sav - ior. Ring out the an-them o'er
Je - sus, the won-der - ful Sav - ior.
land and o'er wave, He is the on - ly one a - ble to save, Pow-er he
hath o - ver death and the grave, Je - sus, the Sav - ior.
Je - sus the wonder-ful Sav - ior.

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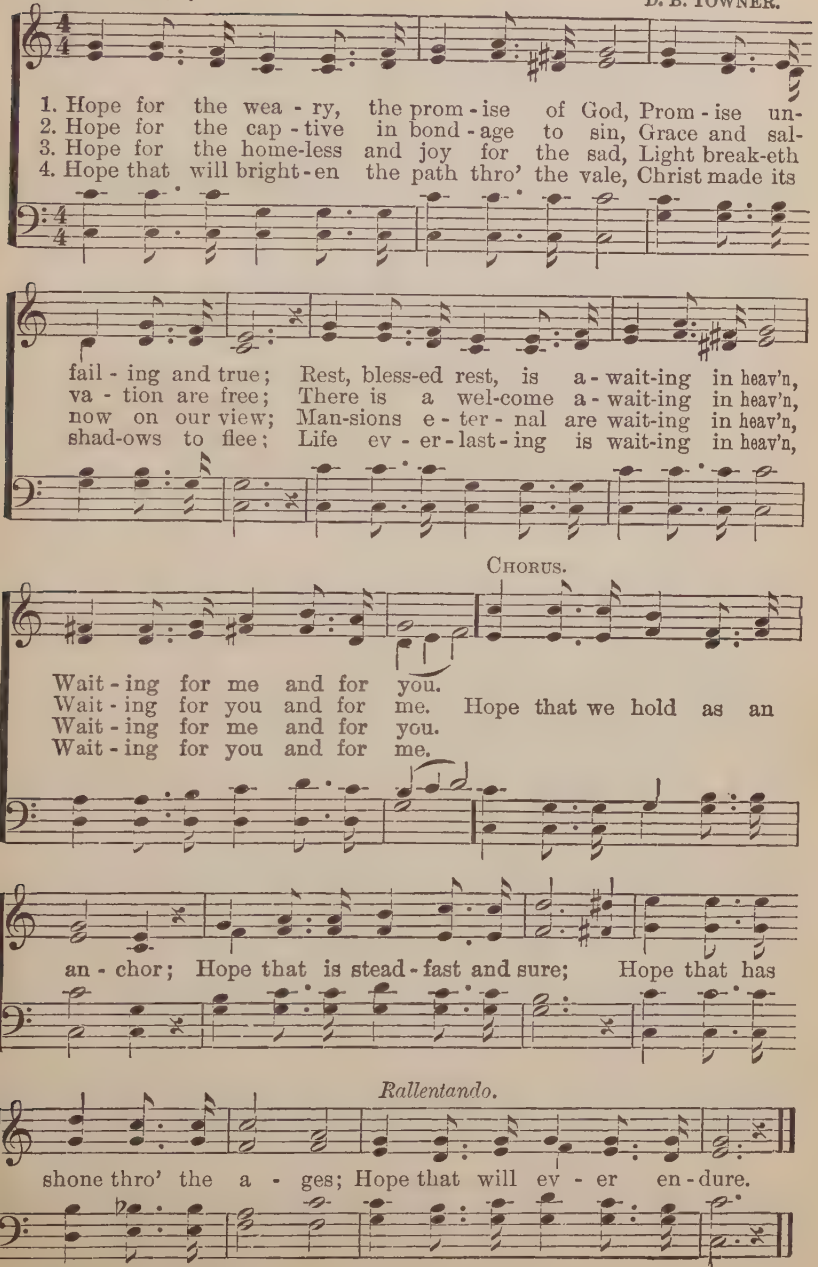
27. The Christian's Hope.

H. H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Hope for the wea - ry, the prom - ise of God, Prom - ise un-
2. Hope for the cap - tive in bond - age to sin, Grace and sal-
3. Hope for the home-less and joy for the sad, Light break-eth
4. Hope that will bright - en the path thro' the vale, Christ made its
fail - ing and true; Rest, bless-ed rest, is a - wait-ing in heav'n,
va - tion are free; There is a wel-come a - wait-ing in heav'n,
now on our view; Man-sions e - ter - nal are wait-ing in heav'n,
shad-ows to flee; Life ev - er - last - ing is wait-ing in heav'n,
CHORUS.
Wait - ing for me and for you.
Wait - ing for you and for me. Hope that we hold as an
Wait - ing for me and for you.
Wait - ing for you and for me.
an - chor; Hope that is stead - fast and sure; Hope that has
Rallentando.
shone thro' the a - ges; Hope that will ev - er en - dure.

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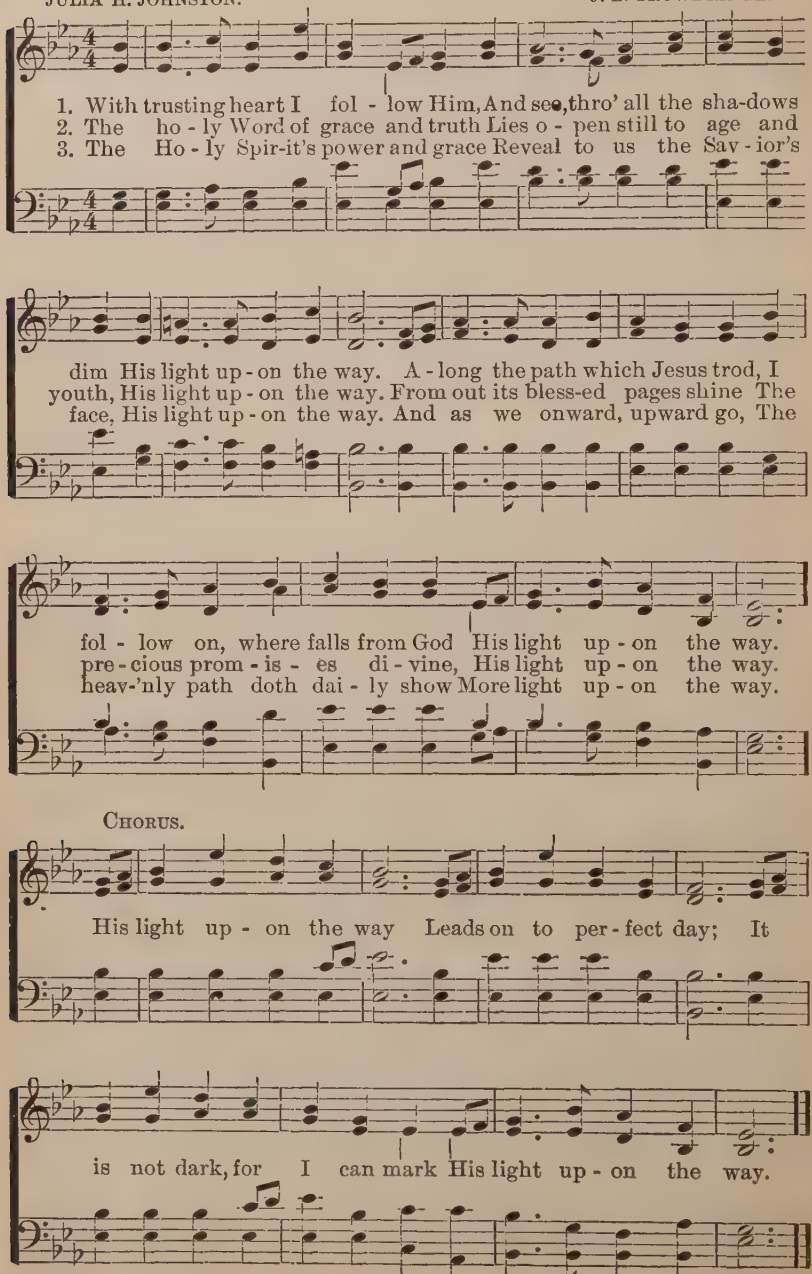
28. His Light Upon the Way.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. With trusting heart I fol - low Him, And see, thro' all the sha-dows dim His light up - on the way. A - long the path which Jesus trod, I fol - low on, where falls from God His light up - on the way.
2. The ho - ly Word of grace and truth Lies o - pen still to age and youth, His light up - on the way. From out its bless-ed pages shine The pre - cious prom - is - es di - vine, His light up - on the way.
3. The Ho - ly Spir-it's power and grace Reveal to us the Sav - ior's face, His light up - on the way. And as we onward, upward go, The heav-'nly path doth dai - ly show More light up - on the way.
Chorus.
His light up - on the way Leads on to per - fect day; It is not dark, for I can mark His light up - on the way.

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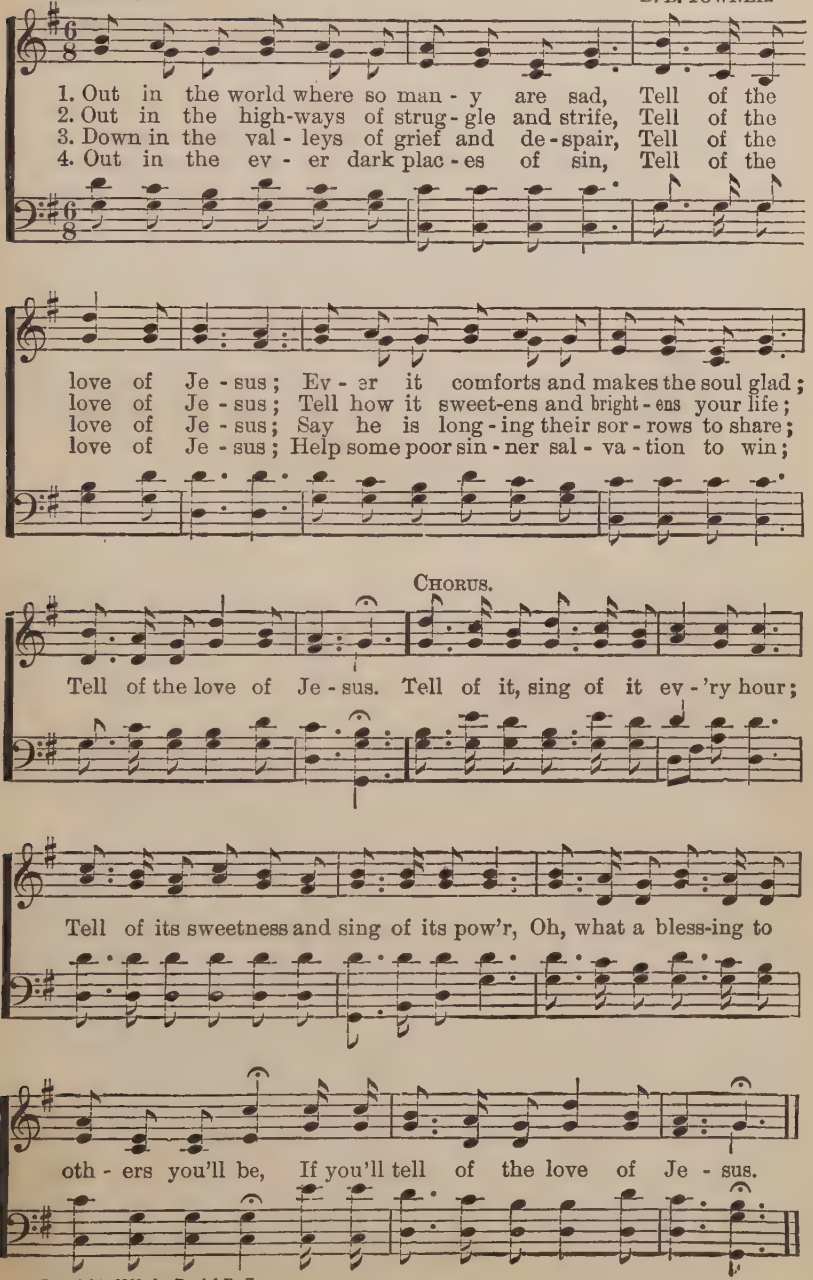
29. Tell of the Love of Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Out in the world where so man - y are sad, Tell of the
2. Out in the high-ways of strug - gle and strife, Tell of the
3. Down in the val - leys of grief and de - spair, Tell of the
4. Out in the ev - er dark plac - es of sin, Tell of the
love of Je - sus; Ev - er it comforts and makes the soul glad;
love of Je - sus; Tell how it sweet-ens and bright - ens your life;
love of Je - sus; Say he is long - ing their sor - rows to share;
love of Je - sus; Help some poor sin - ner sal - va - tion to win;
CHORUS.
Tell of the love of Je - sus. Tell of it, sing of it ev - 'ry hour;
Tell of its sweetness and sing of its pow'r, Oh, what a bless-ing to
oth - ers you'll be, If you'll tell of the love of Je - sus.

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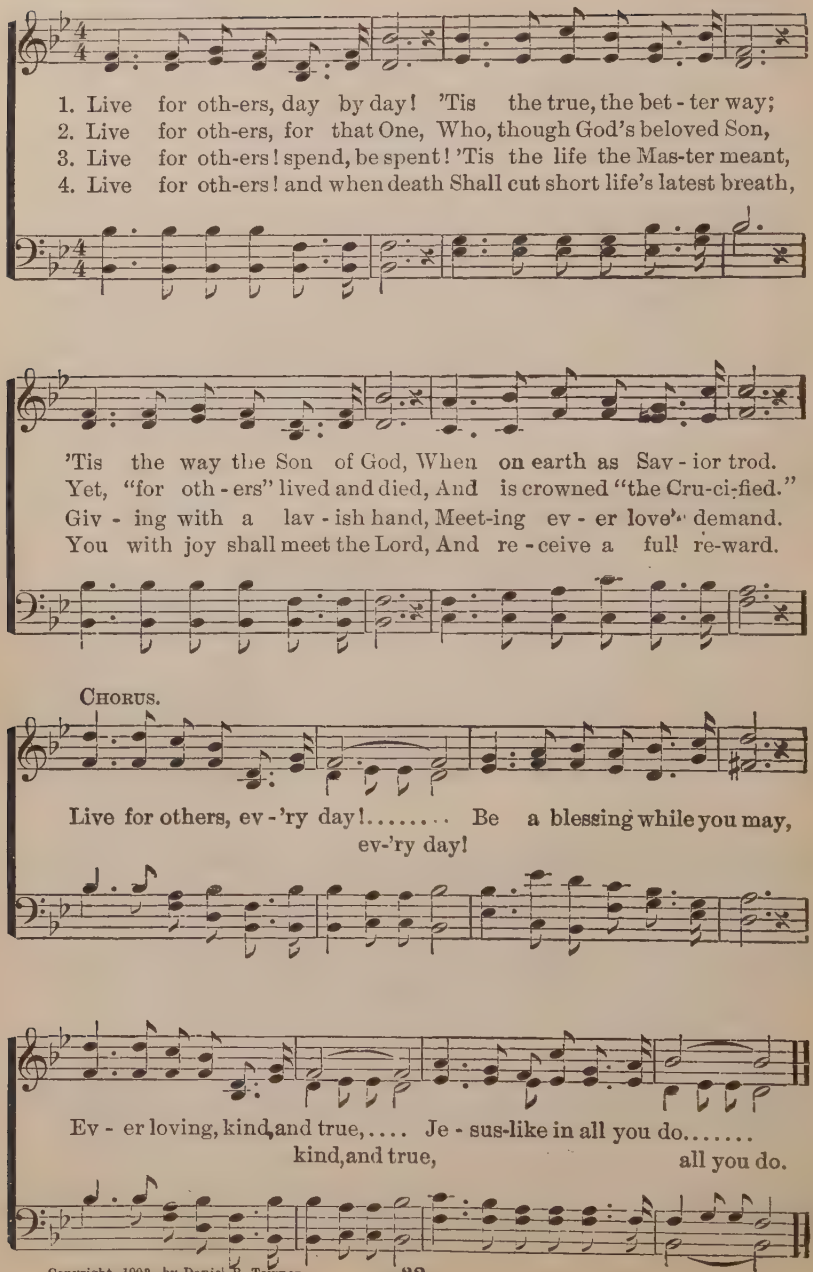
30. # Live for Others.

R. McNAUGHTAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Live for oth-ers, day by day! 'Tis the true, the bet - ter way;
2. Live for oth-ers, for that One, Who, though God's beloved Son,
3. Live for oth-ers! spend, be spent! 'Tis the life the Mas-ter meant,
4. Live for oth-ers! and when death Shall cut short life's latest breath,
'Tis the way the Son of God, When on earth as Sav - ior trod.
Yet, "for oth - ers" lived and died, And is crowned "the Cru-ci-fied."
Giv - ing with a lav - ish hand, Meet-ing ev - er love's demand.
You with joy shall meet the Lord, And re - ceive a full re-ward.
CHORUS.
Live for others, ev - 'ry day!..... Be a blessing while you may,
ev-'ry day!
Ev - er loving, kind, and true,.... Je - sus-like in all you do.....
kind, and true, all you do.

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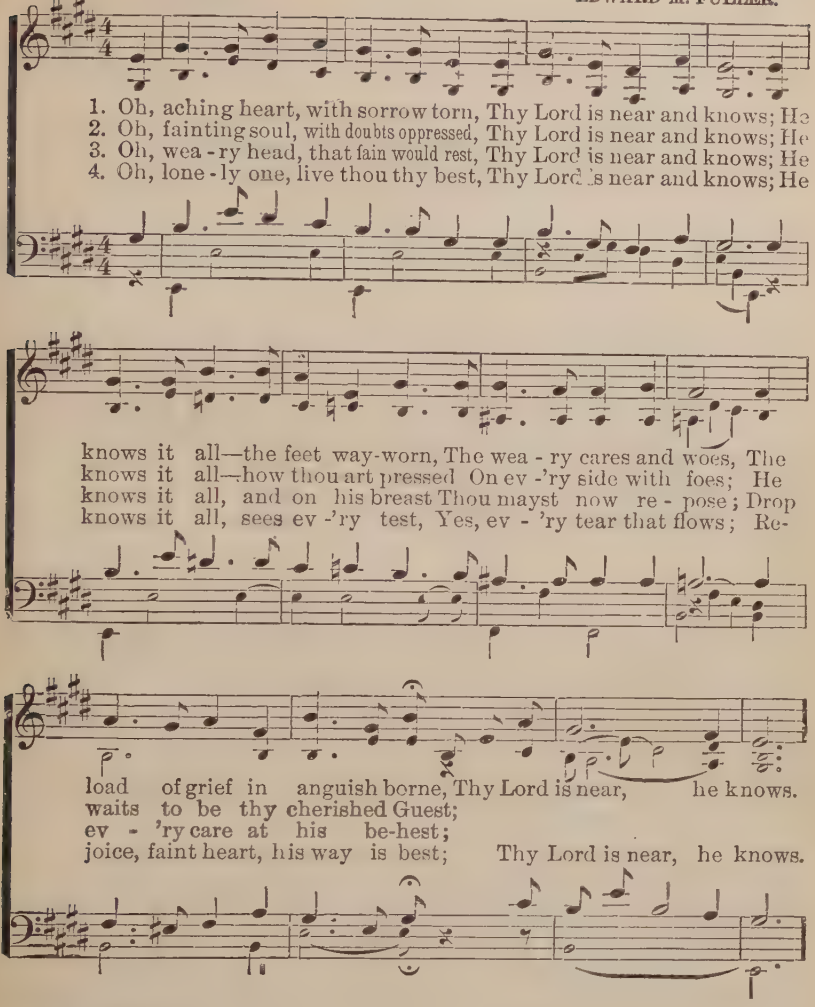
31. # He Knows.

EMMA G. DIETRICK. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Oh, aching heart, with sorrow torn, Thy Lord is near and knows; He
2. Oh, fainting soul, with doubts oppressed, Thy Lord is near and knows; He
3. Oh, wea - ry head, that fain would rest, Thy Lord is near and knows; He
4. Oh, lone - ly one, live thou thy best, Thy Lord is near and knows; He
knows it all—the feet way-worn, The wea - ry cares and woes, The
knows it all—how thou art pressed On ev -'ry side with foes; He
knows it all, and on his breast Thou mayst now re - pose; Drop
knows it all, sees ev -'ry test, Yes, ev - 'ry tear that flows; Re-
load of grief in anguish borne, Thy Lord is near, he knows.
waits to be thy cherished Guest;
ev - 'ry care at his be-hest;
joice, faint heart, his way is best; Thy Lord is near, he knows.
REFRAIN.
Rall.
He knows, he knows, Thy Lord is near,.... he knows.
He knows, he knows,

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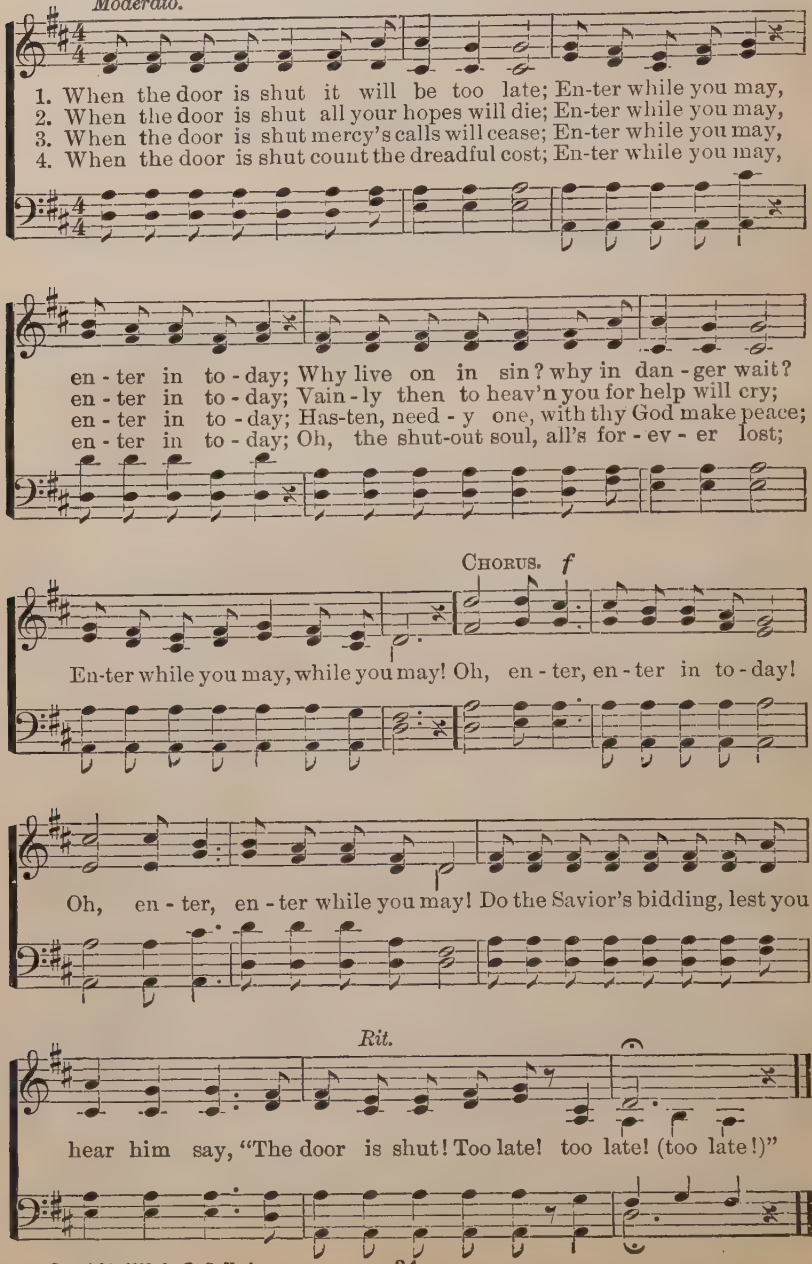
32. When the Door is Shut.

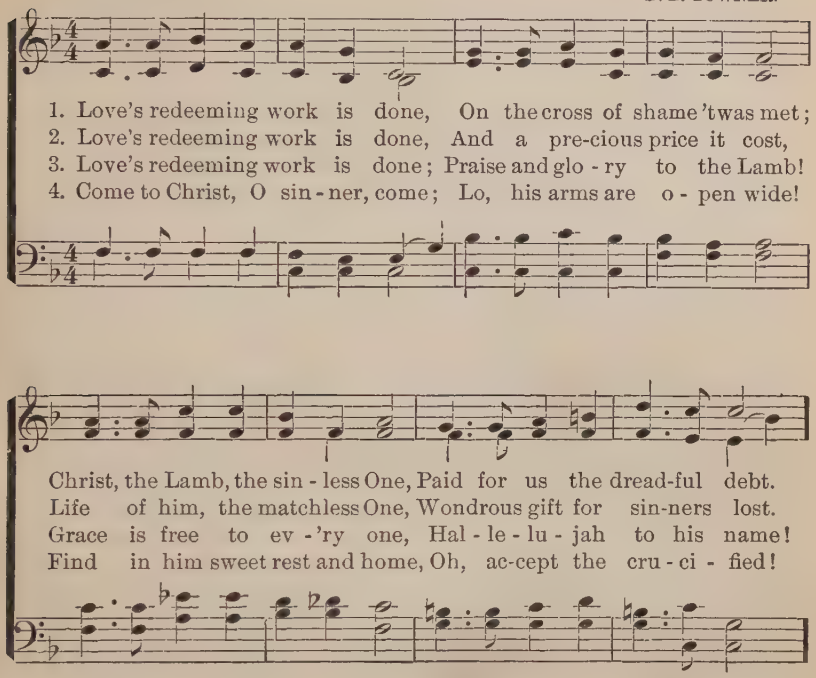
T. C. N. T. C. NEAL.

Moderato.

1. When the door is shut it will be too late; En-ter while you may,
2. When the door is shut all your hopes will die; En-ter while you may,
3. When the door is shut mercy's calls will cease; En-ter while you may,
4. When the door is shut count the dreadful cost; En-ter while you may,
en - ter in to - day; Why live on in sin? why in dan - ger wait?
en - ter in to - day; Vain - ly then to heav'n you for help will cry;
en - ter in to - day; Has-ten, need - y one, with thy God make peace;
en - ter in to - day; Oh, the shut-out soul, all's for - ev - er lost;
Chorus. f
En-ter while you may, while you may! Oh, en - ter, en - ter in to - day!
Oh, en - ter, en - ter while you may! Do the Savior's bidding, lest you
Rit.
hear him say, "The door is shut! Too late! too late! (too late!)"

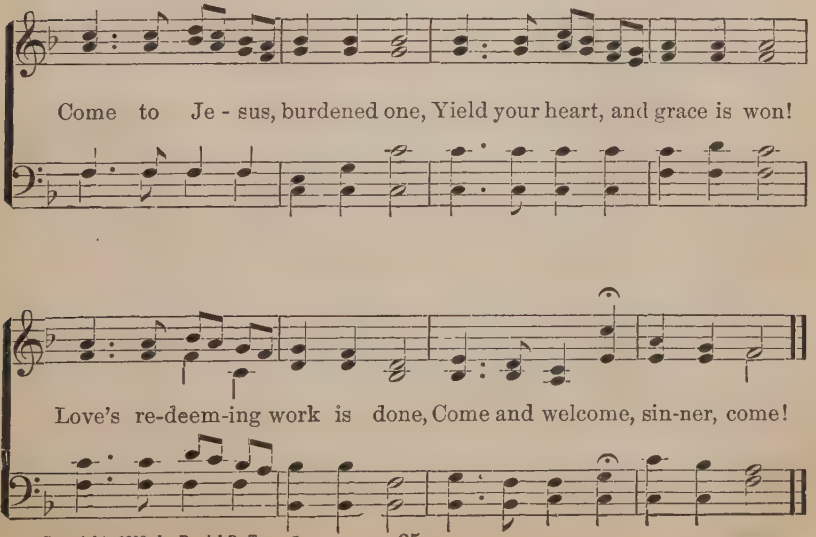
Copyright, 1902, by T. C. Neal.

33. Love's Redeeming Work.

MRS. H. E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Love's redeeming work is done, On the cross of shame 'twas met;
2. Love's redeeming work is done, And a pre-cious price it cost,
3. Love's redeeming work is done; Praise and glo-ry to the Lamb!
4. Come to Christ, O sin-ner, come; Lo, his arms are o-pen wide!
Christ, the Lamb, the sin-less One, Paid for us the dread-ful debt.
Life of him, the matchless One, Wondrous gift for sin-ners lost.
Grace is free to ev-'ry one, Hal-le-lu-jah to his name!
Find in him sweet rest and home, Oh, ac-cept the cru-ci-fied!

CHORUS.



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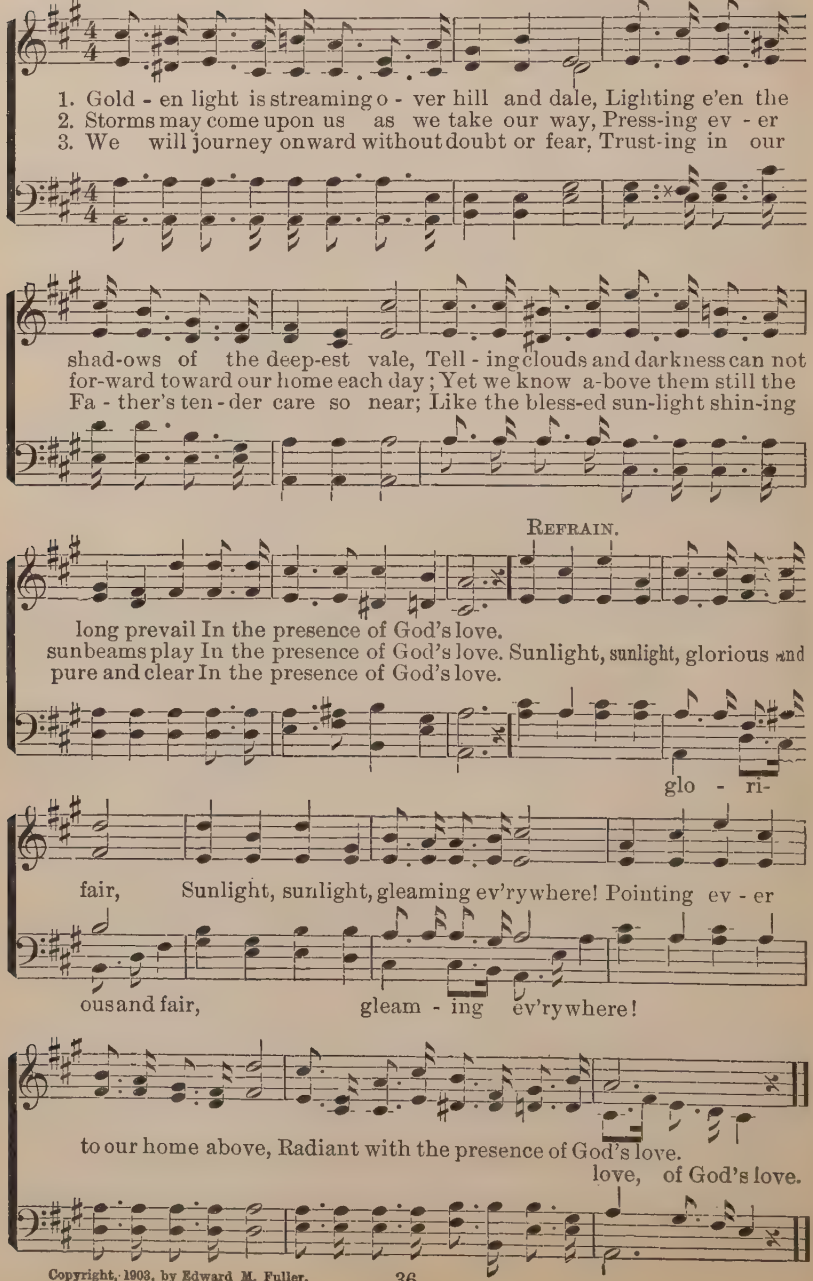
34. The Presence of God's Love.

KATE ULMER. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Gold - en light is streaming o - ver hill and dale, Lighting e'en the
2. Storms may come upon us as we take our way, Press-ing ev - er
3. We will journey onward without doubt or fear, Trust-ing in our
shad-ows of the deep-est vale, Tell - ing clouds and darkness can not
for-ward toward our home each day; Yet we know a-bove them still the
Fa - ther's ten - der care so near; Like the bless-ed sun-light shin-ing
REFRAIN.
long prevail In the presence of God's love.
sunbeams play In the presence of God's love. Sunlight, sunlight, glorious and
pure and clear In the presence of God's love.
glo - ri-
fair, Sunlight, sunlight, gleaming ev'rywhere! Pointing ev - er
ous and fair, gleam - ing ev'rywhere!
to our home above, Radiant with the presence of God's love.
love, of God's love.

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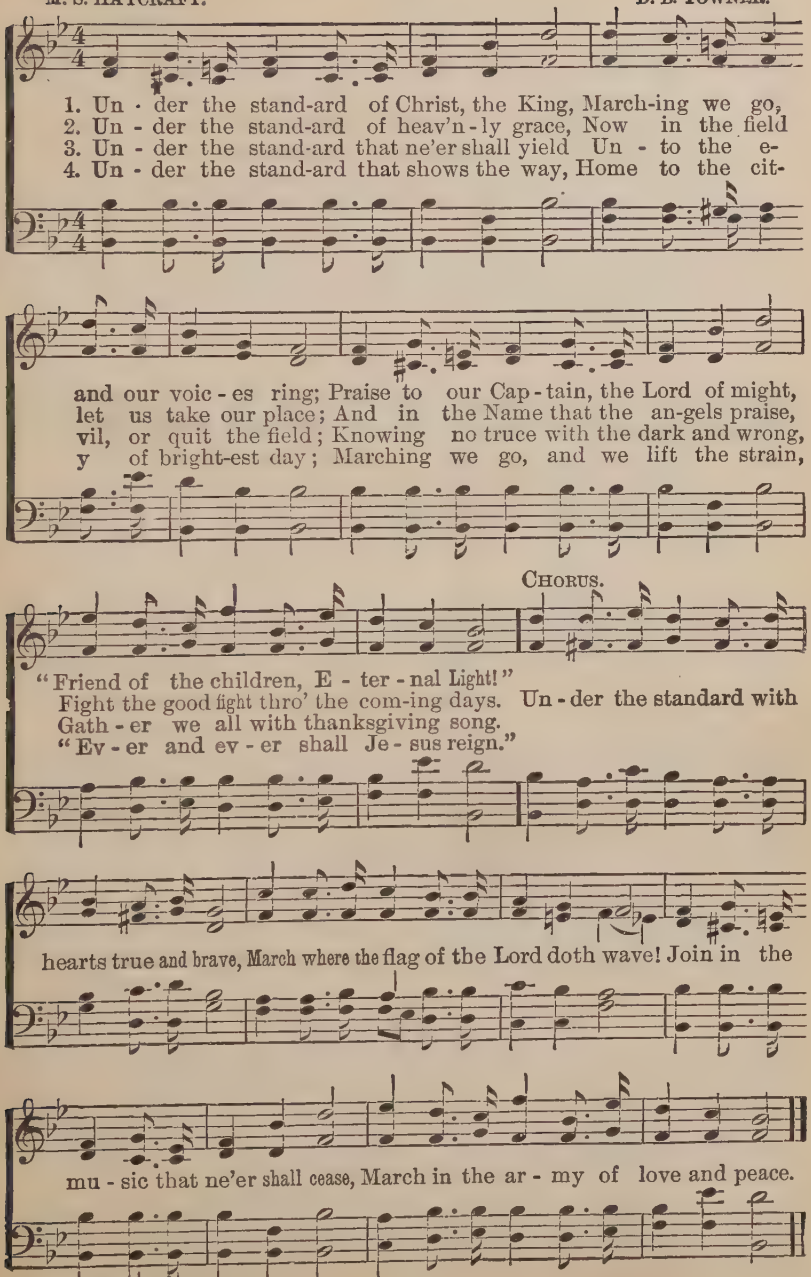
35. Marching We Go.

M. S. HAYCRAFT. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Un - der the stand-ard of Christ, the King, March-ing we go,
and our voic - es ring; Praise to our Cap - tain, the Lord of might,
2. Un - der the stand-ard of heav'n - ly grace, Now in the field
let us take our place; And in the Name that the an-gels praise,
3. Un - der the stand-ard that ne'er shall yield Un - to the e-
vil, or quit the field; Knowing no truce with the dark and wrong,
4. Un - der the stand-ard that shows the way, Home to the cit-
y of bright-est day; Marching we go, and we lift the strain,
CHORUS.
"Friend of the children, E - ter - nal Light!"
Fight the good fight thro' the com-ing days. Un - der the standard with
Gath - er we all with thanksgiving song.
"Ev - er and ev - er shall Je - sus reign."
hearts true and brave, March where the flag of the Lord doth wave! Join in the
mu - sic that ne'er shall cease, March in the ar - my of love and peace.

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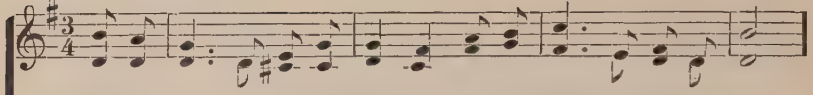
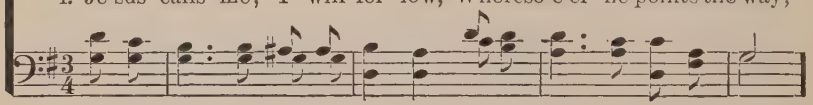
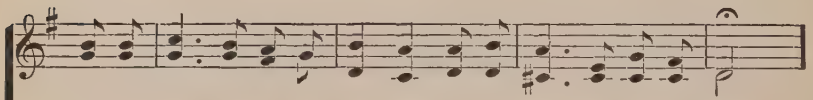
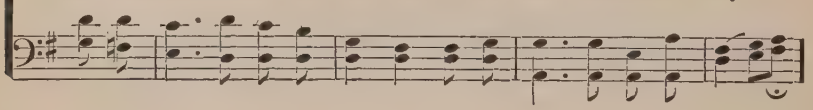
36. Jesus Calls Me.

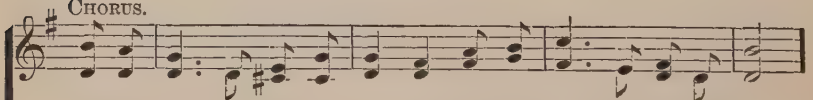
ERNEST G. WESLEY. SAMUEL D. SMITH.

1. Je-sus calls me; where, I know not; But he leads me, this I know.
2. Je-sus calls me; whether sun-light O'er my path doth brightly shine,
3. Je-sus calls me; I o-bey him, All con-trol to him I yield;
4. Je-sus calls me; I will fol-low, Whereso-e'er he points the way;

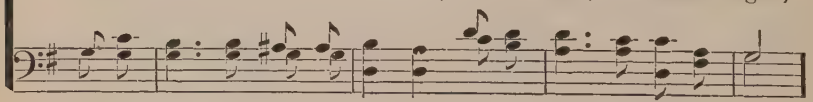
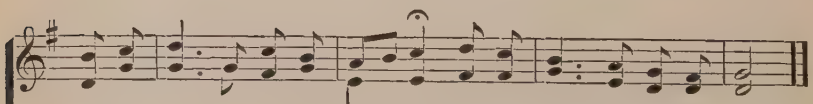


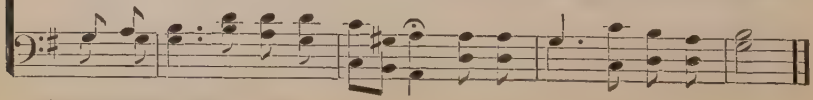


If his pres-ence go-eth with me, Ev-'ry step his love will show.
Or the midnight darkness blind me, I am his and he is mine.
His the right to stay or send me From or to the bat-tle-field.
Death may meet me on the mor-row,—I will heed his call to-day.



CHORUS.

Je-sus calls me, I will fol-low, His to lead, a-lone the right;



Mine the bles-sed-ness to fol-low, Sends he day or sends he night.

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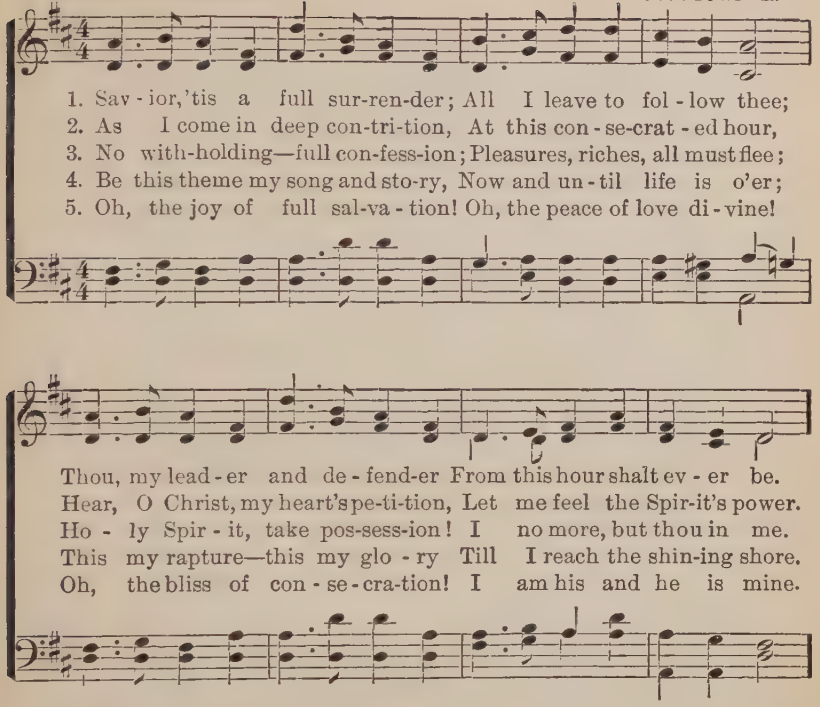
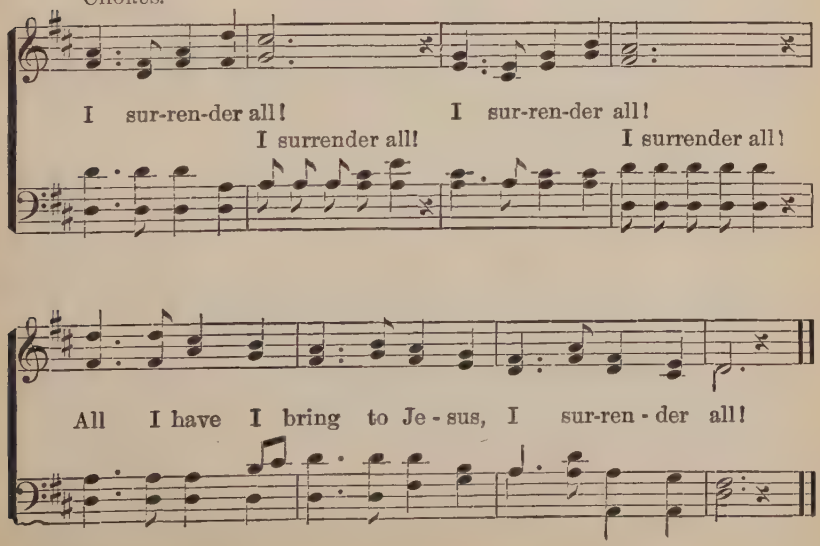
87. Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Sav - ior, 'tis a full sur-ren-der; All I leave to fol - low thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri-tion, At this con - se-crat - ed hour,
3. No with-holding—full con-fess-ion; Pleasures, riches, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto-ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal-va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!
Thou, my lead - er and de - fend-er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe-ti-tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's power.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos-sess-ion! I no more, but thou in me.
This my rapture—this my glo - ry Till I reach the shin-ing shore.
Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra-tion! I am his and he is mine.

CHORUS.



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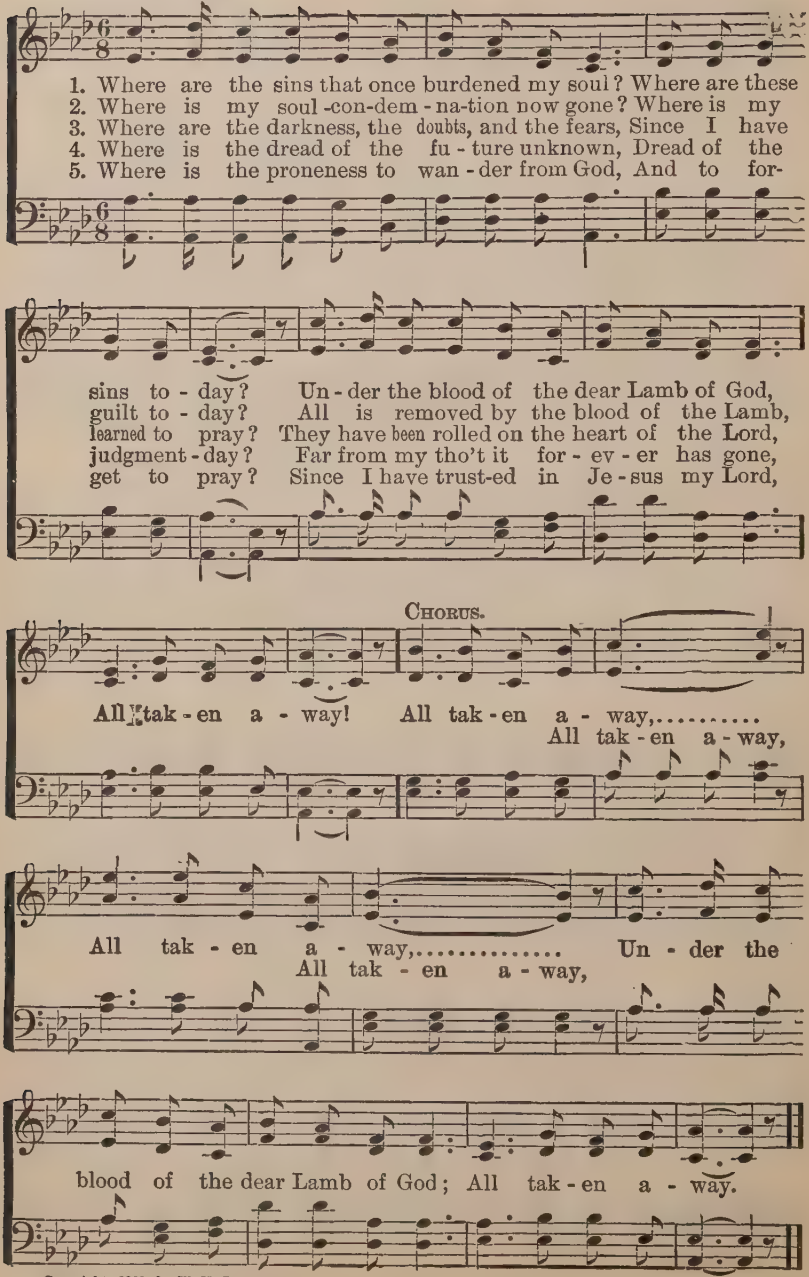
38. # All Taken Away.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. DOANE.

1. Where are the sins that once burdened my soul? Where are these
2. Where is my soul-con-dem-na-tion now gone? Where is my
3. Where are the darkness, the doubts, and the fears, Since I have
4. Where is the dread of the fu-ture unknown, Dread of the
5. Where is the proneness to wan-der from God, And to for-
sins to-day? Un-der the blood of the dear Lamb of God,
guilt to-day? All is removed by the blood of the Lamb,
learned to pray? They have been rolled on the heart of the Lord,
judgment-day? Far from my tho't it for-ev-er has gone,
get to pray? Since I have trust-ed in Je-sus my Lord,
CHORUS.
All tak-en a-way! All tak-en a-way,.....
All tak-en a-way,
All tak-en a-way,.....
Un-der the
All tak-en a-way,
blood of the dear Lamb of God; All tak-en a-way.

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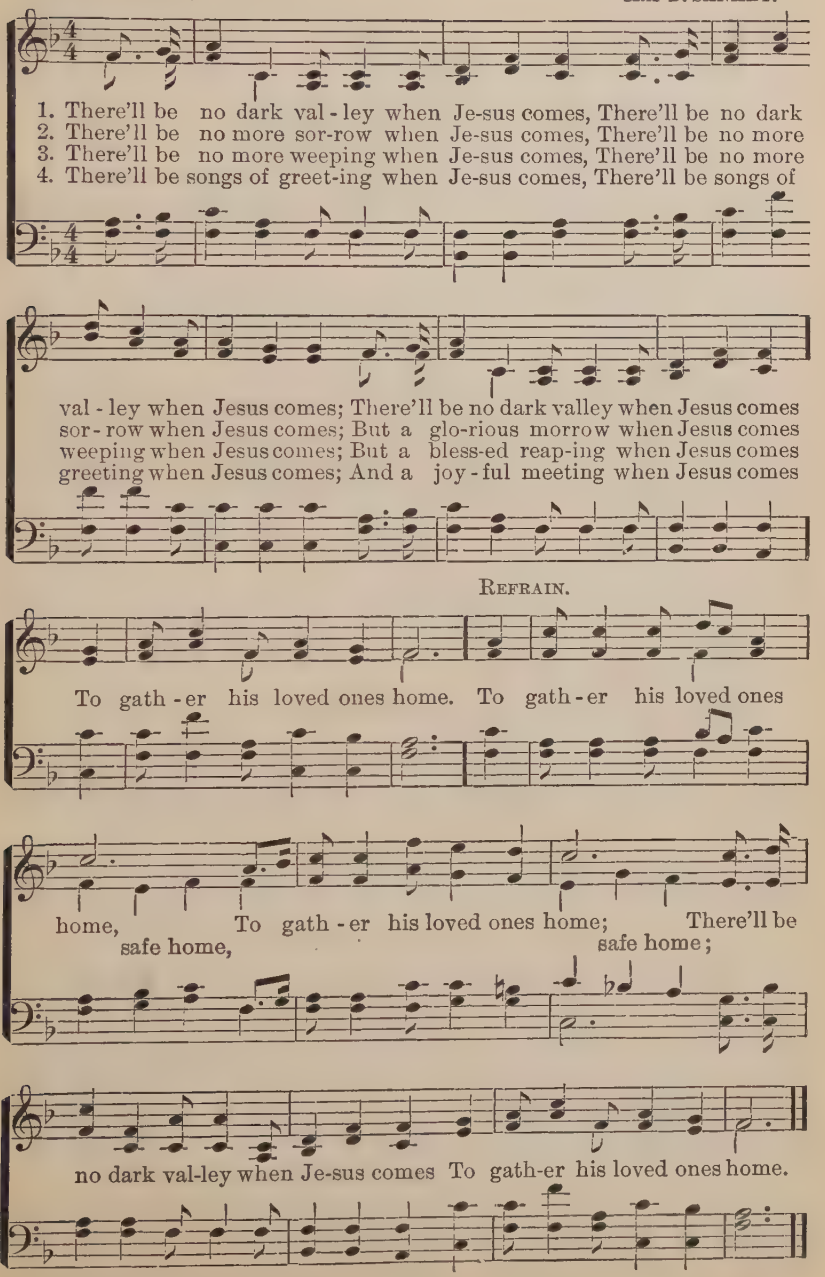
39. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je-sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weeping when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je-sus comes, There'll be songs of
val - ley when Jesus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes
sor - row when Jesus comes; But a glo-rious morrow when Jesus comes
weeping when Jesus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when Jesus comes
greeting when Jesus comes; And a joy - ful meeting when Jesus comes
REFRAIN.
To gath - er his loved ones home. To gath - er his loved ones
home, To gath - er his loved ones home; There'll be
safe home,
safe home;
no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes To gath-er his loved ones home.

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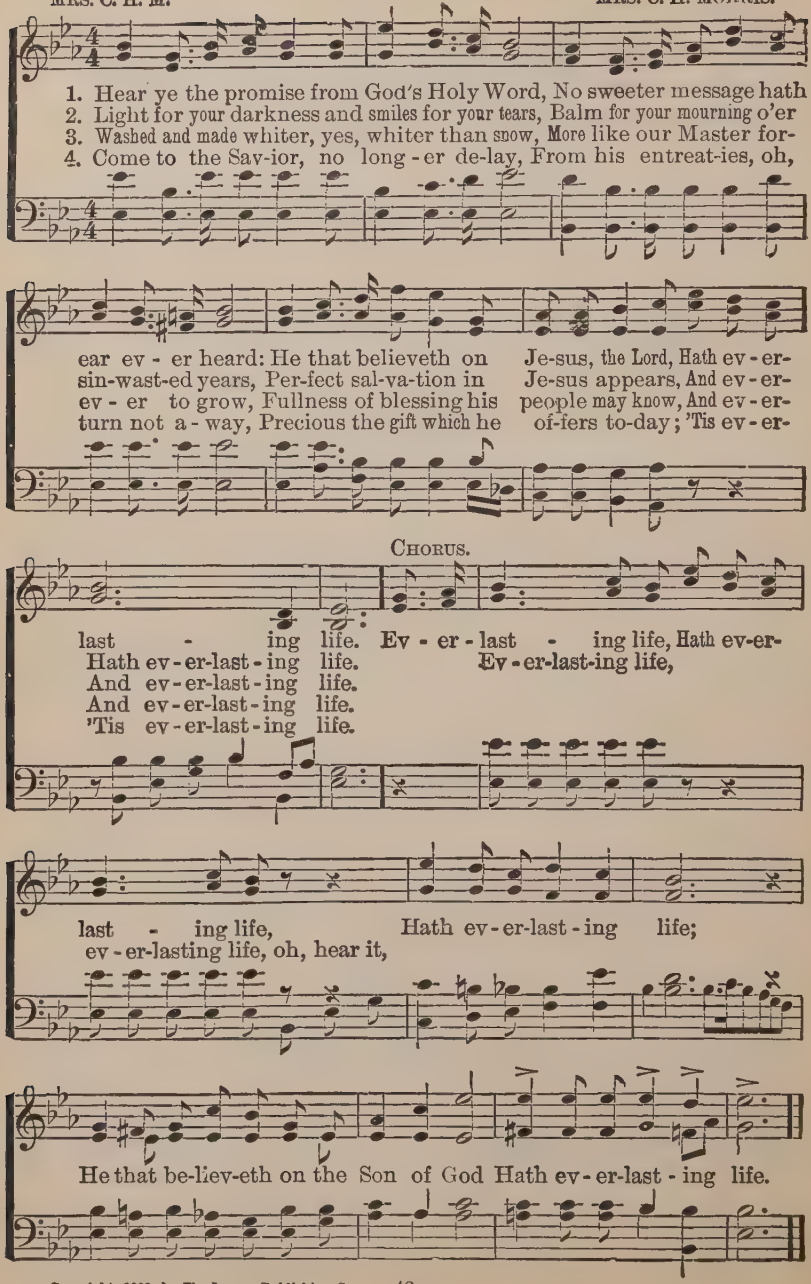
40. Everlasting Life.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hear ye the promise from God's Holy Word, No sweeter message hath
2. Light for your darkness and smiles for your tears, Balm for your mourning o'er
3. Washed and made whiter, yes, whiter than snow, More like our Master for-
4. Come to the Sav-ior, no long-er de-lay, From his entreat-ies, oh,
ear ev-er heard: He that believeth on Je-sus, the Lord, Hath ev-er-
sin-was-ted years, Per-fect sal-va-tion in Je-sus appears, And ev-er-
ev-er to grow, Fullness of blessing his people may know, And ev-er-
turn not a-way, Precious the gift which he of-fers to-day; 'Tis ev-er-
CHORUS.
last - ing life. Ev-er-last - ing life, Hath ev-er-
Hath ev-er-last-ing life. Ev-er-last-ing life,
And ev-er-last-ing life.
And ev-er-last-ing life.
'Tis ev-er-last-ing life.
last - ing life, Hath ev-er-last-ing life;
ev-er-lasting life, oh, hear it,
He that be-liev-eth on the Son of God Hath ev-er-last-ing life.

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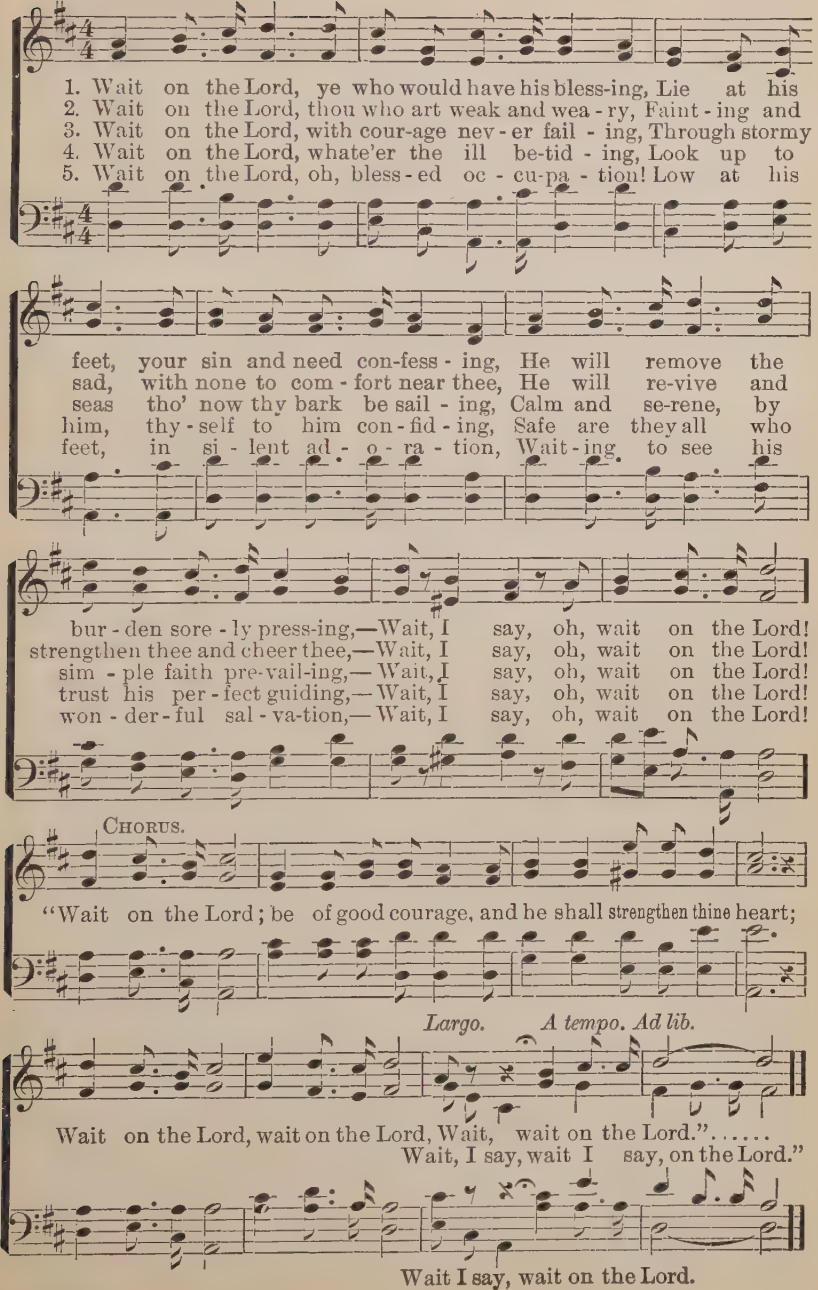
41. # Wait on the Lord.

T. O. CHISHOLM. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Wait on the Lord, ye who would have his bless-ing, Lie at his
2. Wait on the Lord, thou who art weak and wea-ry, Faint-ing and
3. Wait on the Lord, with cour-age nev-er fail-ing, Through stormy
4. Wait on the Lord, whate'er the ill be-tid-ing, Look up to
5. Wait on the Lord, oh, bless-ed oc-cu-pa-tion! Low at his
feet, your sin and need con-fess-ing, He will remove the
sad, with none to com-fort near thee, He will re-vive and
seas tho' now thy bark be sail-ing, Calm and se-rene, by
him, thy-self to him con-fid-ing, Safe are they all who
feet, in si-lent ad-o-ra-tion, Wait-ing to see his
bur-den sore-ly press-ing,—Wait, I say, oh, wait on the Lord!
strengthen thee and cheer thee,—Wait, I say, oh, wait on the Lord!
sim-ple faith pre-vail-ing,—Wait, I say, oh, wait on the Lord!
trust his per-fect guiding,—Wait, I say, oh, wait on the Lord!
won-der-ful sal-va-tion,—Wait, I say, oh, wait on the Lord!
CHORUS.
"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart;
Largo. A tempo. Ad lib.
Wait on the Lord, wait on the Lord, Wait, wait on the Lord."....
Wait, I say, wait I say, on the Lord."
Wait I say, wait on the Lord.

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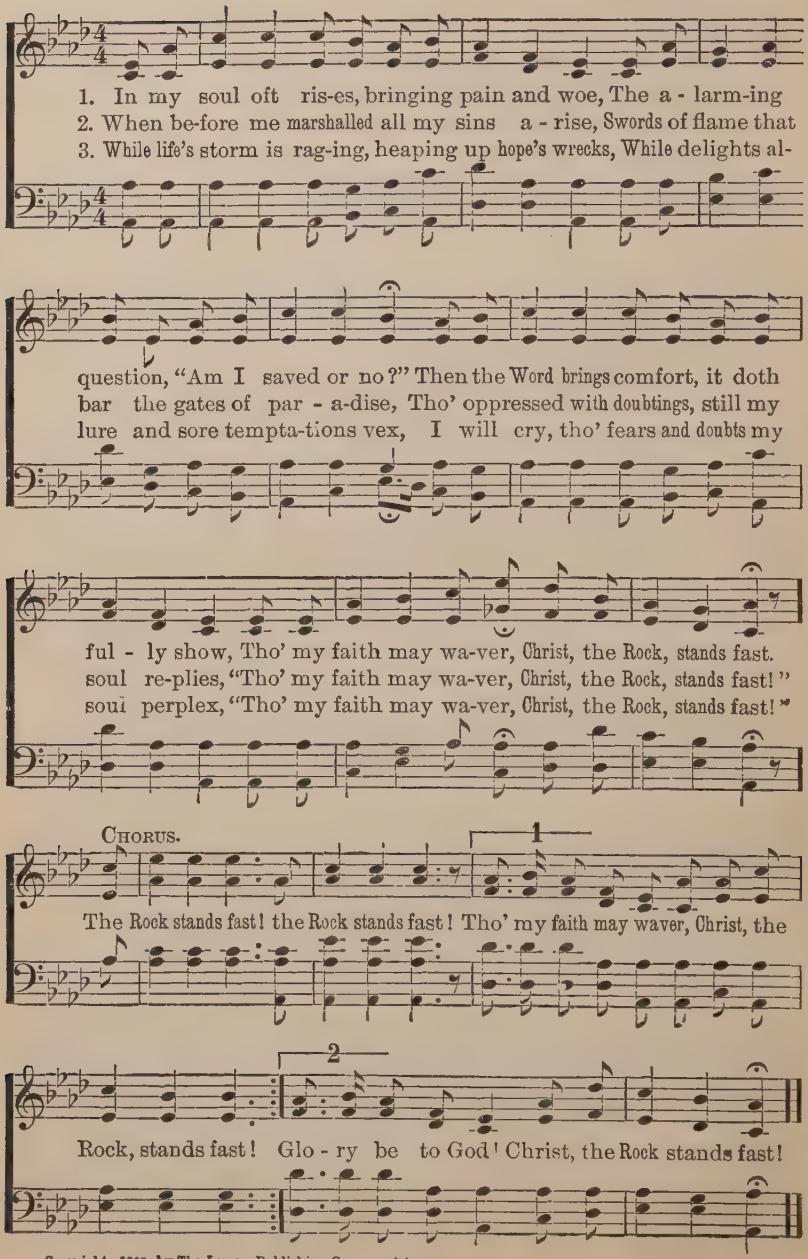
42. Christ, the Rock, Stands Fast.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


1. In my soul oft ris-es, bringing pain and woe, The a - larm-ing
2. When be-fore me marshalled all my sins a - rise, Swords of flame that
3. While life's storm is rag-ing, heaping up hope's wrecks, While delights al-
question, "Am I saved or no?" Then the Word brings comfort, it doth
bar the gates of par - a-dise, Tho' oppressed with doubtings, still my
lure and sore tempta-tions vex, I will cry, tho' fears and doubts my
ful - ly show, Tho' my faith may wa-ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast.
soul re-plies, "Tho' my faith may wa-ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!"
soul perplex, "Tho' my faith may wa-ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!"
Chorus.
1
The Rock stands fast! the Rock stands fast! Tho' my faith may waver, Christ, the
2
Rock, stands fast! Glo - ry be to God! Christ, the Rock stands fast!

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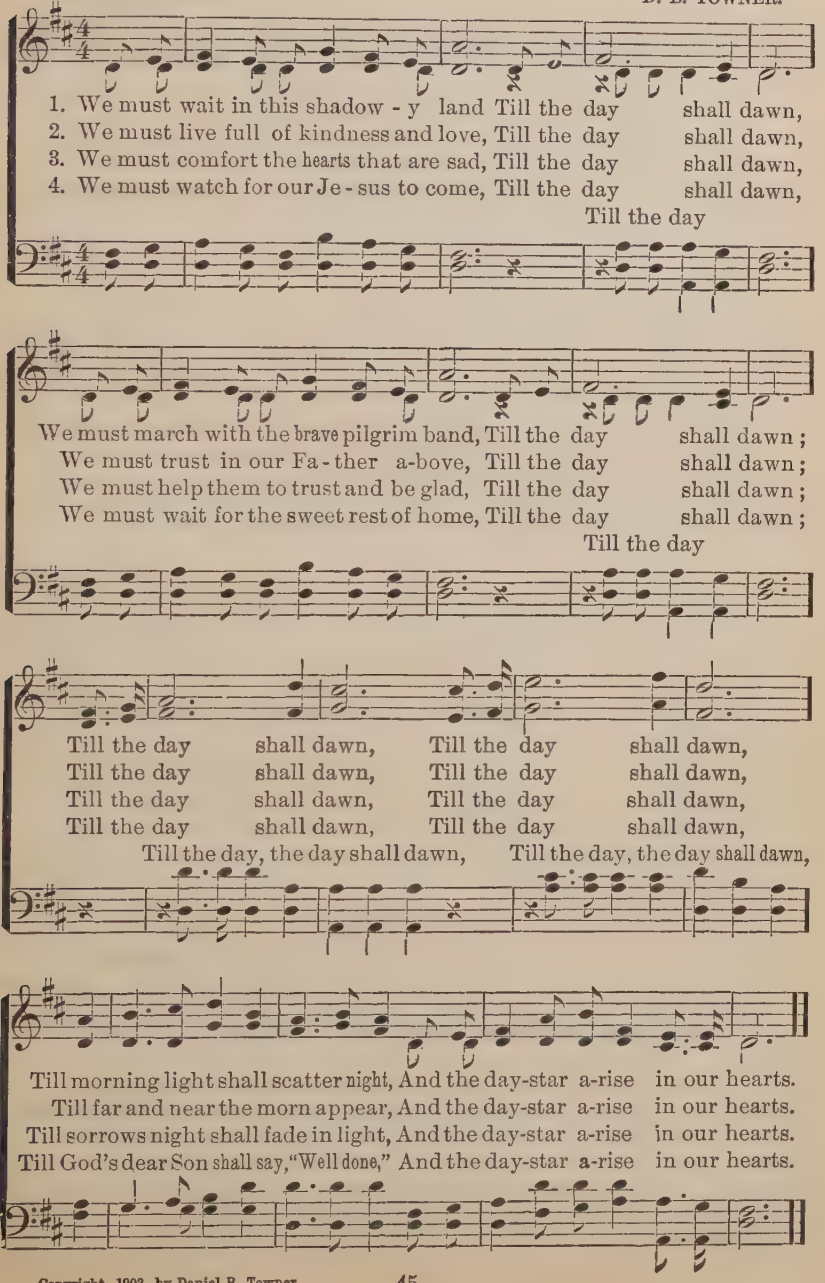
43. Till the Day shall Dawn.

GRACE BURLEIGH. D. B. TOWNER.


1. We must wait in this shadow - y land Till the day shall dawn,
2. We must live full of kindness and love, Till the day shall dawn,
3. We must comfort the hearts that are sad, Till the day shall dawn,
4. We must watch for our Je - sus to come, Till the day shall dawn,
Till the day
We must march with the brave pilgrim band, Till the day shall dawn;
We must trust in our Fa - ther a-bove, Till the day shall dawn;
We must help them to trust and be glad, Till the day shall dawn;
We must wait for the sweet rest of home, Till the day shall dawn;
Till the day
Till the day shall dawn, Till the day shall dawn,
Till the day shall dawn, Till the day shall dawn,
Till the day shall dawn, Till the day shall dawn,
Till the day shall dawn, Till the day shall dawn,
Till the day, the day shall dawn, Till the day, the day shall dawn,
Till morning light shall scatter night, And the day-star a-rise in our hearts.
Till far and near the morn appear, And the day-star a-rise in our hearts.
Till sorrows night shall fade in light, And the day-star a-rise in our hearts.
Till God's dear Son shall say, "Well done," And the day-star a-rise in our hearts.

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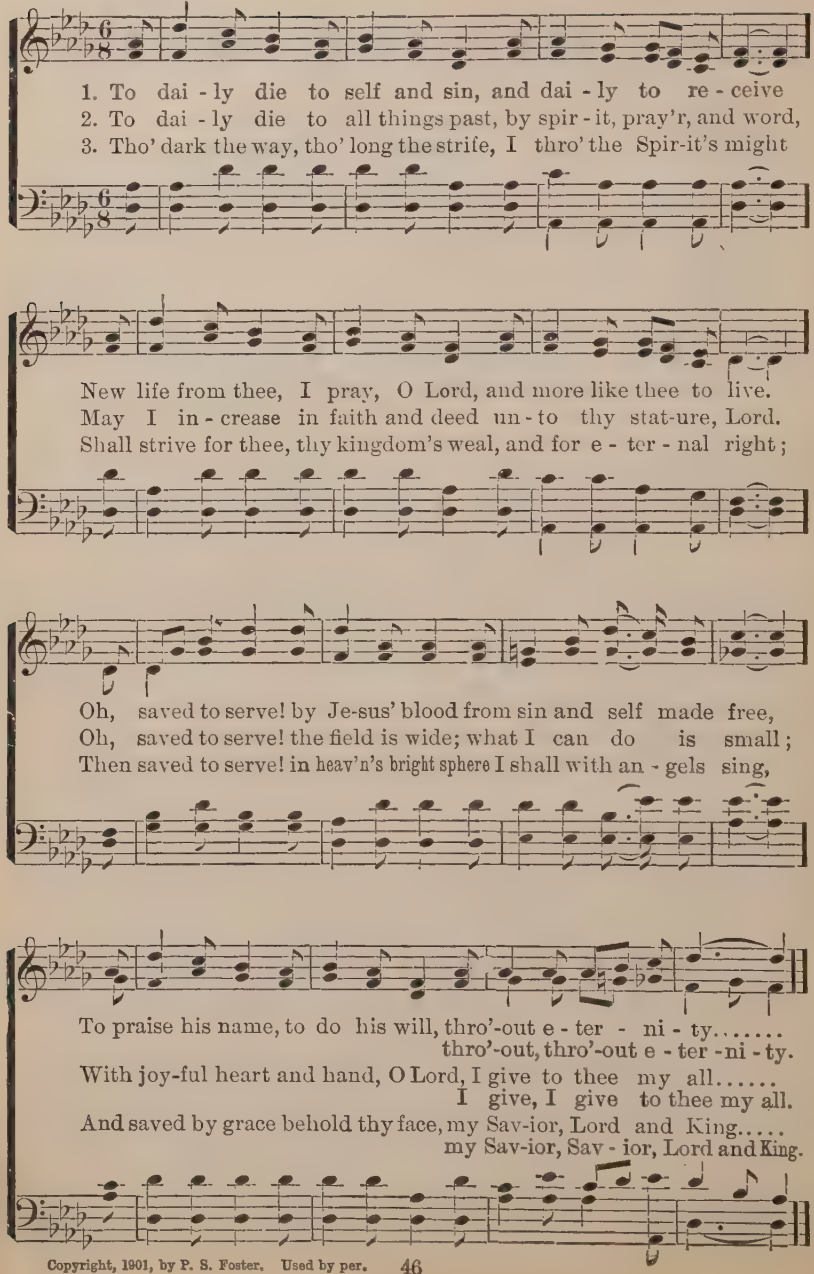
44. Saved to Serve.

JOHN D. MORGAN. PERCY S. FOSTER.


1. To dai - ly die to self and sin, and dai - ly to re - ceive
2. To dai - ly die to all things past, by spir - it, pray'r, and word,
3. Tho' dark the way, tho' long the strife, I thro' the Spir-it's might
New life from thee, I pray, O Lord, and more like thee to live.
May I in - crease in faith and deed un - to thy stat-ure, Lord.
Shall strive for thee, thy kingdom's weal, and for e - ter - nal right;
Oh, saved to serve! by Je-sus' blood from sin and self made free,
Oh, saved to serve! the field is wide; what I can do is small;
Then saved to serve! in heav'n's bright sphere I shall with an - gels sing,
To praise his name, to do his will, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.....
thro'-out, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.
With joy-ful heart and hand, O Lord, I give to thee my all.....
I give, I give to thee my all.
And saved by grace behold thy face, my Sav-ior, Lord and King.....
my Sav-ior, Sav - ior, Lord and King.

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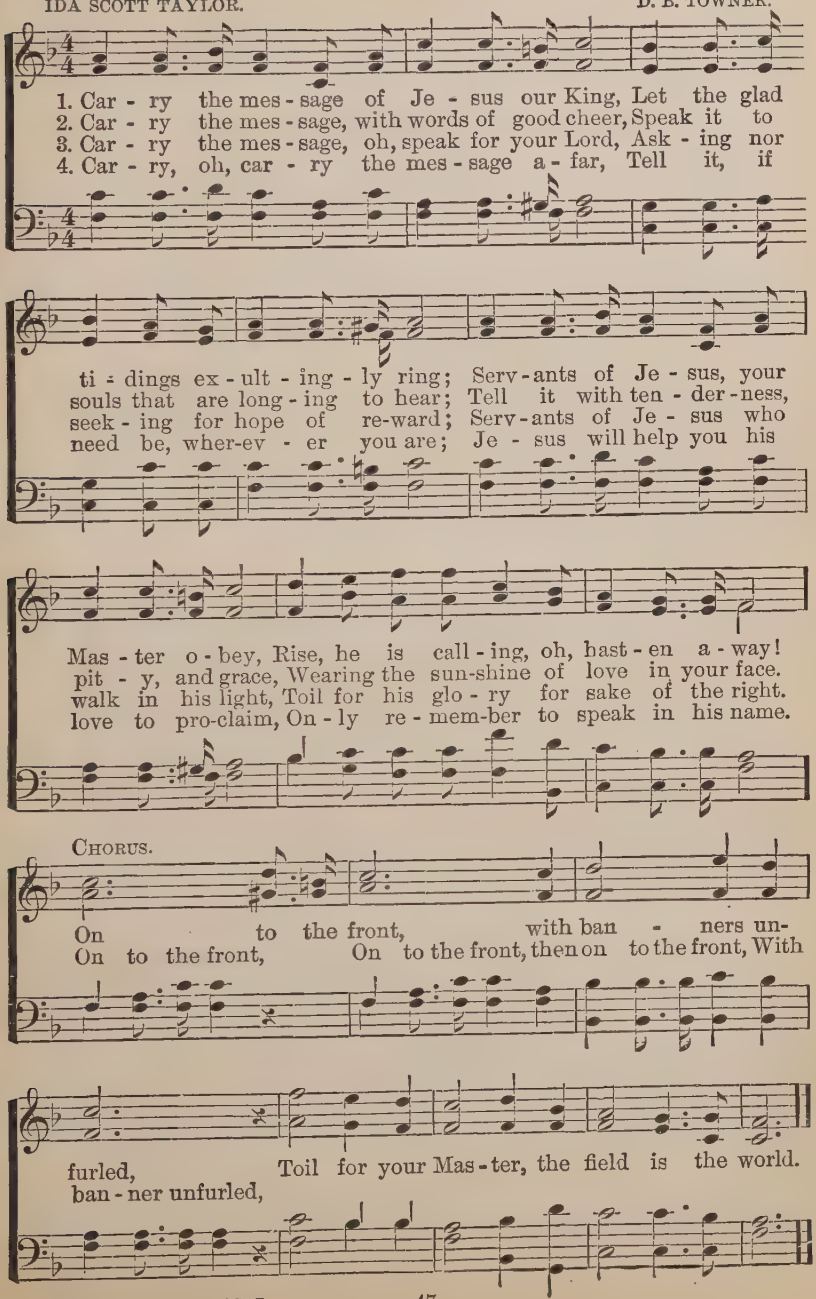
45. Carry the Message.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Car - ry the mes - sage of Je - sus our King, Let the glad
2. Car - ry the mes - sage, with words of good cheer, Speak it to
3. Car - ry the mes - sage, oh, speak for your Lord, Ask - ing nor
4. Car - ry, oh, car - ry the mes - sage a - far, Tell it, if
ti - dings ex - ult - ing - ly ring; Serv - ants of Je - sus, your
souls that are long - ing to hear; Tell it with ten - der - ness,
seek - ing for hope of re-ward; Serv - ants of Je - sus who
need be, wher-ev - er you are; Je - sus will help you his
Mas - ter o - bey, Rise, he is call - ing, oh, hast - en a - way!
pit - y, and grace, Wearing the sun-shine of love in your face.
walk in his light, Toil for his glo - ry for sake of the right.
love to pro-claim, On - ly re - mem-ber to speak in his name.
CHORUS.
On to the front, with ban - ners un-
furled,
On to the front, On to the front, then on to the front, With
ban - ner unfurled,
Toil for your Mas - ter, the field is the world.

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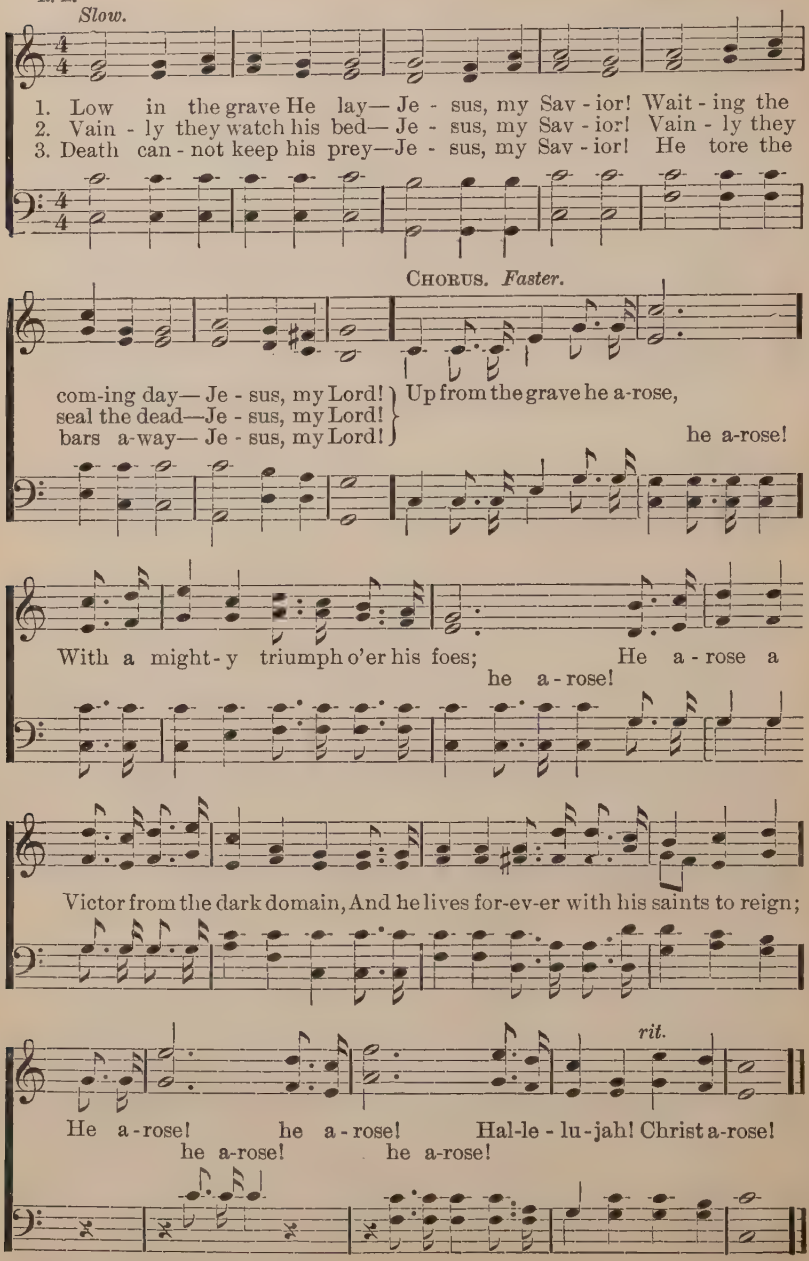
46. Christ Arose!

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow.
1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch his bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they
3. Death can - not keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the
Chorus. Faster.
com-ing day— Je - sus, my Lord! } Up from the grave he a-rose,
seal the dead—Je - sus, my Lord! }
bars a-way— Je - sus, my Lord! }
he a-rose!
With a might - y triumph o'er his foes; He a - rose a
he a - rose!
Victor from the dark domain, And he lives for-ev-er with his saints to reign;
rit.
He a - rose! he a - rose! Hal-le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose!
he a-rose! he a-rose!

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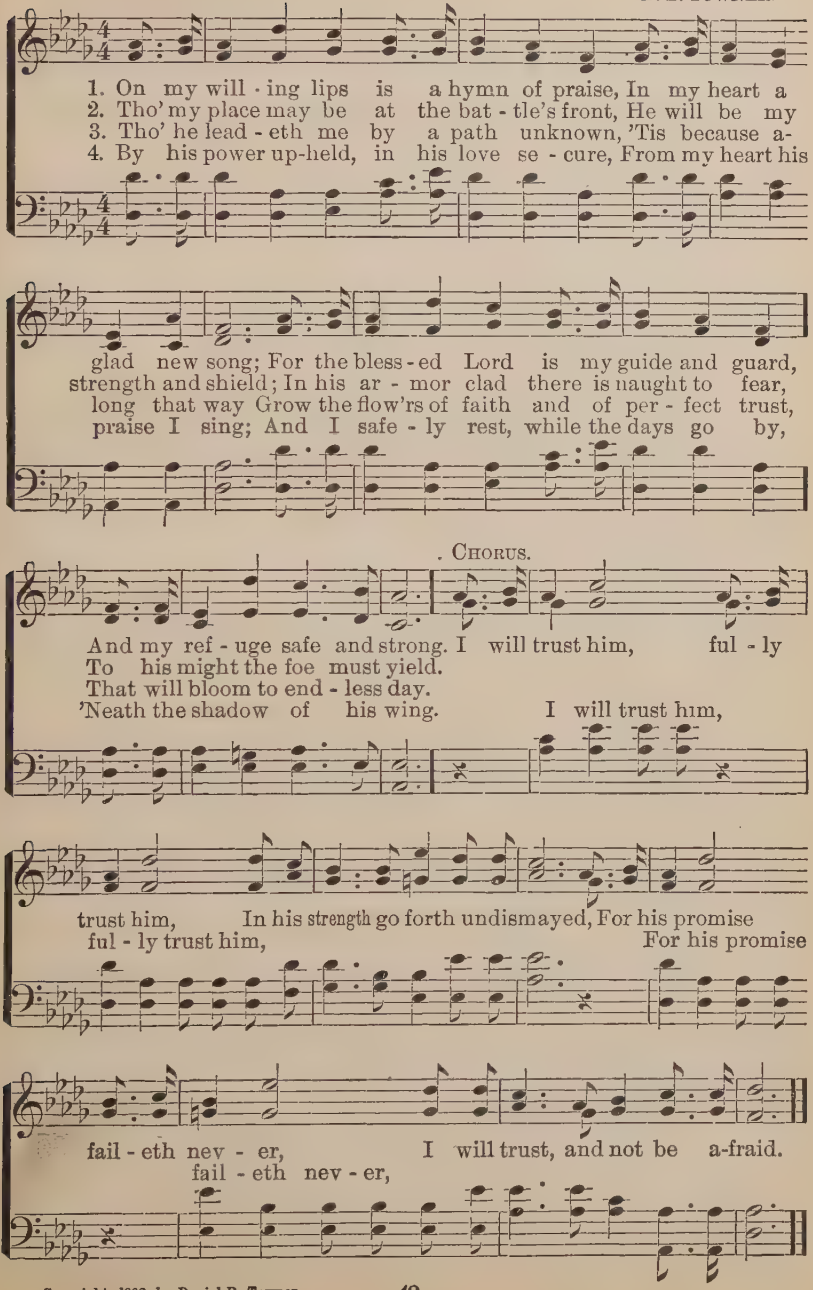
47. I will Trust.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. On my will - ing lips is a hymn of praise, In my heart a
2. Tho' my place may be at the bat - tle's front, He will be my
3. Tho' he lead - eth me by a path unknown, 'Tis because a-
4. By his power up-held, in his love se - cure, From my heart his
glad new song; For the bless - ed Lord is my guide and guard,
strength and shield; In his ar - mor clad there is naught to fear,
long that way Grow the flow'rs of faith and of per - fect trust,
praise I sing; And I safe - ly rest, while the days go by,
CHORUS.
And my ref - uge safe and strong. I will trust him, ful - ly
To his might the foe must yield.
That will bloom to end - less day.
'Neath the shadow of his wing. I will trust him,
trust him, In his strength go forth undismayed, For his promise
ful - ly trust him, For his promise
fail - eth nev - er, I will trust, and not be a-fraid.
fail - eth nev - er,

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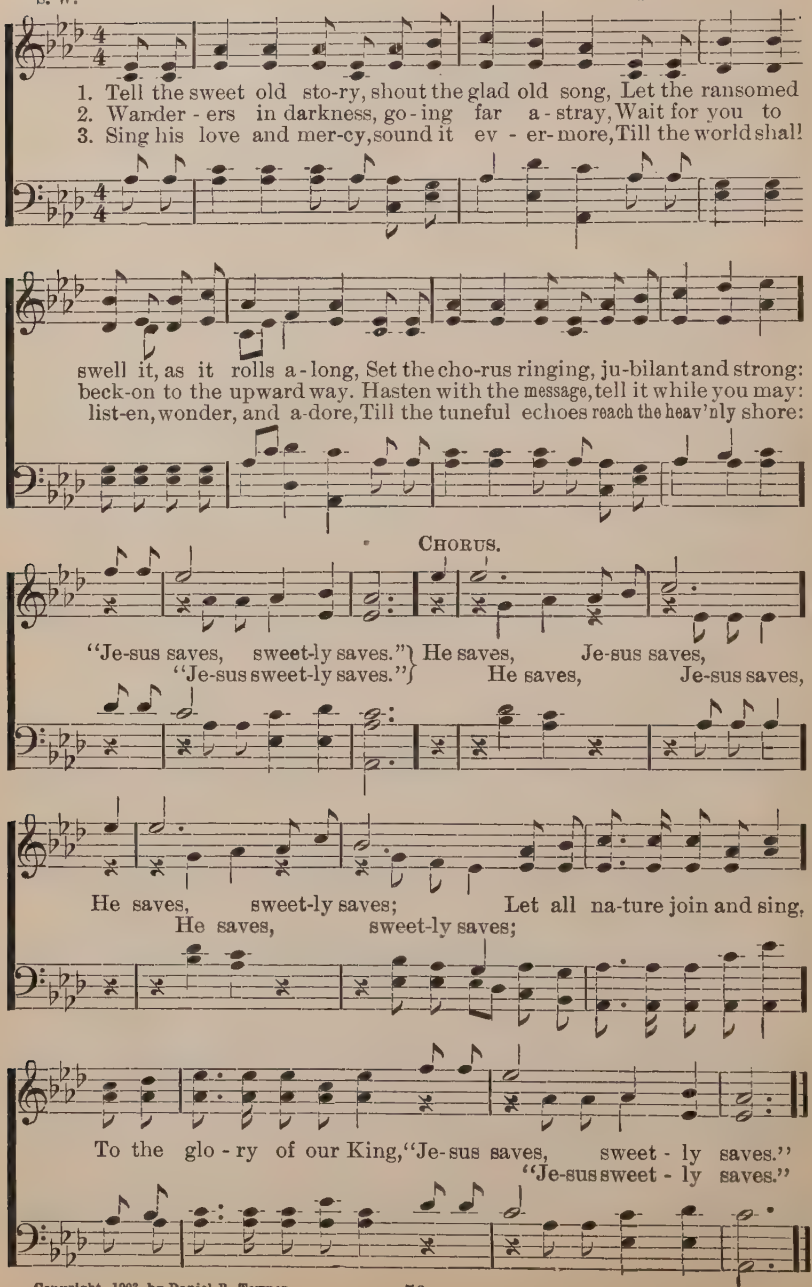
48. Jesus Sweetly Saves.

S. W. SAGE WILDER.

1. Tell the sweet old sto-ry, shout the glad old song, Let the ransomed
2. Wander - ers in darkness, go - ing far a - stray, Wait for you to
3. Sing his love and mer-cy, sound it ev - er-more, Till the world shall
swell it, as it rolls a - long, Set the cho-rus ringing, ju-bilant and strong:
beck-on to the upward way. Hasten with the message, tell it while you may:
list-en, wonder, and a-dore, Till the tuneful echoes reach the heav'nly shore:
CHORUS.
"Je-sus saves, sweet-ly saves." } He saves, Je-sus saves,
"Je-sus sweet-ly saves." } He saves, Je-sus saves,
He saves, sweet-ly saves; Let all na-ture join and sing,
He saves, sweet-ly saves;
To the glo - ry of our King, "Je-sus saves, sweet - ly saves."
"Je-sus sweet - ly saves."

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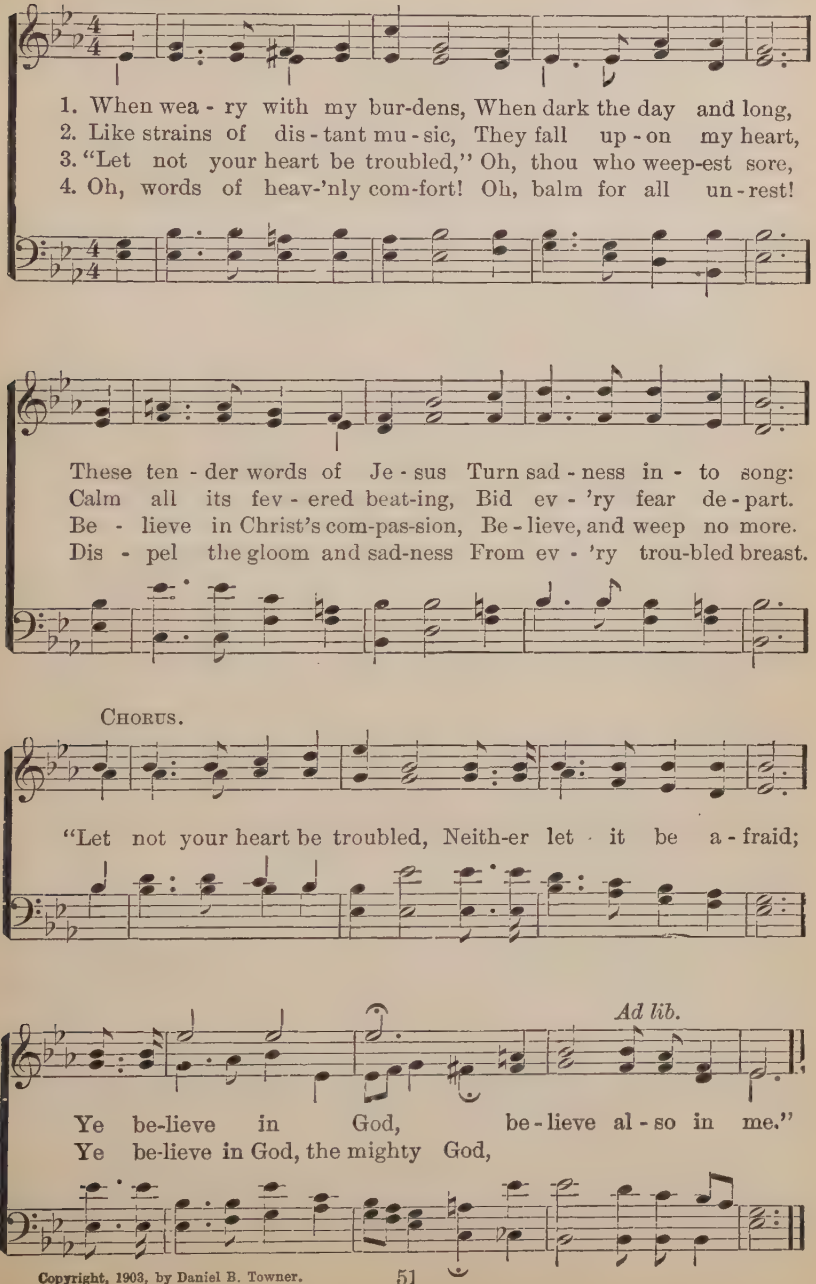
49. Let Not Your Heart be Troubled.

T. O. CHISHOLM. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When wea - ry with my bur-dens, When dark the day and long,
2. Like strains of dis - tant mu - sic, They fall up - on my heart,
3. "Let not your heart be troubled," Oh, thou who weep-est sore,
4. Oh, words of heav-'nly com-fort! Oh, balm for all un - rest!
These ten - der words of Je - sus Turn sad - ness in - to song:
Calm all its fev - ered beat-ing, Bid ev - 'ry fear de - part.
Be - lieve in Christ's com-pas-sion, Be - lieve, and weep no more.
Dis - pel the gloom and sad-ness From ev - 'ry trou-bled breast.
Chorus.
"Let not your heart be troubled, Neith-er let it be a - fraid;
Ad lib.
Ye be-lieve in God, be - lieve al - so in me."
Ye be-lieve in God, the mighty God,

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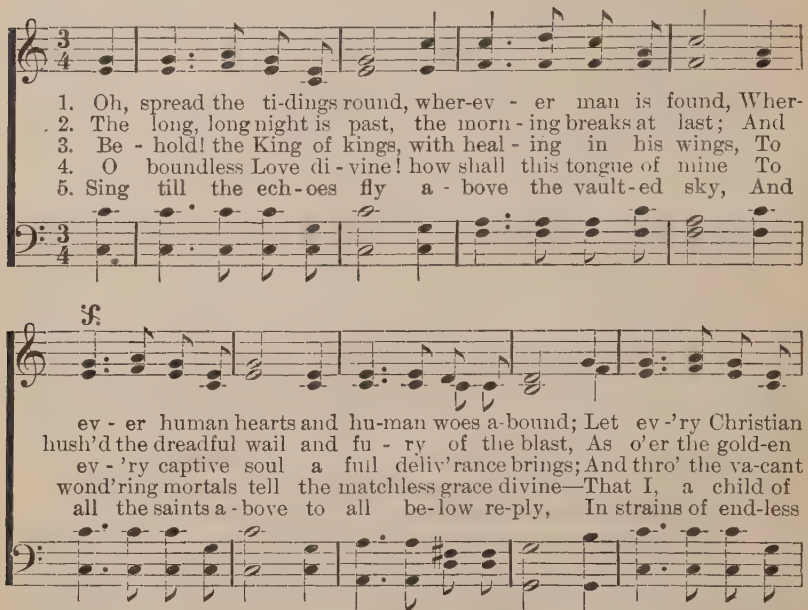
50. The Comforter has Come!

REV. F. BOTTOME, D.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Be - hold! the King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. O boundless Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And
f.
ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev -'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less
D.S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n, Oh, spread the ti-dings
FINE.
tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: "The Com-fort - er has come!"
hills the day ad-vanc - es fast. "The Com-fort - er has come!"
cells the song. of triumph rings: "The Com fort - er has come!"
sin, should in his im - age shine! "The Com-fort - er has come!"
love, the song that ne'er will die: "The Com-fort - er has come!"
round, Wher-ev - er man is found: "The Com-fort - er has come!"
CHORUS. D.S.
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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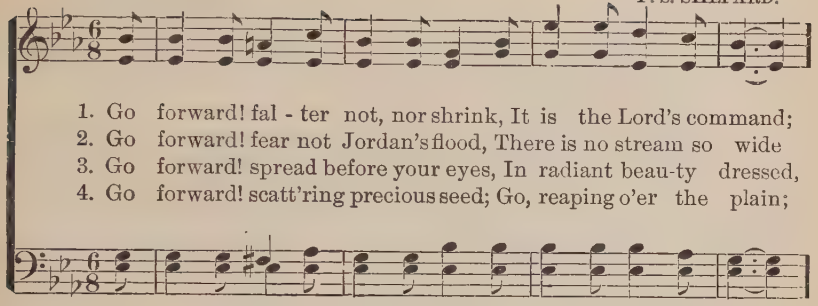
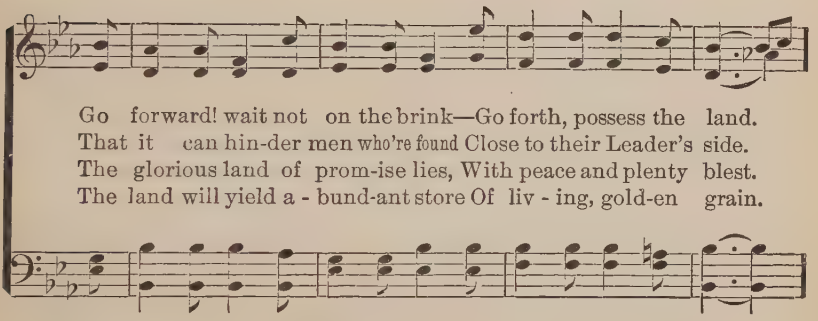
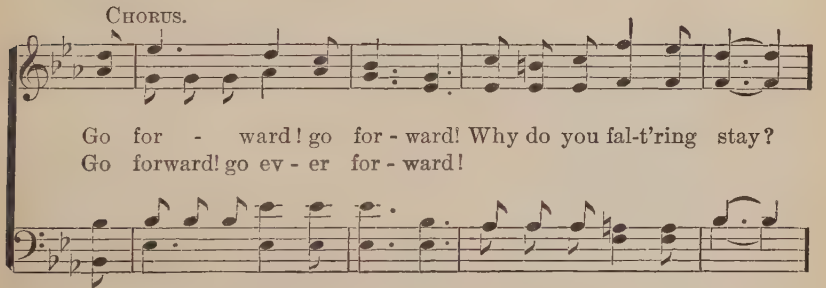
51.

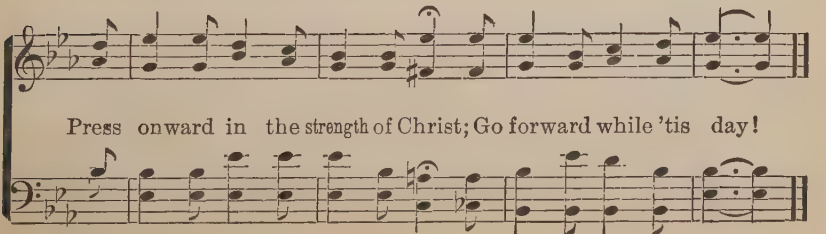
Go Forward!

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Go forward! fal - ter not, nor shrink, It is the Lord's command;
2. Go forward! fear not Jordan's flood, There is no stream so wide
3. Go forward! spread before your eyes, In radiant beau-ty dressed,
4. Go forward! scatt'ring precious seed; Go, reaping o'er the plain;


Go forward! wait not on the brink—Go forth, possess the land.
That it can hin-der men who're found Close to their Leader's side.
The glorious land of prom-ise lies, With peace and plenty blest.
The land will yield a - bund-ant store Of liv - ing, gold-en grain.





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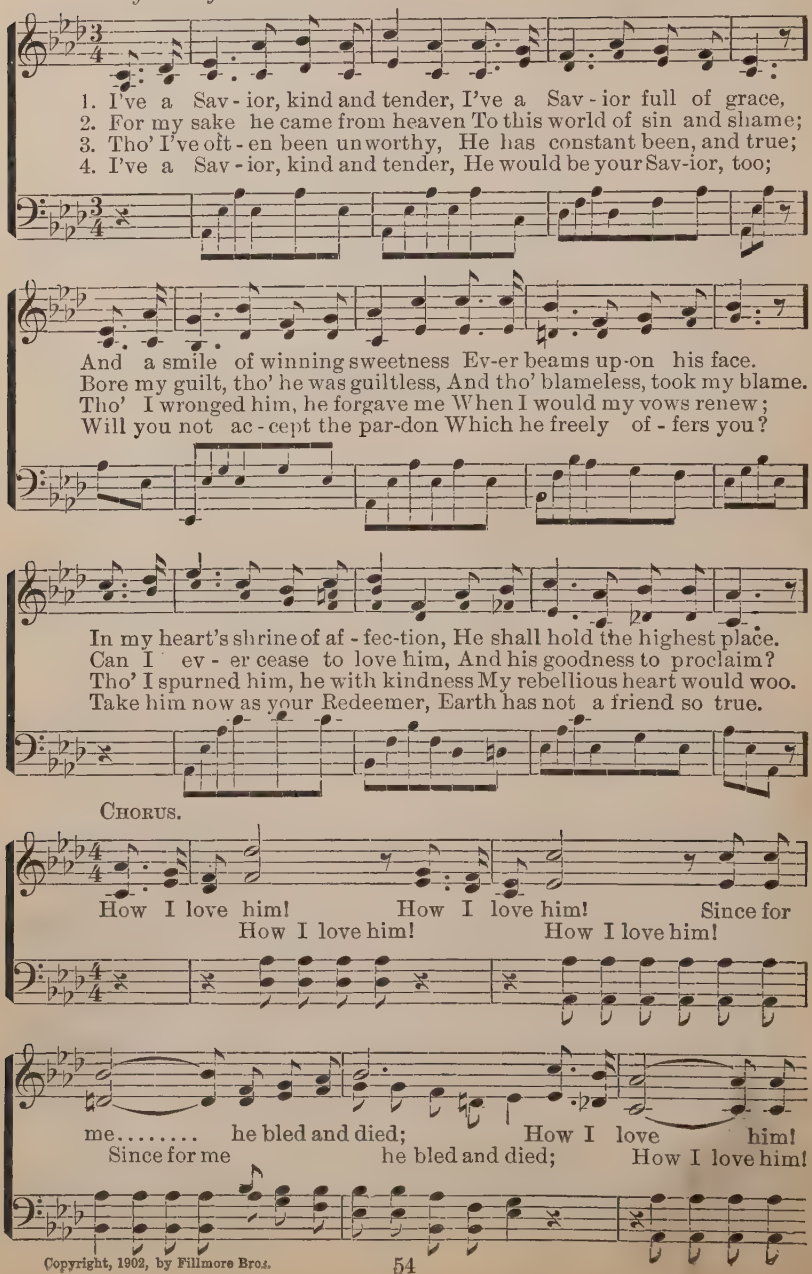
52. My Savior.

CHAS. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

May be sung as a Solo or Duet.


1. I've a Sav - ior, kind and tender, I've a Sav - ior full of grace,
2. For my sake he came from heaven To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been unworthy, He has constant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - ior, kind and tender, He would be your Sav-ior, too;
And a smile of winning sweetness Ev-er beams up-on his face.
Bore my guilt, tho' he was guiltless, And tho' blameless, took my blame.
Tho' I wronged him, he forgave me When I would my vows renew;
Will you not ac - cept the par-don Which he freely of - fers you?
In my heart's shrine of af - fec-tion, He shall hold the highest place.
Can I ev - er cease to love him, And his goodness to proclaim?
Tho' I spurned him, he with kindness My rebellious heart would woo.
Take him now as your Redeemer, Earth has not a friend so true.
CHORUS.
How I love him! How I love him! Since for
How I love him! How I love him!
me..... he bled and died; How I love him!
Since for me he bled and died; How I love him!

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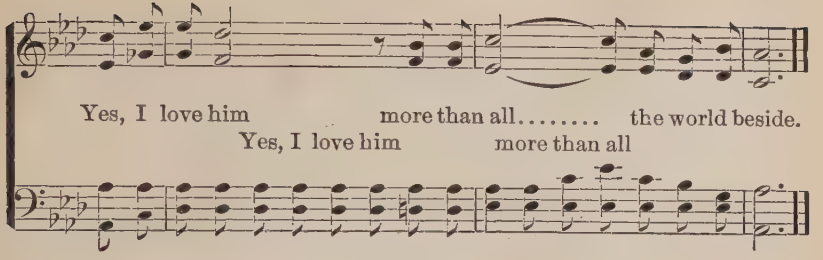
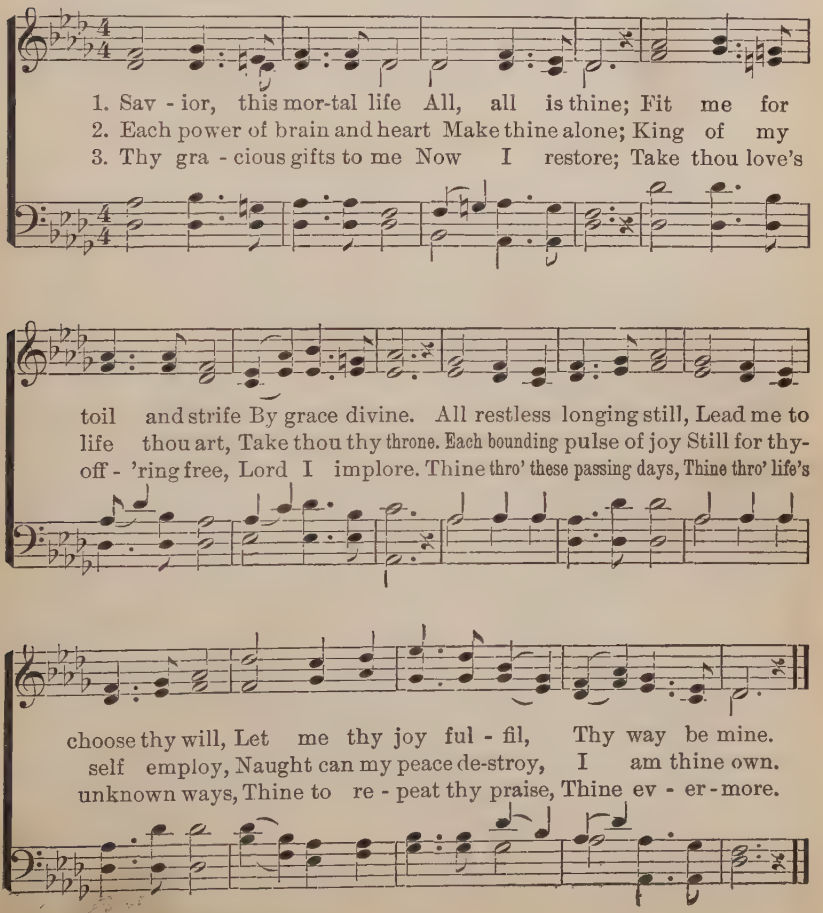
My Savior. Concluded.



53. My King.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. B. T. WORDEN.


1. Sav - ior, this mor-tal life All, all is thine; Fit me for
2. Each power of brain and heart Make thine alone; King of my
3. Thy gra - cious gifts to me Now I restore; Take thou love's
toil and strife By grace divine. All restless longing still, Lead me to
life thou art, Take thou thy throne. Each bounding pulse of joy Still for thy-
off - 'ring free, Lord I implore. Thine thro' these passing days, Thine thro' life's
choose thy will, Let me thy joy ful - fil, Thy way be mine.
self employ, Naught can my peace de-stroy, I am thine own.
unknown ways, Thine to re - peat thy praise, Thine ev - er - more.

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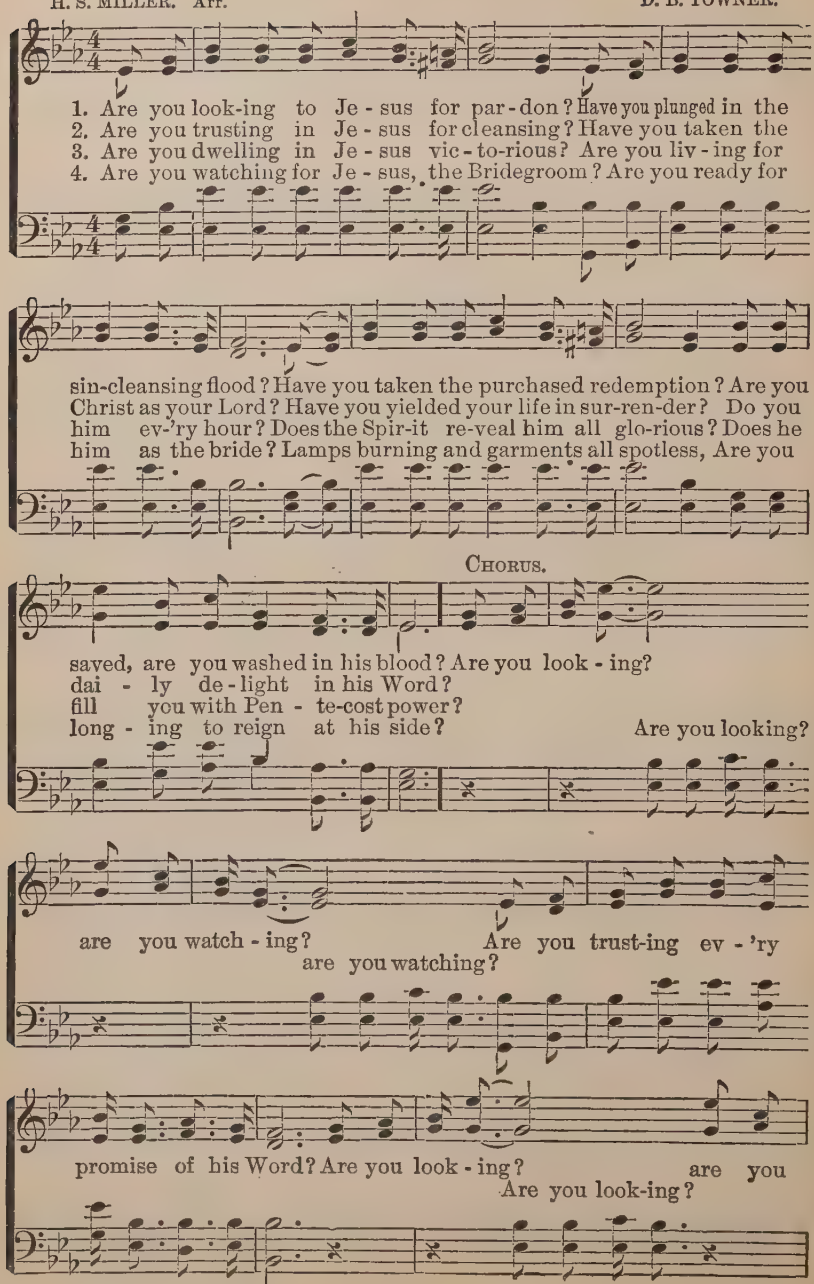
54. Are You Looking?

H. S. MILLER. Arr. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Are you look-ing to Je - sus for par - don? Have you plunged in the
2. Are you trusting in Je - sus for cleansing? Have you taken the
3. Are you dwelling in Je - sus vic - to-rious? Are you liv - ing for
4. Are you watching for Je - sus, the Bridegroom? Are you ready for
sin-cleansing flood? Have you taken the purchased redemption? Are you
Christ as your Lord? Have you yielded your life in sur-ren-der? Do you
him ev-'ry hour? Does the Spir-it re-veal him all glo-rious? Does he
him as the bride? Lamps burning and garments all spotless, Are you
CHORUS.
saved, are you washed in his blood? Are you look - ing?
dai - ly de - light in his Word?
fill you with Pen - te-cost power?
long - ing to reign at his side?
Are you looking?
are you watch - ing?
Are you trust-ing ev - 'ry
are you watching?
promise of his Word? Are you look - ing?
are you
Are you look-ing?

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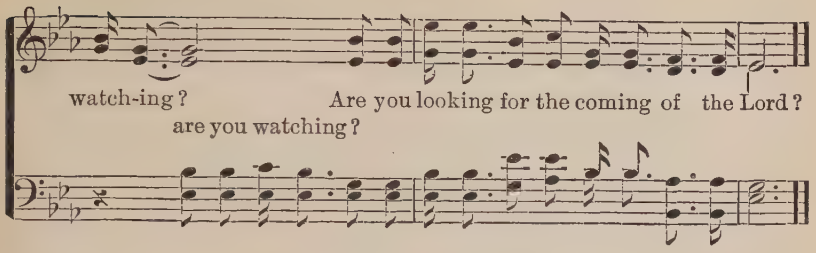
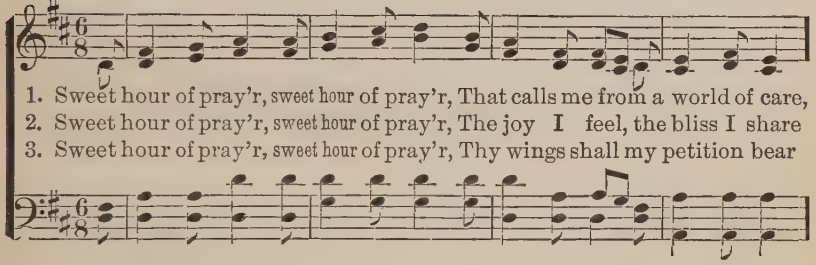
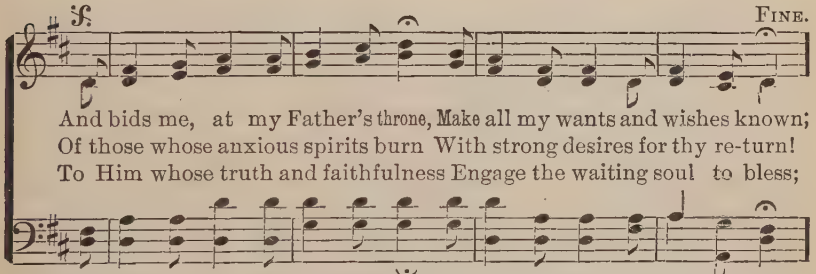
Are You Looking? Concluded.



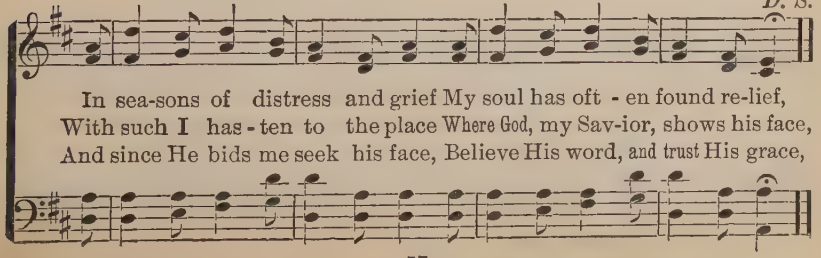
55. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my petition bear

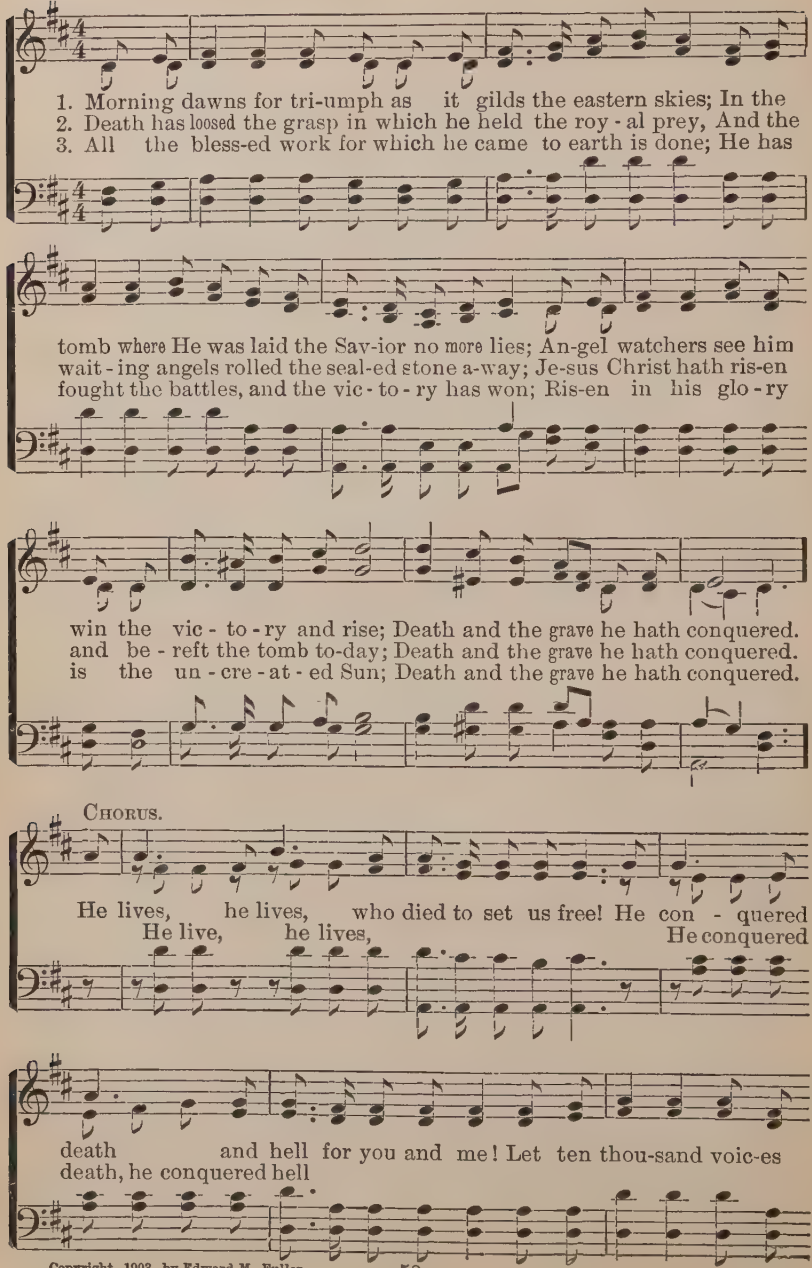

f.
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
Of those whose anxious spirits burn With strong desires for thy re-turn!
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;

D. S. *And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.*
D. S. *And glad-ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.*
D. S. *I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.*


D. S.
In sea-sons of distress and grief My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows his face,
And since He bids me seek his face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,

56. Hymn of Triumph.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Morning dawns for tri-umph as it gilds the eastern skies; In the
2. Death has loosed the grasp in which he held the roy-al prey, And the
3. All the bless-ed work for which he came to earth is done; He has
tomb where He was laid the Sav-ior no more lies; An-gel watchers see him
wait-ing angels rolled the seal-ed stone a-way; Je-sus Christ hath ris-en
fought the battles, and the vic-to-ry has won; Ris-en in his glo-ry
win the vic-to-ry and rise; Death and the grave he hath conquered.
and be-reft the tomb to-day; Death and the grave he hath conquered.
is the un-cre-at-ed Sun; Death and the grave he hath conquered.
Chorus.
He lives, he lives, who died to set us free! He con-quered
He live, he lives, He conquered
death and hell for you and me! Let ten thou-sand voic-es
death, he conquered hell

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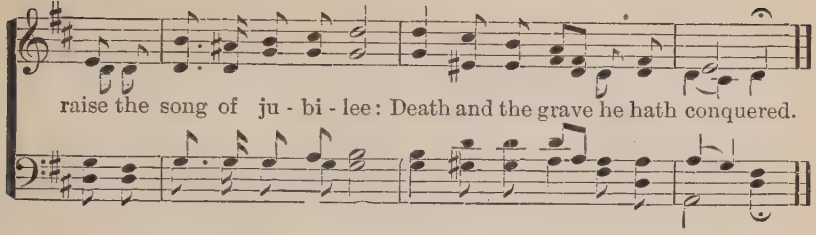
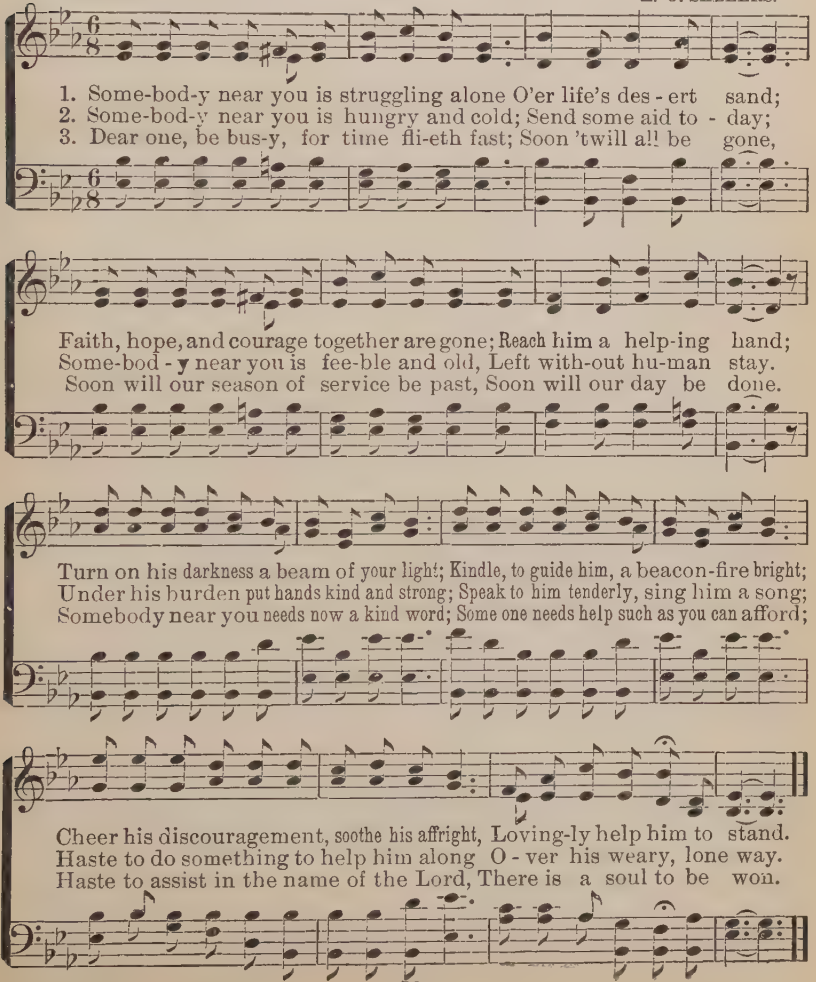
Hymn of Triumph. Concluded.



57. Our Neighbors.

Words arr. for this work. E. O. SELLERS.


1. Some-bod-y near you is struggling alone O'er life's des - ert sand;
2. Some-bod-y near you is hungry and cold; Send some aid to - day;
3. Dear one, be bus-y, for time fli-eth fast; Soon 'twill all be gone,
Faith, hope, and courage together are gone; Reach him a help-ing hand;
Some-bod - y near you is fee-ble and old, Left with-out hu-man stay.
Soon will our season of service be past, Soon will our day be done.
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light; Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright;
Under his burden put hands kind and strong; Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Somebody near you needs now a kind word; Some one needs help such as you can afford;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright, Loving-ly help him to stand.
Haste to do something to help him along O - ver his weary, lone way.
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord, There is a soul to be won.

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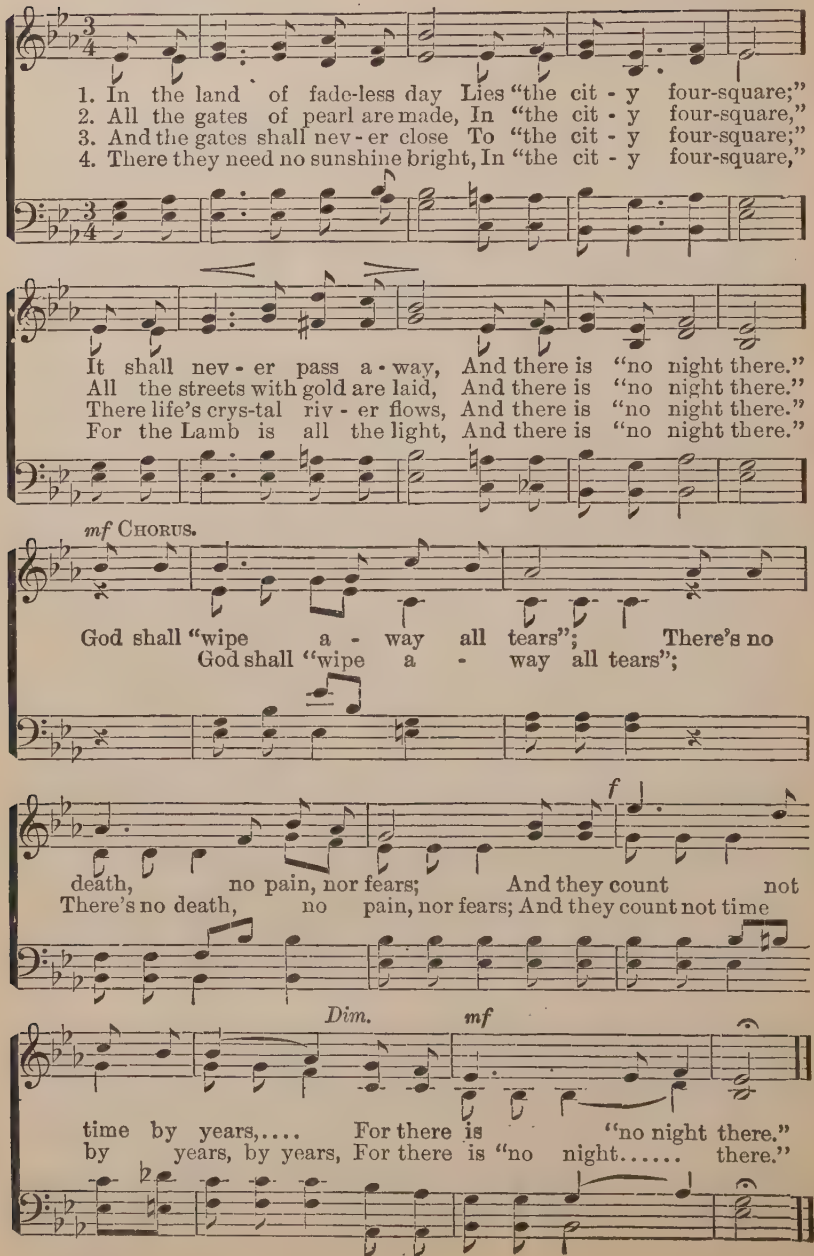
58. # No Night There.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square;"
4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "the cit - y four-square,"
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys-tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."
mf CHORUS.
God shall "wipe a - way all tears"; There's no
God shall "wipe a - way all tears";
f
death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not
There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time
Dim.
mf
time by years,.... For there is "no night there."
by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

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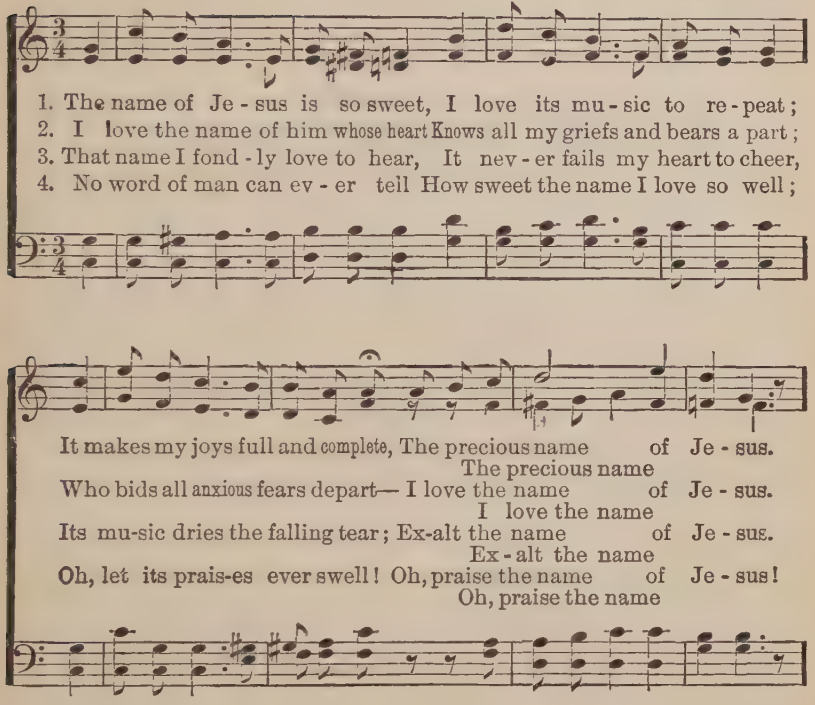
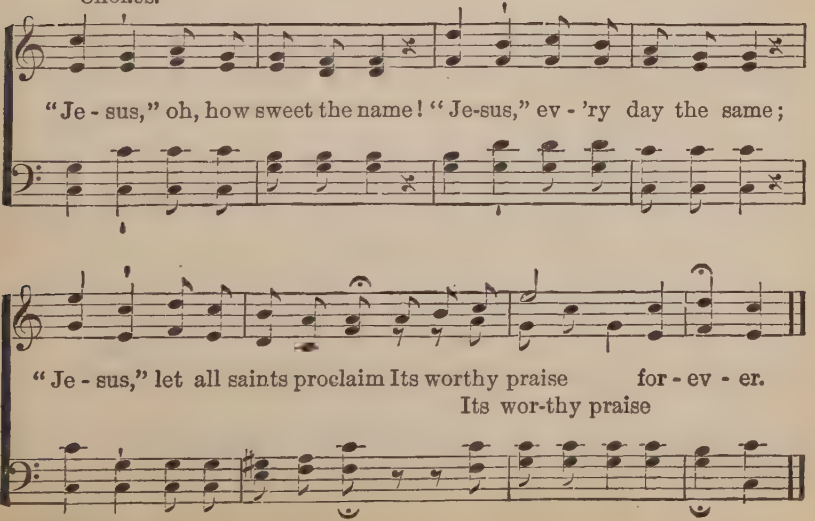
59. The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
Who bids all anxious fears depart— I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
Its mu-sic dries the falling tear; Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
Oh, let its prais-es ever swell! Oh, praise the name of Je - sus!
Oh, praise the name

CHORUS.


"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je-sus," ev - 'ry day the same;
"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor-thy praise

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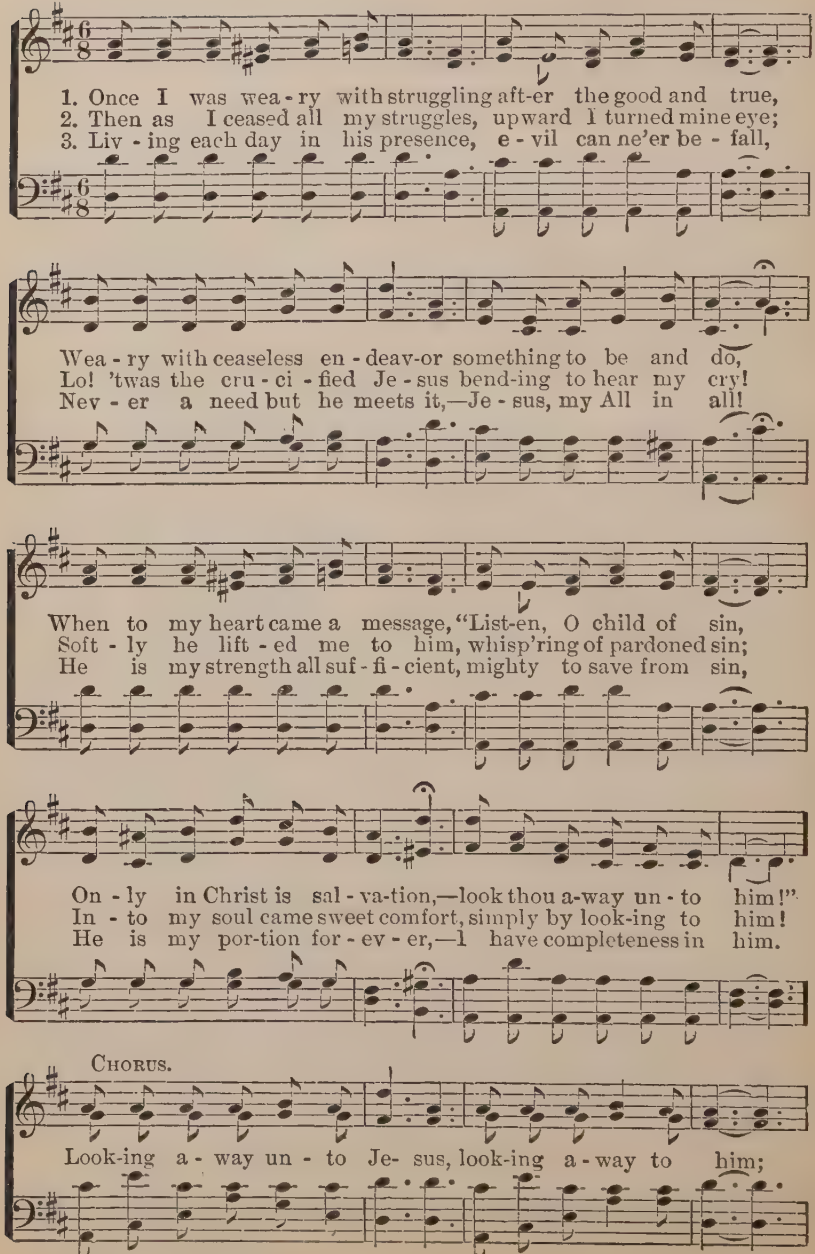
60. Looking Away to Jesus.

E. M. P. ELLA M. PARKS.


1. Once I was wea - ry with struggling aft-er the good and true,
2. Then as I ceased all my struggles, upward I turned mine eye;
3. Liv - ing each day in his presence, e - vil can ne'er be - fall,
Wea - ry with ceaseless en - deav-or something to be and do,
Lo! 'twas the cru - ci - fied Je - sus bend-ing to hear my cry!
Nev - er a need but he meets it,—Je - sus, my All in all!
When to my heart came a message, "List-en, O child of sin,
Soft - ly he lift - ed me to him, whisp'ring of pardoned sin;
He is my strength all suf - fi - cient, mighty to save from sin,
On - ly in Christ is sal - va-tion,—look thou a-way un - to him!"
In - to my soul came sweet comfort, simply by look-ing to him!
He is my por-tion for - ev - er,—I have completeness in him.
Chorus.
Look-ing a - way un - to Je- sus, look-ing a - way to him;

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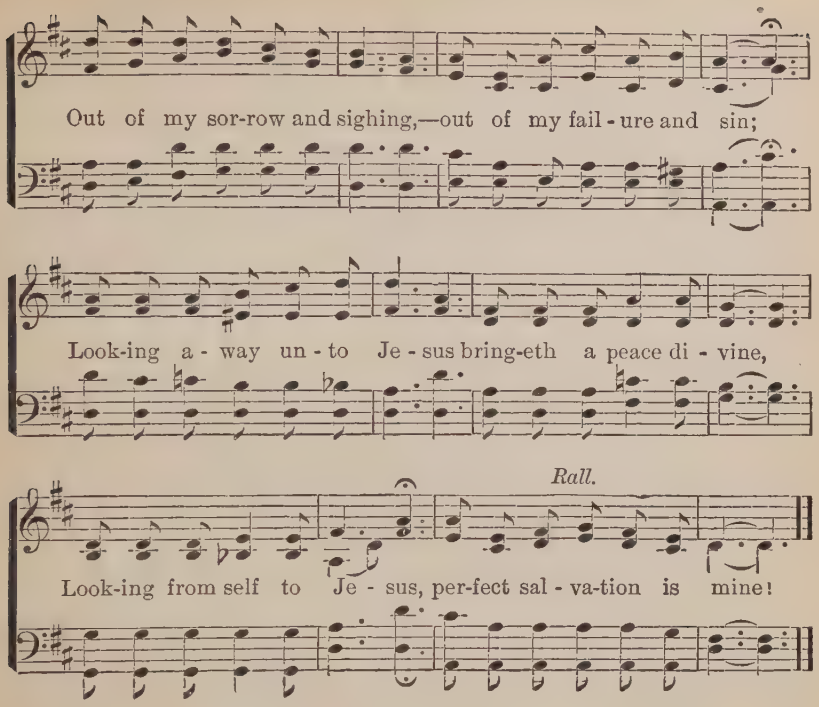
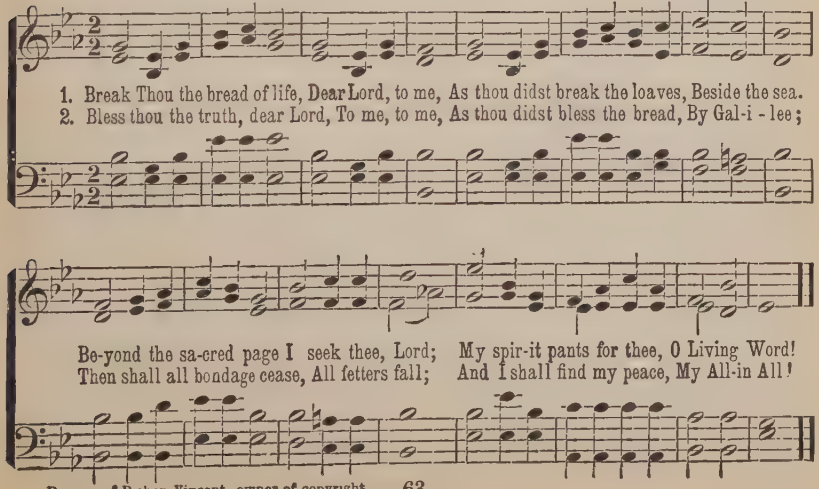

Out of my sor-row and sighing,—out of my fail-ure and sin;
Look-ing a-way un-to Je-sus bring-eth a peace di-vine,
Rall.
Look-ing from self to Je-sus, per-fect sal-va-tion is mine!

61. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves, Beside the sea.
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As thou didst bless the bread, By Gal-i-lee;
Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O Living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All-in All!

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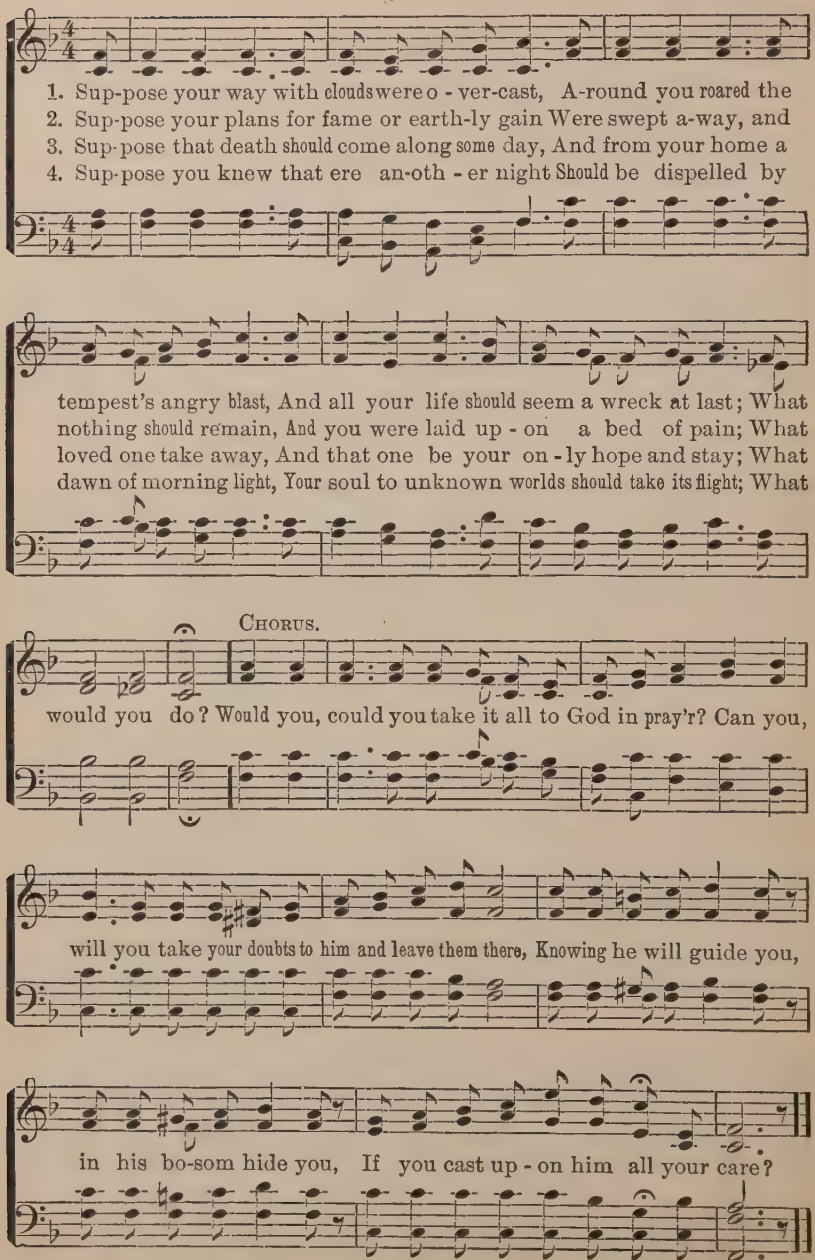
62. What Would You Do?

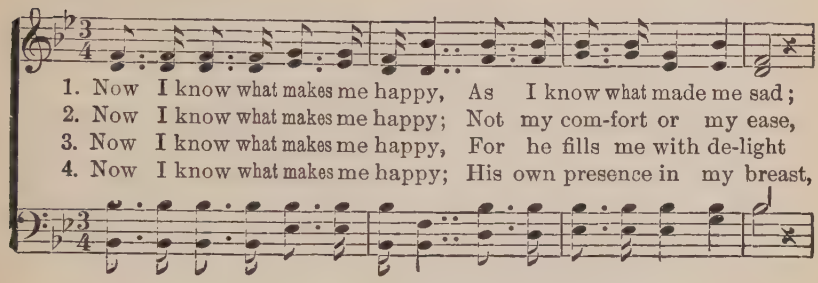
GARY. C. S. COLBURN.

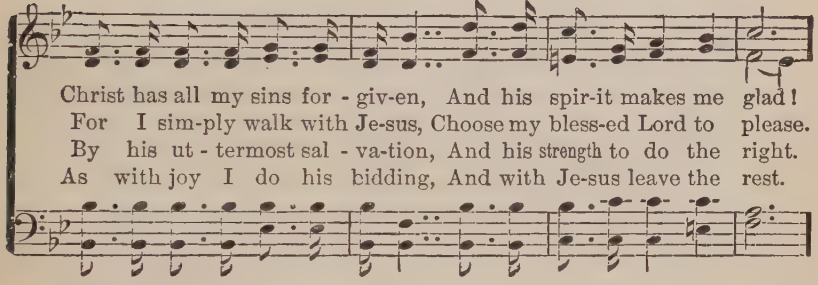

1. Sup-pose your way with clouds were o - ver-cast, A-round you roared the
2. Sup-pose your plans for fame or earth-ly gain Were swept a-way, and
3. Sup-pose that death should come along some day, And from your home a
4. Sup-pose you knew that ere an-oth - er night Should be dispelled by
tempest's angry blast, And all your life should seem a wreck at last; What
nothing should remain, And you were laid up - on a bed of pain; What
loved one take away, And that one be your on - ly hope and stay; What
dawn of morning light, Your soul to unknown worlds should take its flight; What
Chorus.
would you do? Would you, could you take it all to God in pray'r? Can you,
will you take your doubts to him and leave them there, Knowing he will guide you,
in his bo-som hide you, If you cast up - on him all your care?

Copyright, 1903, by C. S. Colburn.

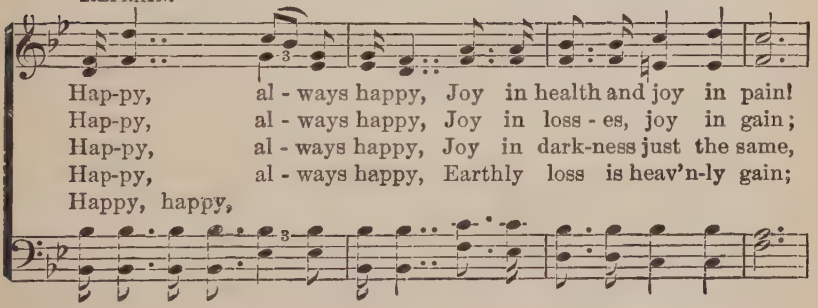
63. Now I Know What Makes Me Happy.

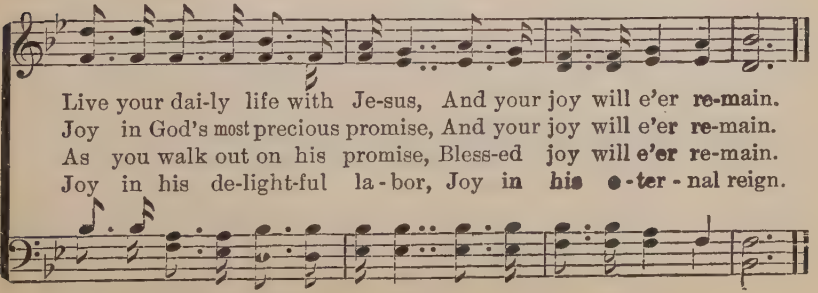
REV. WILL BESSEY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Now I know what makes me happy, As I know what made me sad;
2. Now I know what makes me happy; Not my com-fort or my ease,
3. Now I know what makes me happy, For he fills me with de-light
4. Now I know what makes me happy; His own presence in my breast,


Christ has all my sins for-giv-en, And his spir-it makes me glad!
For I sim-ply walk with Je-sus, Choose my bless-ed Lord to please.
By his ut-termost sal-va-tion, And his strength to do the right.
As with joy I do his bidding, And with Je-sus leave the rest.

REFRAIN.


Hap-py, al-ways happy, Joy in health and joy in pain!
Hap-py, al-ways happy, Joy in loss-es, joy in gain;
Hap-py, al-ways happy, Joy in dark-ness just the same,
Hap-py, al-ways happy, Earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
Happy, happy,


Live your dai-ly life with Je-sus, And your joy will e'er re-main.
Joy in God's most precious promise, And your joy will e'er re-main.
As you walk out on his promise, Bless-ed joy will e'er re-main.
Joy in his de-light-ful la-bor, Joy in his e-ter-nal reign.

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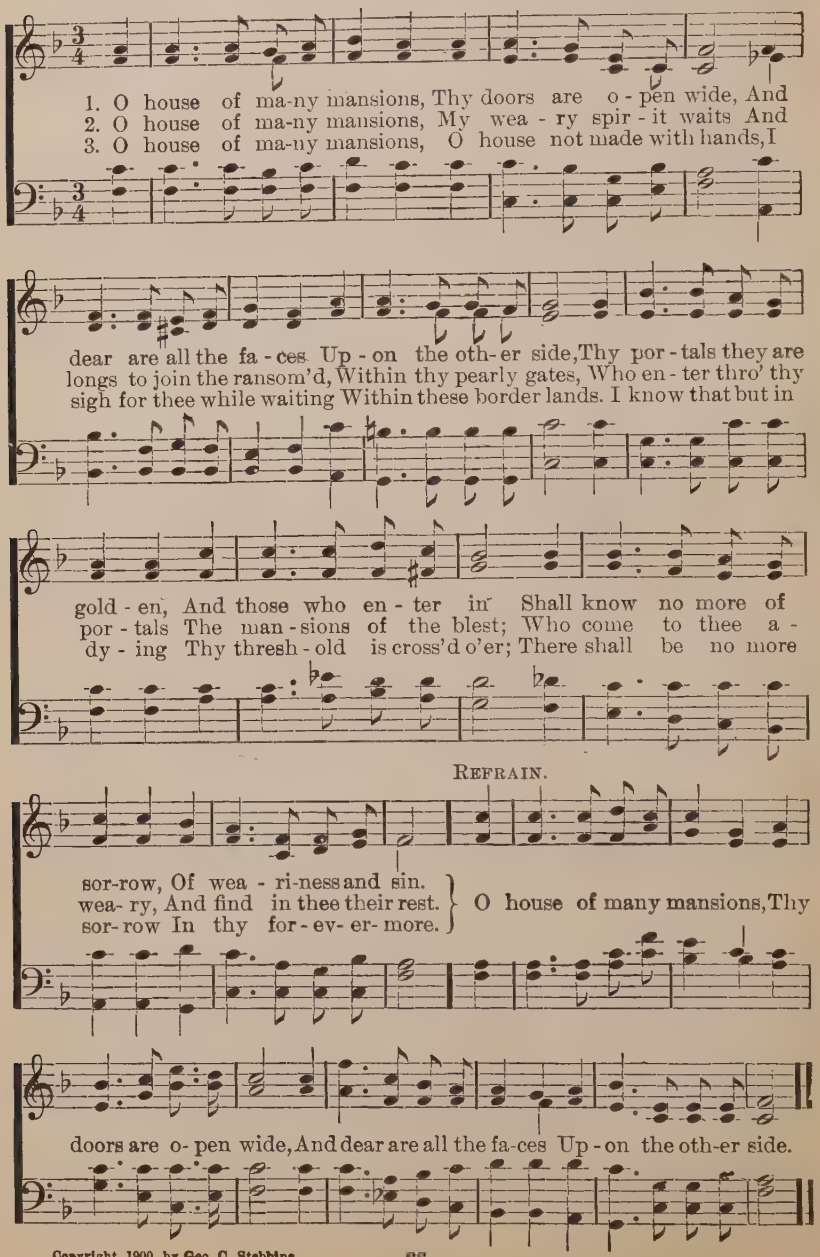
64. O House of Many Mansions.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. O house of ma-ny mansions, Thy doors are o-pen wide, And dear are all the fa-ces Up-on the oth-er side, Thy por-tals they are gold-en, And those who en-ter in Shall know no more of
2. O house of ma-ny mansions, My wea-ry spir-it waits And longs to join the ransom'd, Within thy pearly gates, Who en-ter thro' thy por-tals The man-sions of the blest; Who come to thee a-
3. O house of ma-ny mansions, O house not made with hands, I sigh for thee while waiting Within these border lands. I know that but in dy-ing Thy thresh-old is cross'd o'er; There shall be no more
REFRAIN.
sor-row, Of wea-ri-ness and sin.
wea-ry, And find in thee their rest.
sor-row In thy for-ev-er-more.
O house of many mansions, Thy doors are o-pen wide, And dear are all the fa-ces Up-on the oth-er side.

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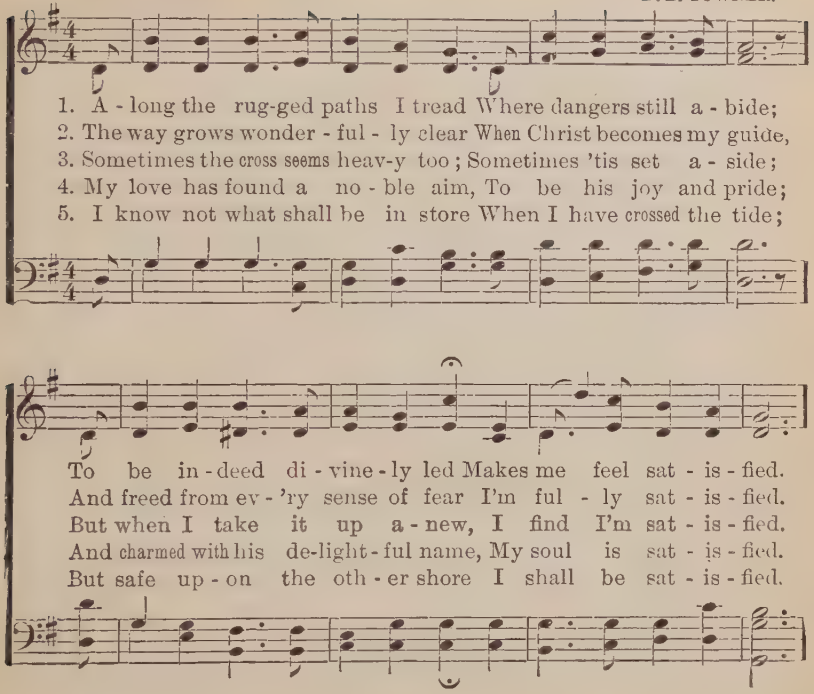
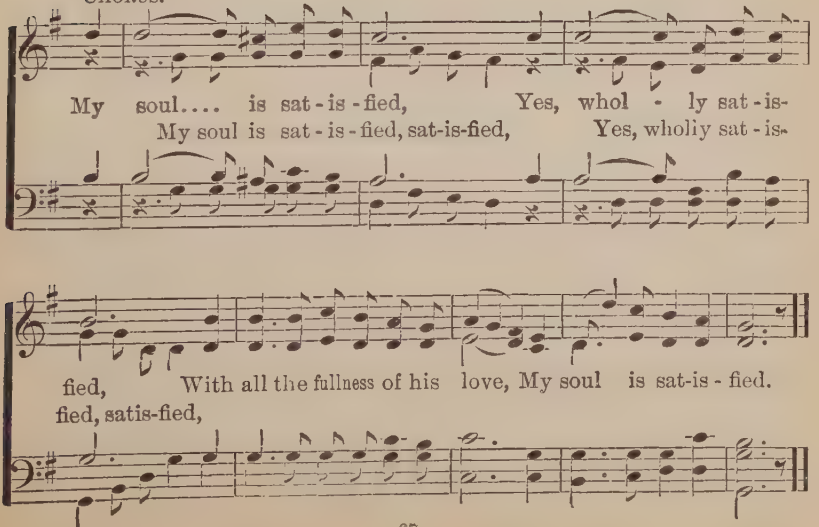
65. # Satisfied.

JOHN O. FOSTER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. A - long the rug-ged paths I tread Where dangers still a - bide;
2. The way grows wonder - ful - ly clear When Christ becomes my guide,
3. Sometimes the cross seems heav-y too; Sometimes 'tis set a - side;
4. My love has found a no - ble aim, To be his joy and pride;
5. I know not what shall be in store When I have crossed the tide;
To be in - deed di - vine - ly led Makes me feel sat - is - fied.
And freed from ev - 'ry sense of fear I'm ful - ly sat - is - fied.
But when I take it up a - new, I find I'm sat - is - fied.
And charmed with his de-light - ful name, My soul is sat - is - fied.
But safe up - on the oth - er shore I shall be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.


My soul.... is sat - is - fied, Yes, whol - ly sat - is-
My soul is sat - is - fied, sat-is-fied, Yes, wholly sat - is-
fied, With all the fullness of his love, My soul is sat-is - fied.
fied, satis-fied,

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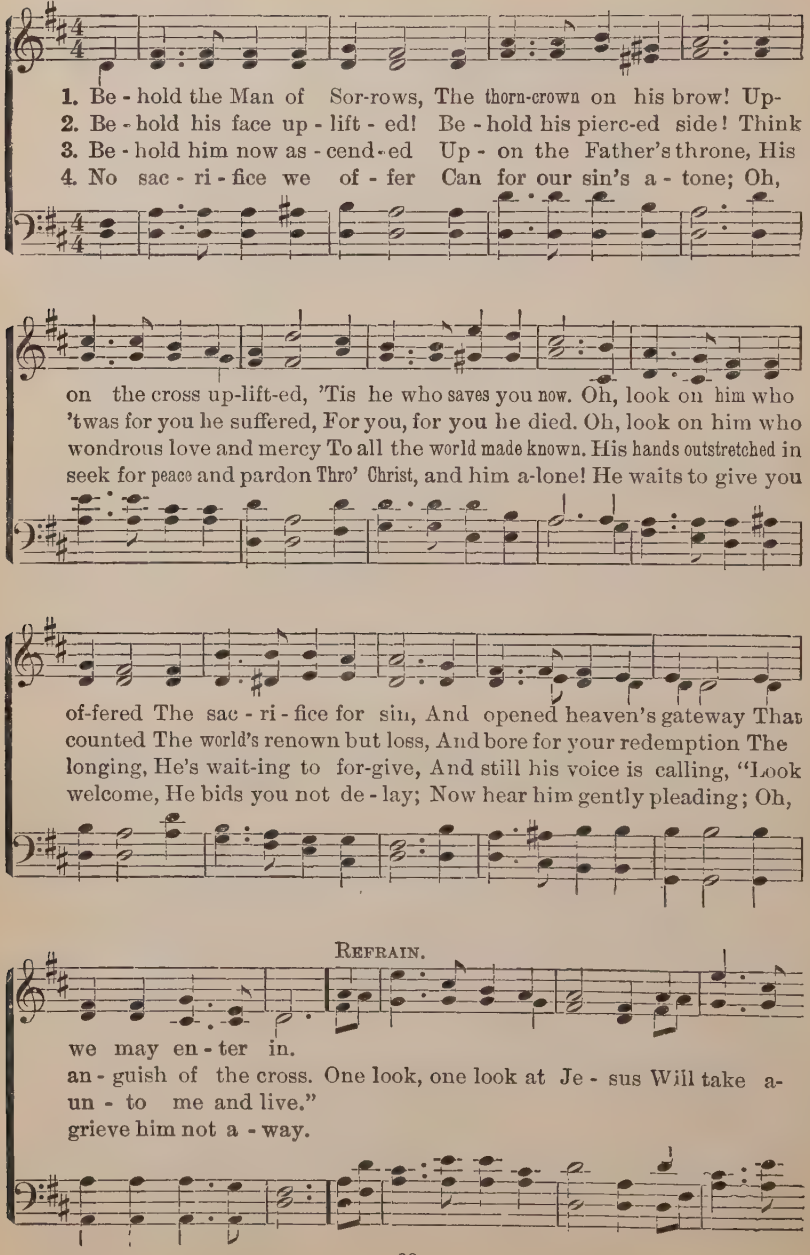
66. One Look at Jesus.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Be - hold the Man of Sor-rows, The thorn-crown on his brow! Up-
2. Be - hold his face up - lift - ed! Be - hold his pierc-ed side! Think
3. Be - hold him now as - cend-ed Up - on the Father's throne, His
4. No sac - ri - fice we of - fer Can for our sin's a - tone; Oh,
on the cross up-lift-ed, 'Tis he who saves you now. Oh, look on him who
'twas for you he suffered, For you, for you he died. Oh, look on him who
wondrous love and mercy To all the world made known. His hands outstretched in
seek for peace and pardon Thro' Christ, and him a-lone! He waits to give you
of-fered The sac - ri - fice for sin, And opened heaven's gateway That
counted The world's renown but loss, And bore for your redemption The
longing, He's wait-ing to for-give, And still his voice is calling, "Look
welcome, He bids you not de - lay; Now hear him gently pleading; Oh,
REFRAIN.
we may en - ter in.
an - guish of the cross. One look, one look at Je - sus Will take a-
un - to me and live."
grieve him not a - way.

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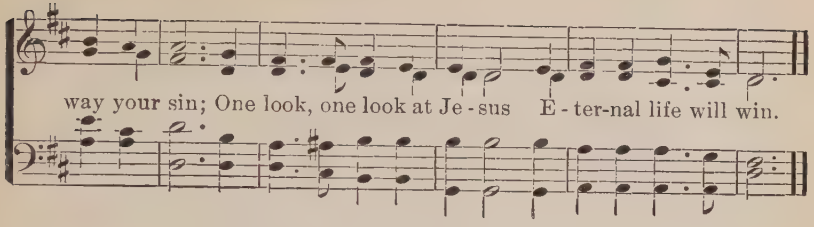
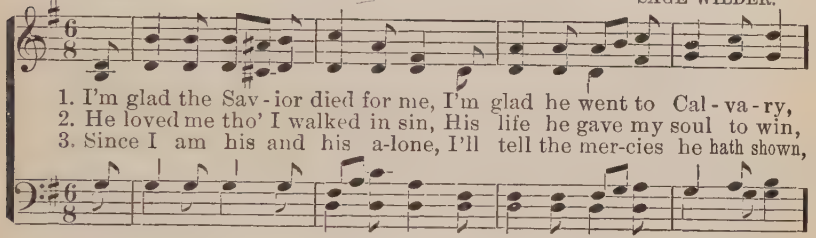
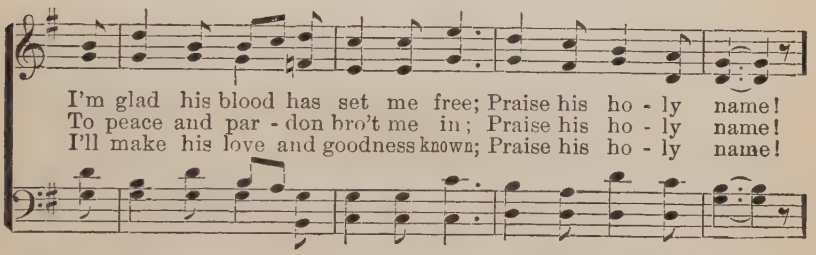
One Look at Jesus. Concluded.



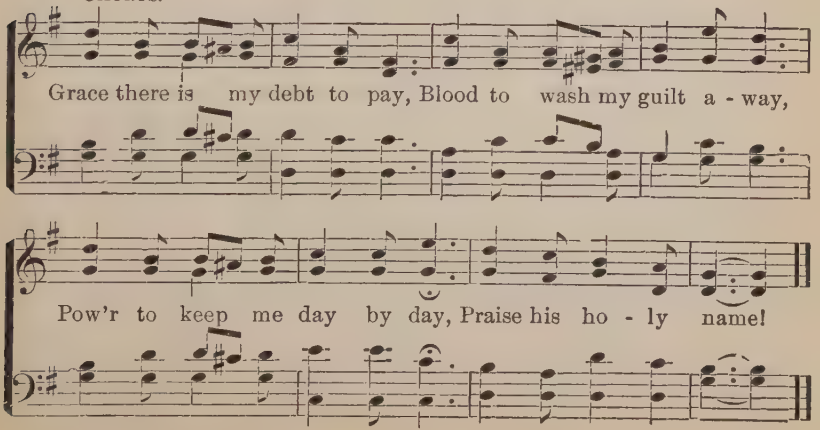
67. I'm Glad He Died for Me.

J. E. LEWIS. SAGE WILDER.


1. I'm glad the Sav - ior died for me, I'm glad he went to Cal - va - ry,
2. He loved me tho' I walked in sin, His life he gave my soul to win,
3. Since I am his and his a-lone, I'll tell the mer-cies he hath shown,


I'm glad his blood has set me free; Praise his ho - ly name!
To peace and par - don bro't me in; Praise his ho - ly name!
I'll make his love and goodness known; Praise his ho - ly name!

CHORUS.



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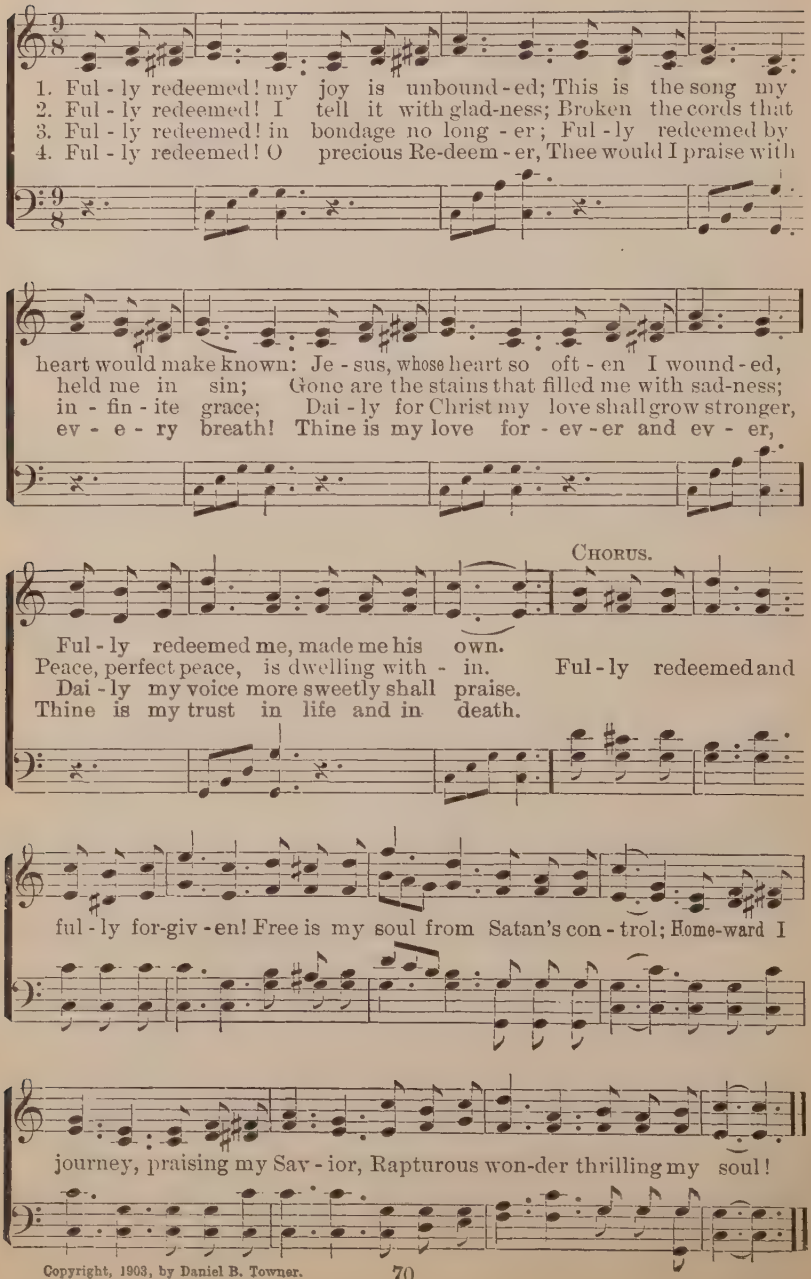
68. # Fully Redeemed!

JAMES ROWE. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Ful - ly redeemed! my joy is unbound - ed; This is the song my
2. Ful - ly redeemed! I tell it with glad-ness; Broken the cords that
3. Ful - ly redeemed! in bondage no long - er; Ful - ly redeemed by
4. Ful - ly redeemed! O precious Re-deem - er, Thee would I praise with
heart would make known: Je - sus, whose heart so oft - en I wound - ed,
held me in sin; Gone are the stains that filled me with sad-ness;
in - fin - ite grace; Dai - ly for Christ my love shall grow stronger,
ev - e - ry breath! Thine is my love for - ev - er and ev - er,
CHORUS.
Ful - ly redeemed me, made me his own.
Peace, perfect peace, is dwelling with - in. Ful - ly redeemed and
Dai - ly my voice more sweetly shall praise.
Thine is my trust in life and in death.
ful - ly for-giv - en! Free is my soul from Satan's con - trol; Home-ward I
journey, praising my Sav - ior, Rapturous won-der thrilling my soul!

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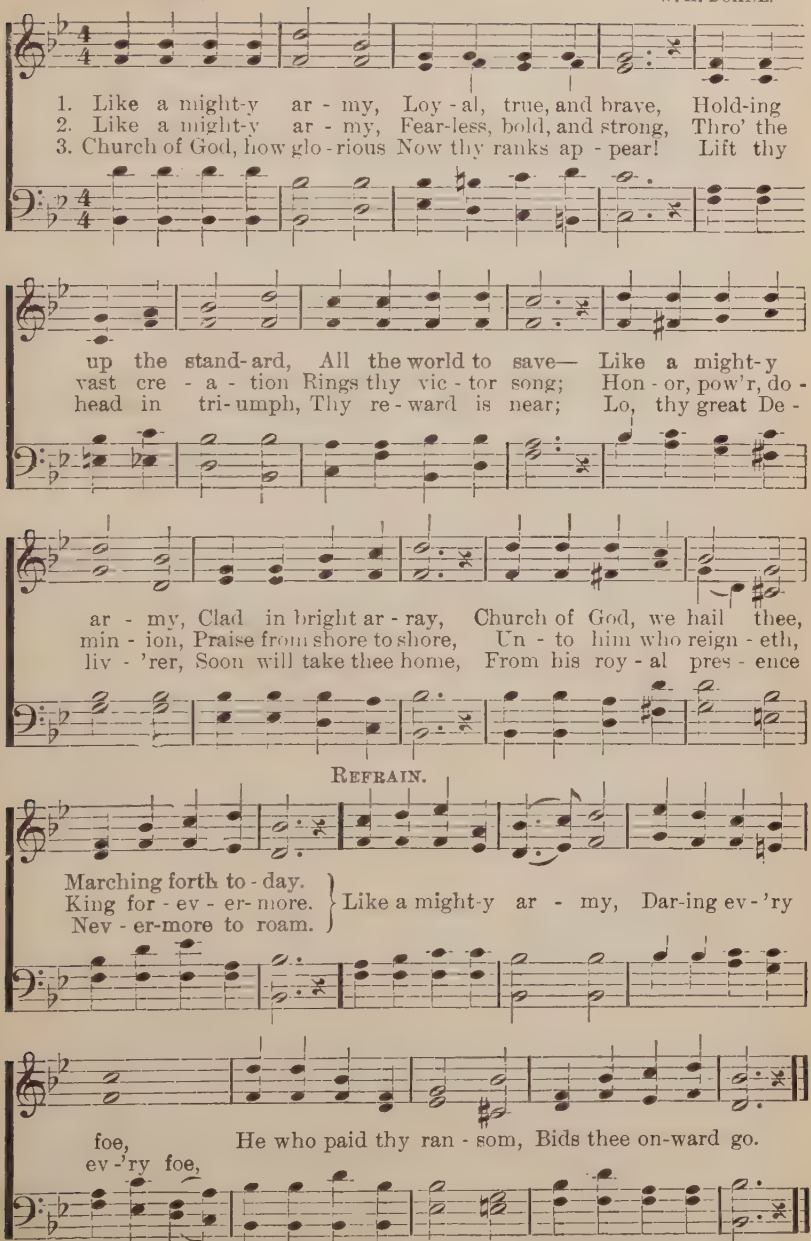
69. Like a Mighty Army.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Like a might-y ar - my, Loy - al, true, and brave, Hold-ing
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Fear-less, bold, and strong, Thro' the
3. Church of God, how glo - rious Now thy ranks ap - pear! Lift thy
up the stand-ard, All the world to save— Like a might-y
vast cre - a - tion Rings thy vic - tor song; Hon - or, pow'r, do -
head in tri-umph, Thy re - ward is near; Lo, thy great De -
ar - my, Clad in bright ar - ray, Church of God, we hail thee,
min - ion, Praise from shore to shore, Un - to him who reign - eth,
liv - 'rer, Soon will take thee home, From his roy - al pres - ence
REFRAIN.
Marching forth to - day.
King for - ev - er-more.
Nev - er-more to roam.
Like a might-y ar - my, Dar-ing ev - 'ry
foe, ev - 'ry foe,
He who paid thy ran - som, Bids thee on-ward go.

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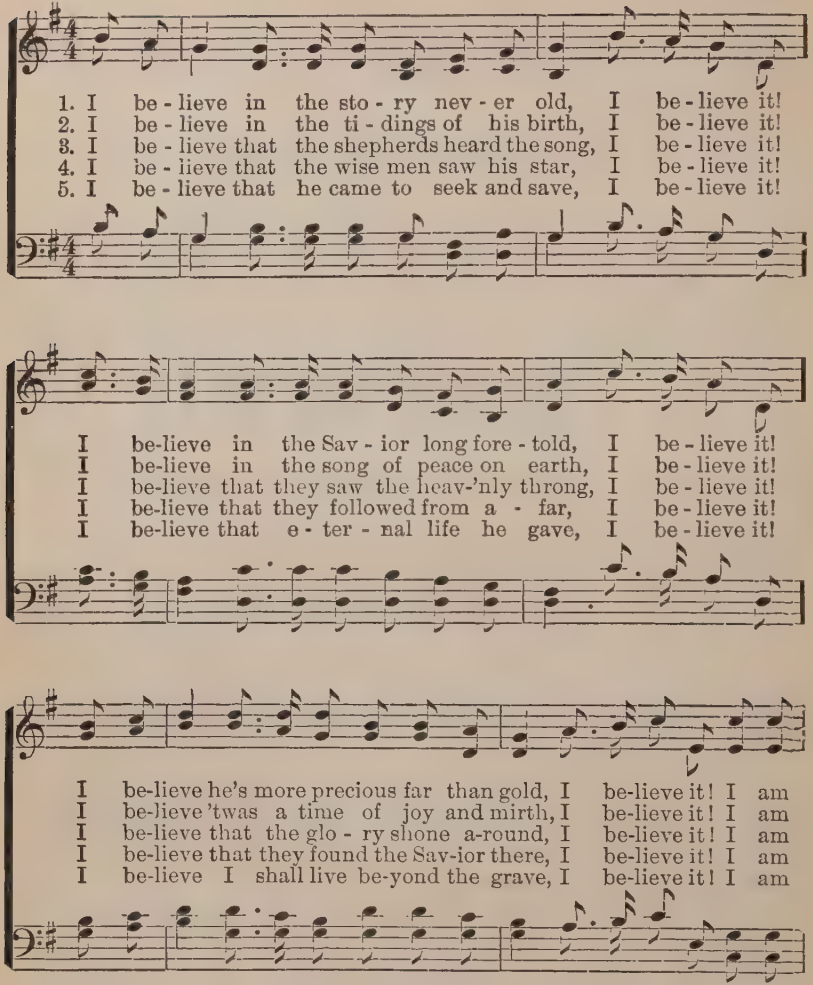
70. Saved by Believing.

J. A. B. J. A. BROWN.

1. I be - lieve in the sto - ry nev - er old, I be - lieve it!
2. I be - lieve in the ti - dings of his birth, I be - lieve it!
3. I be - lieve that the shepherds heard the song, I be - lieve it!
4. I be - lieve that the wise men saw his star, I be - lieve it!
5. I be - lieve that he came to seek and save, I be - lieve it!
I be-lieve in the Sav - ior long fore - told, I be - lieve it!
I be-lieve in the song of peace on earth, I be - lieve it!
I be-lieve that they saw the heav-'nly throng, I be - lieve it!
I be-lieve that they followed from a - far, I be - lieve it!
I be-lieve that e - ter - nal life he gave, I be - lieve it!
I be-lieve he's more precious far than gold, I be-lieve it! I am
I be-lieve 'twas a time of joy and mirth, I be-lieve it! I am
I be-lieve that the glo - ry shone a-round, I be-lieve it! I am
I be-lieve that they found the Sav-ior there, I be-lieve it! I am
I be-lieve I shall live be-yond the grave, I be-lieve it! I am
CHORUS.
saved by be-liev-ing on his name. I am saved by be-liev-ing on his
by be-

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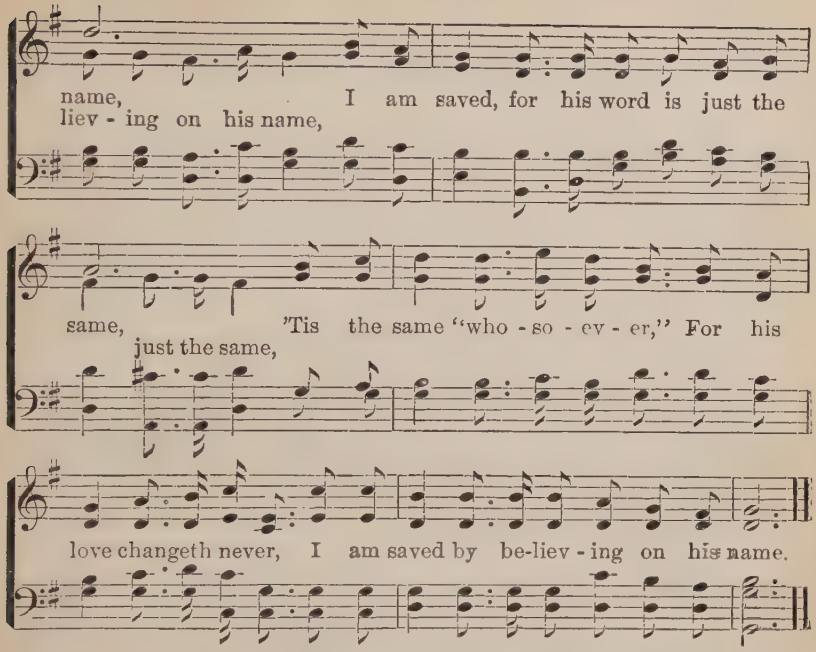
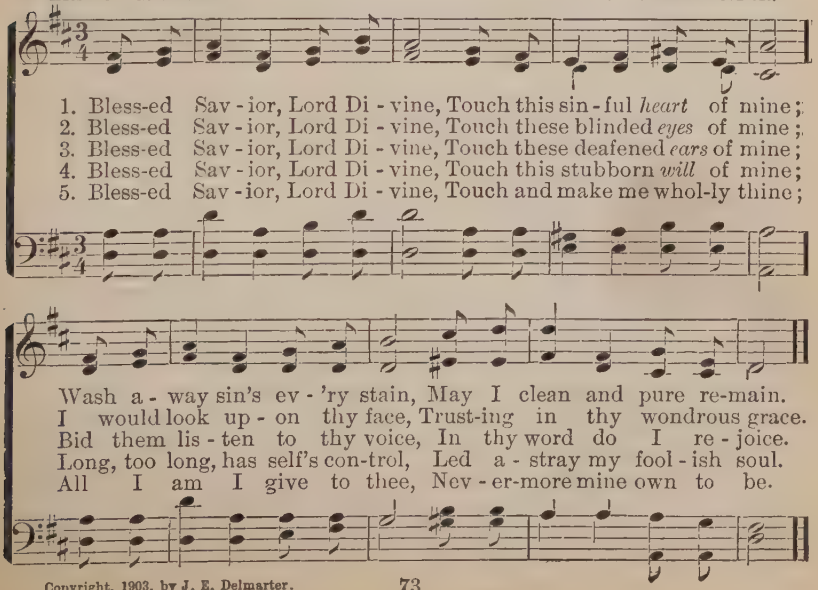

name, I am saved, for his word is just the
liev - ing on his name,
same, 'Tis the same "who - so - ev - er," For his
just the same,
love changeth never, I am saved by be-liev - ing on his name.

71. Touch Me, Lord.

ERNEST G. WESLEY. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. Bless-ed Sav - ior, Lord Di - vine, Touch this sin - ful *heart* of mine;
2. Bless-ed Sav - ior, Lord Di - vine, Touch these blinded *eyes* of mine;
3. Bless-ed Sav - ior, Lord Di - vine, Touch these deafened *ears* of mine;
4. Bless-ed Sav - ior, Lord Di - vine, Touch this stubborn *will* of mine;
5. Bless-ed Sav - ior, Lord Di - vine, Touch and make me whol-ly thine;
Wash a - way sin's ev - 'ry stain, May I clean and pure re-main.
I would look up - on thy face, Trust-ing in thy wondrous grace.
Bid them lis - ten to thy voice, In thy word do I re - joice.
Long, too long, has self's con-trol, Led a - stray my fool - ish soul.
All I am I give to thee, Nev - er-more mine own to be.

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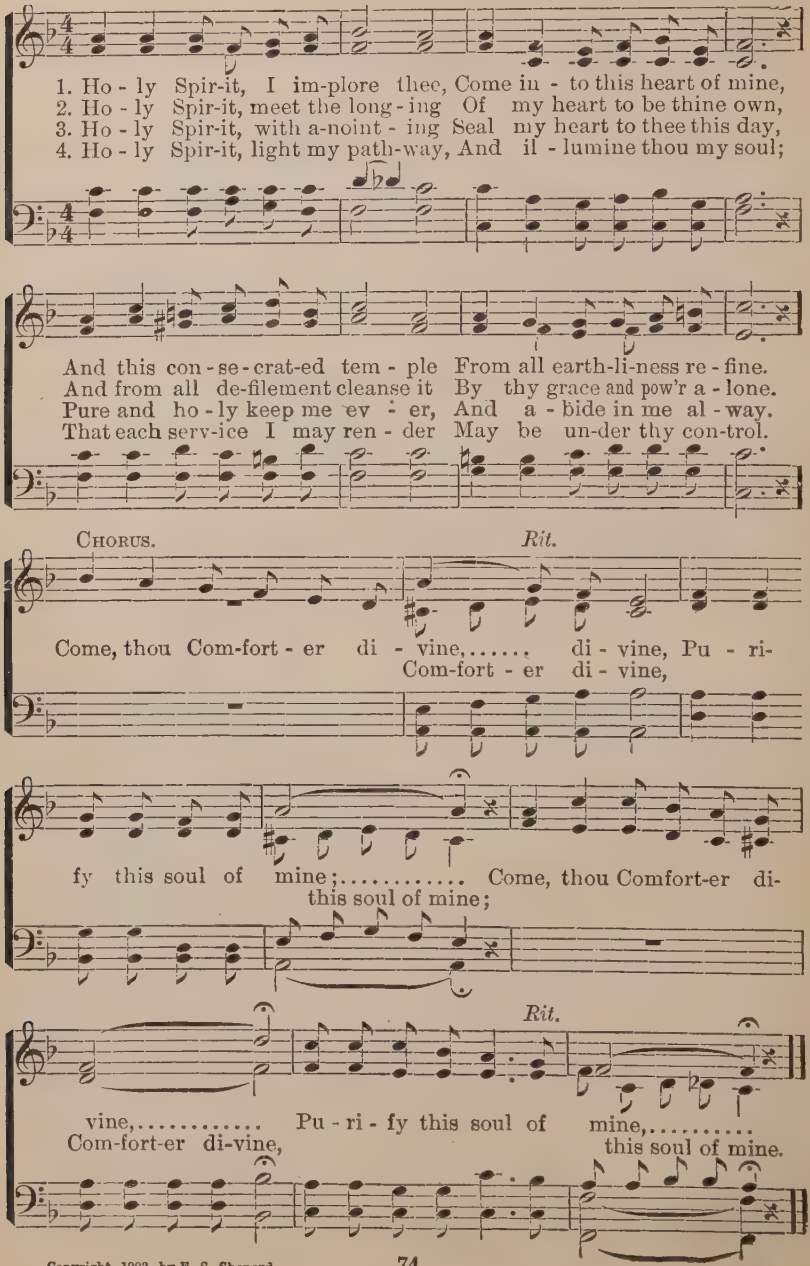
72. Holy Spirit, I Implore Thee.

E. A. HOFFMAN F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Ho - ly Spir-it, I im-plore thee, Come in - to this heart of mine,
2. Ho - ly Spir-it, meet the long - ing Of my heart to be thine own,
3. Ho - ly Spir-it, with a-noint - ing Seal my heart to thee this day,
4. Ho - ly Spir-it, light my path-way, And il - lumine thou my soul;
And this con - se - crat-ed tem - ple From all earth-li-ness re - fine.
And from all de-filement cleanse it By thy grace and pow'r a - lone.
Pure and ho - ly keep me ev - er, And a - bide in me al - way.
That each serv-ice I may ren - der May be un-der thy con-trol.
Chorus.
Rit.
Come, thou Com-fort - er di - vine,..... di - vine, Pu - ri-
Com-fort - er di - vine,
fy this soul of mine;..... Come, thou Comfort-er di-
this soul of mine;
Rit.
vine,..... Pu - ri - fy this soul of mine,.....
Com-fort-er di-vine, this soul of mine.

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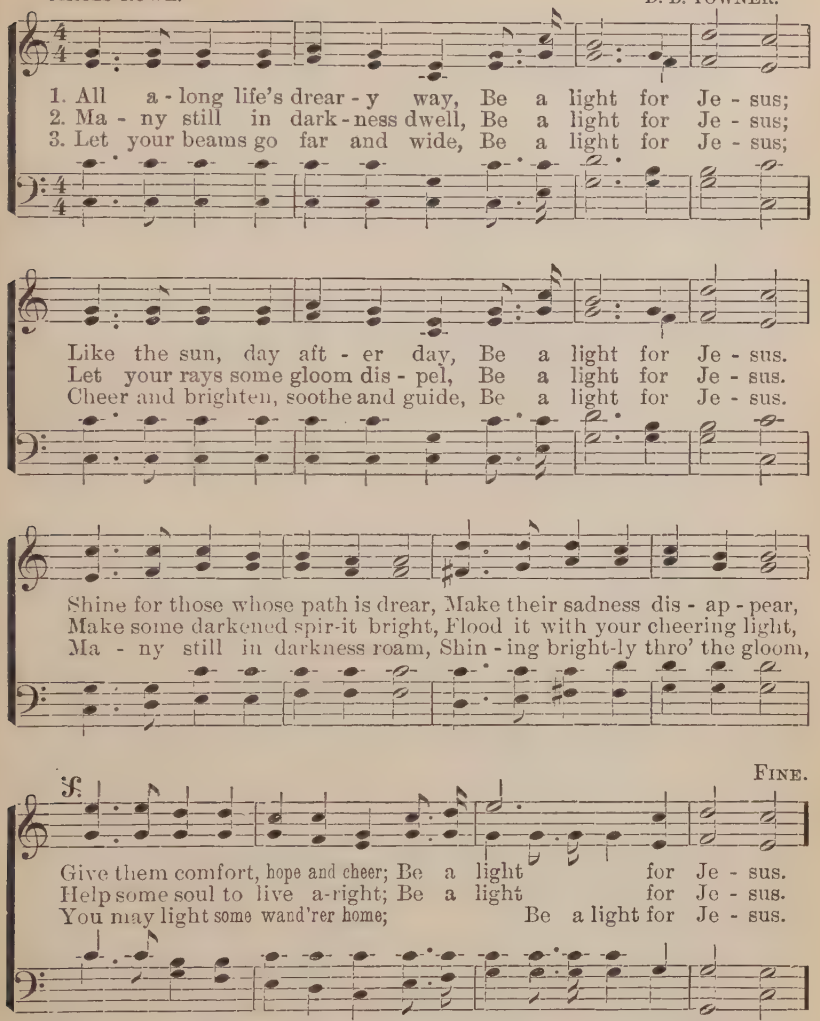
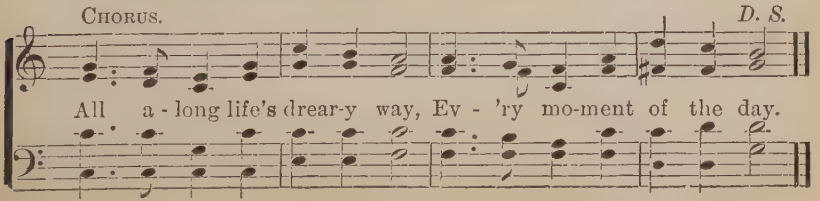
73. Be a Light for Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. D. B. TOWNER.


1. All a - long life's drear - y way, Be a light for Je - sus;
2. Ma - ny still in dark - ness dwell, Be a light for Je - sus;
3. Let your beams go far and wide, Be a light for Je - sus;
Like the sun, day aft - er day, Be a light for Je - sus.
Let your rays some gloom dis - pel, Be a light for Je - sus.
Cheer and brighten, soothe and guide, Be a light for Je - sus.
Shine for those whose path is drear, Make their sadness dis - ap - pear,
Make some darkened spir-it bright, Flood it with your cheering light,
Ma - ny still in darkness roam, Shin - ing bright-ly thro' the gloom,
f.
Fine.
Give them comfort, hope and cheer; Be a light for Je - sus.
Help some soul to live a-right; Be a light for Je - sus.
You may light some wand'rer home; Be a light for Je - sus.

D. S. *Shine and brighten while you may, Be a bright, shining light for Je - sus.*



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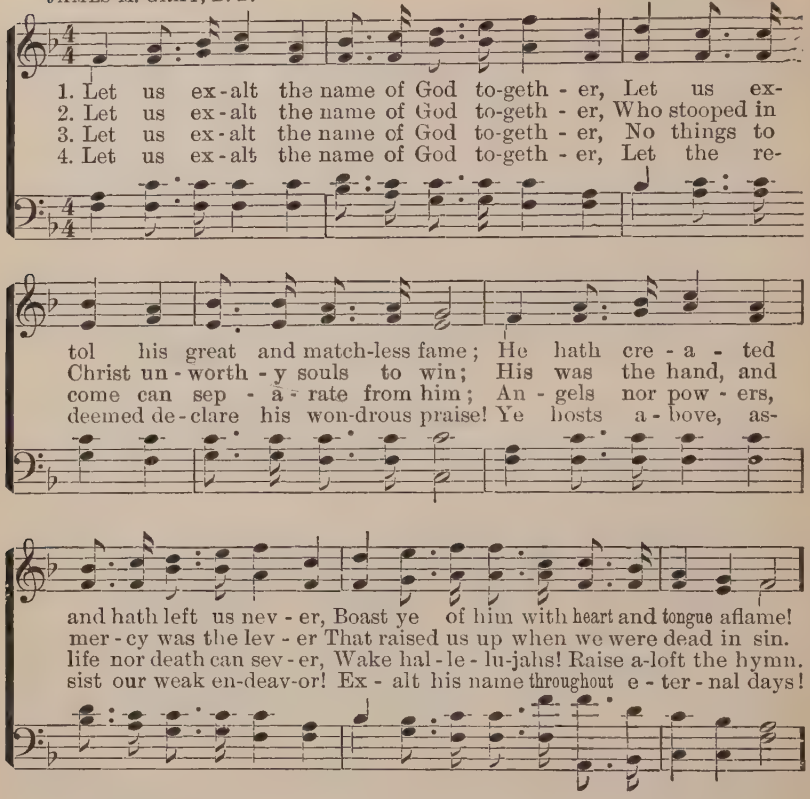
74. Praise God With the Cymbal.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, Let us ex-tol his great and match-less fame; He hath cre-a-ted
2. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, Who stooped in Christ un-worth-y souls to win; His was the hand, and
3. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, No things to come can sep-a-rate from him; An-gels nor pow-ers,
4. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, Let the re-deemed de-clare his won-drous praise! Ye hosts a-bove, as-
and hath left us nev-er, Boast ye of him with heart and tongue aflame!
mer-cy was the lev-er That raised us up when we were dead in sin.
life nor death can sev-er, Wake hal-le-lu-jahs! Raise a-loft the hymn.
sist our weak en-deav-or! Ex-alt his name throughout e-ter-nal days!
CHORUS.
Praise God with the cymbal! Praise God with the timbrel! Praise him with shawm,
and with psal-ter-y and harp! Let trumpet proclaim him! and voices ac-

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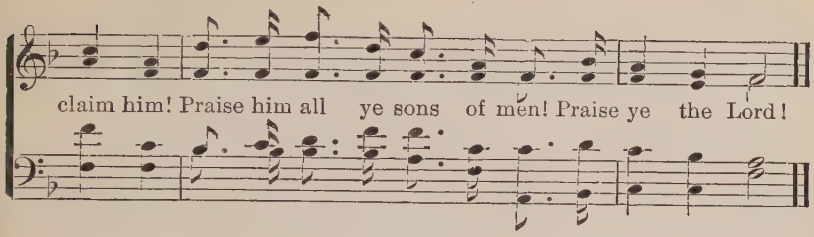
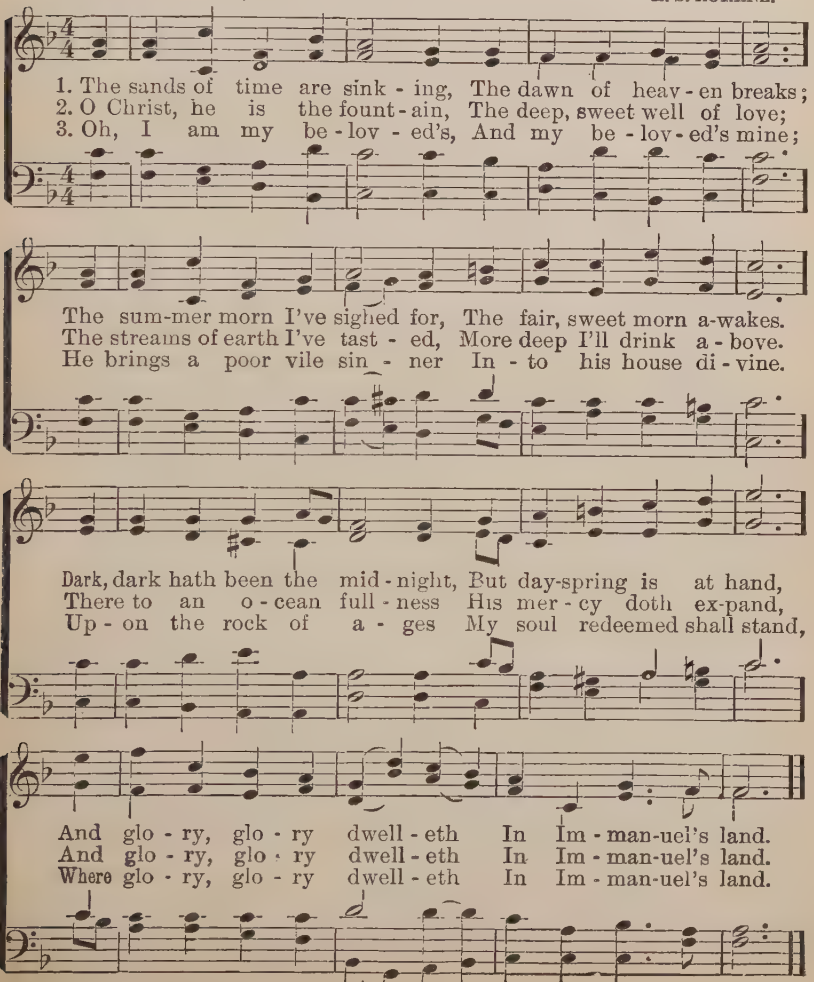


75. Immanuel's Land.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857. E. S. LORENZ.


1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. O Christ, he is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love;
3. Oh, I am my be - lov - ed's, And my be - lov - ed's mine;
The sum-mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a-wakes.
The streams of earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to his house di - vine.
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex-pand,
Up - on the rock of a - ges My soul redeemed shall stand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man-uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man-uel's land.
Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man-uel's land.

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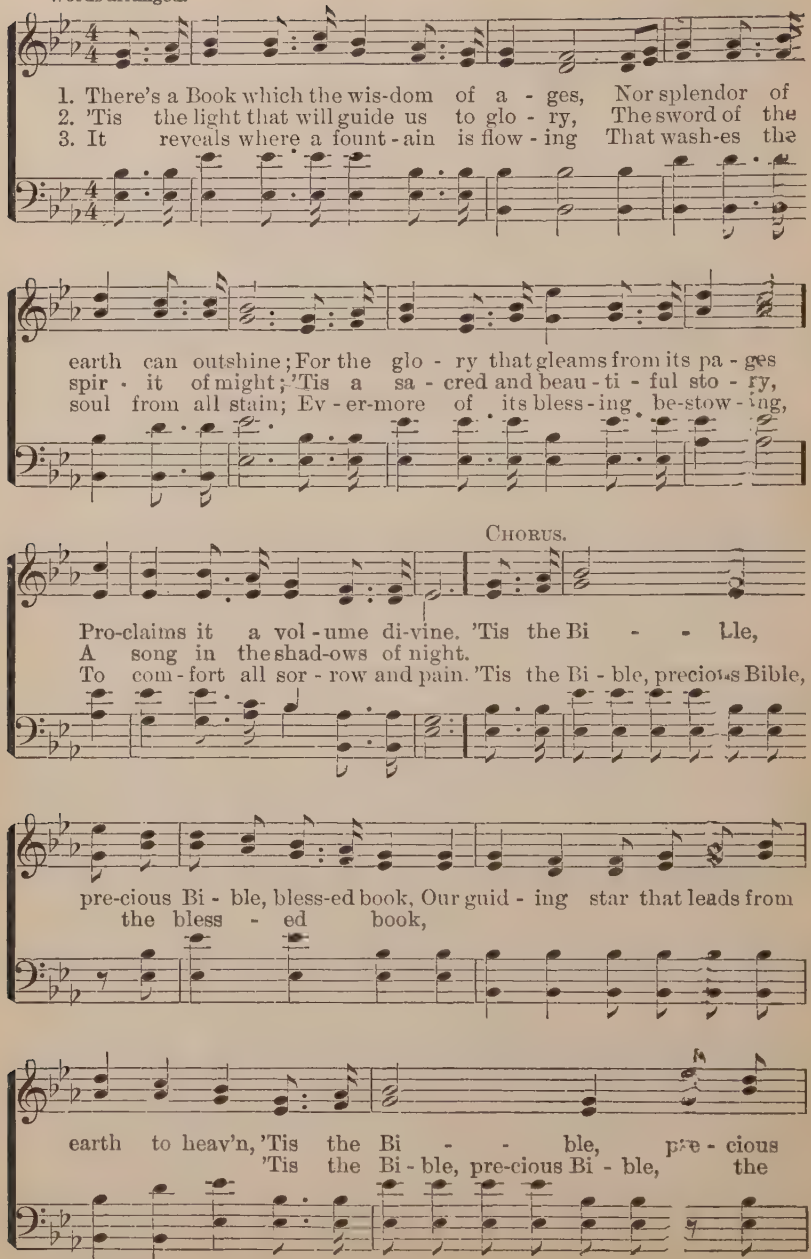
76. 'Tis the Bible.

Words arranged. S. D. GOODALE.


1. There's a Book which the wis-dom of a - ges, Nor splendor of
2. 'Tis the light that will guide us to glo - ry, The sword of the
3. It reveals where a fount - ain is flow - ing That wash-es the
earth can outshine; For the glo - ry that gleams from its pa - ges
spir - it of might; 'Tis a sa - cred and beau - ti - ful sto - ry,
soul from all stain; Ev - er-more of its bless - ing be-stow - ing,
Chorus.
Pro-claims it a vol - ume di-vine. 'Tis the Bi - - ble,
A song in the shad-ows of night.
To com - fort all sor - row and pain. 'Tis the Bi - ble, precious Bible,
pre-cious Bi - ble, bless-ed book, Our guid - ing star that leads from
the bless - ed book,
earth to heav'n, 'Tis the Bi - - ble, pre - cious
'Tis the Bi - ble, pre-cious Bi - ble, the

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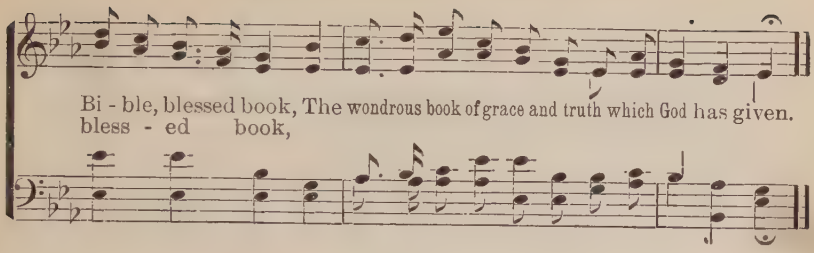
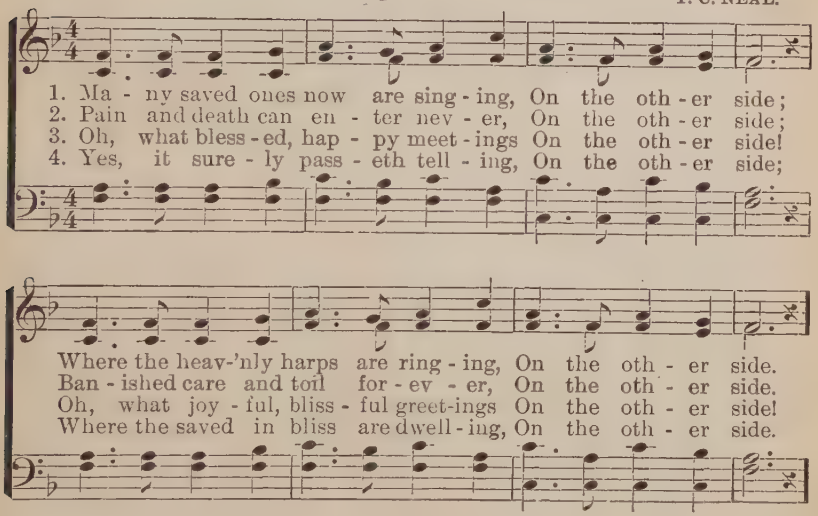
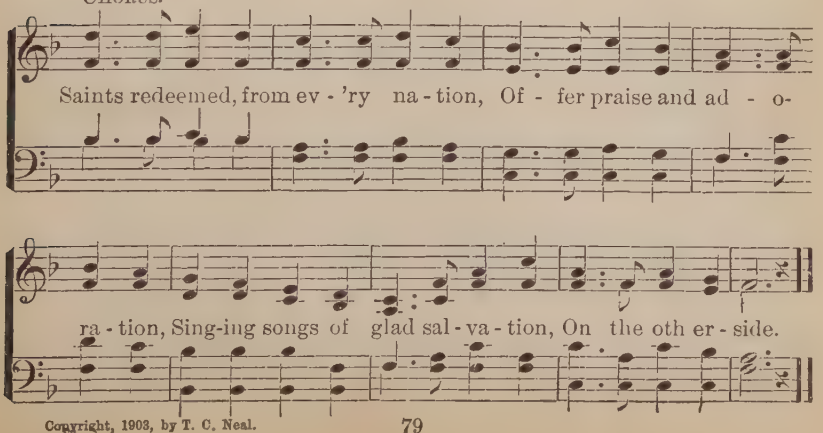


77. On the Other Side.

T. C. N. T. C. NEAL.


1. Ma - ny saved ones now are sing - ing, On the oth - er side;
2. Pain and death can en - ter nev - er, On the oth - er side;
3. Oh, what bless - ed, hap - py meet - ings On the oth - er side!
4. Yes, it sure - ly pass - eth tell - ing, On the oth - er side;
Where the heav-'nly harps are ring - ing, On the oth - er side.
Ban - ished care and toil for - ev - er, On the oth - er side.
Oh, what joy - ful, bliss - ful greet-ings On the oth - er side!
Where the saved in bliss are dwell - ing, On the oth - er side.



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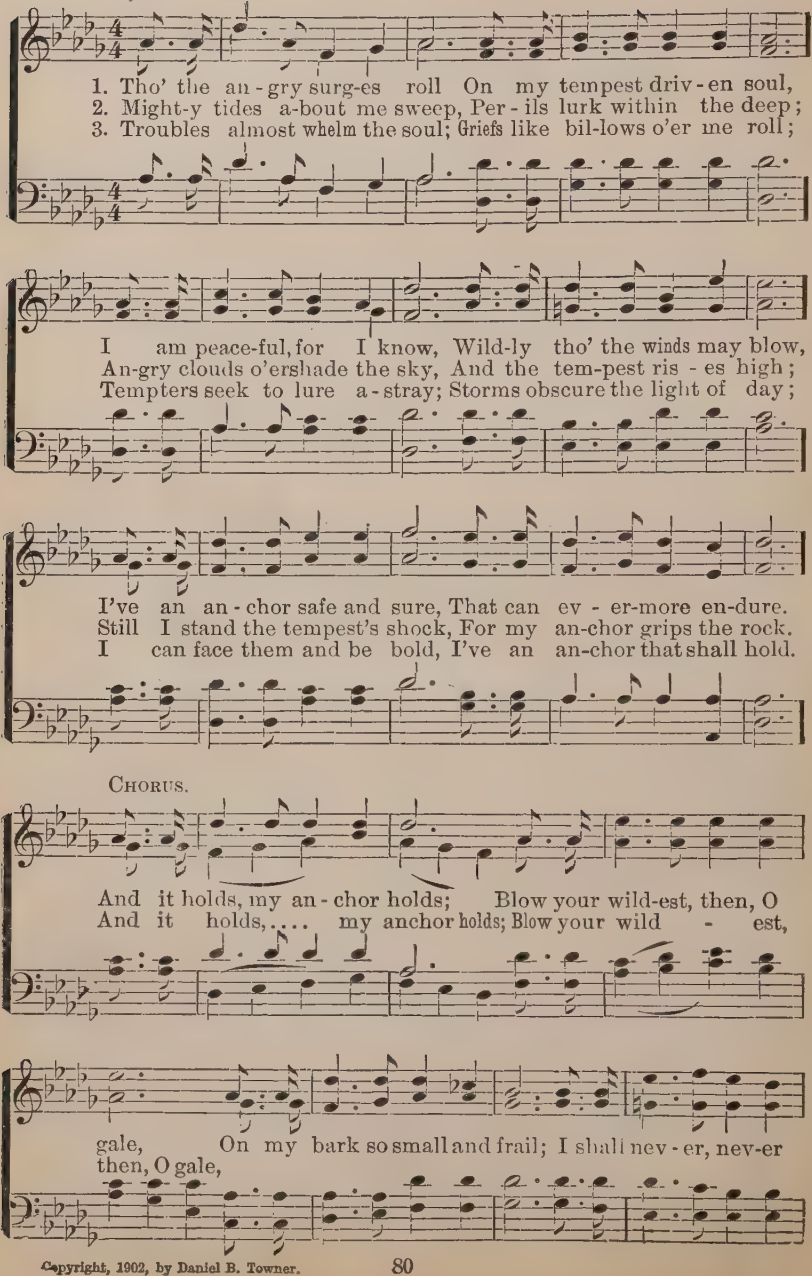
78. My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg-es roll On my tempest driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a-bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk within the deep;
3. Troubles almost whelm the soul; Griefs like bil-lows o'er me roll;
I am peace-ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,
An-gry clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem-pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms obscure the light of day;
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er-more en-dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an-chor grips the rock.
I can face them and be bold, I've an an-chor that shall hold.
CHORUS.
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O
And it holds, ... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - est,
gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev-er
then, O gale,

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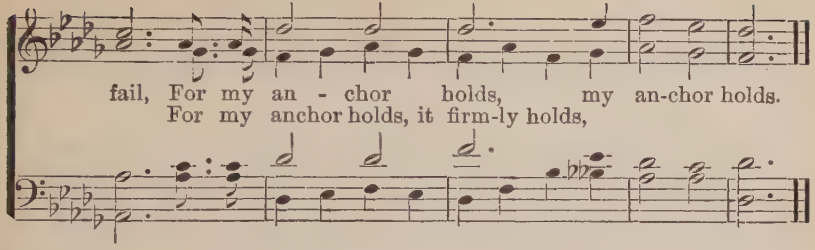
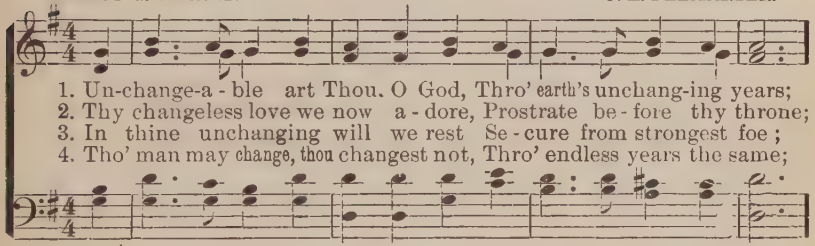
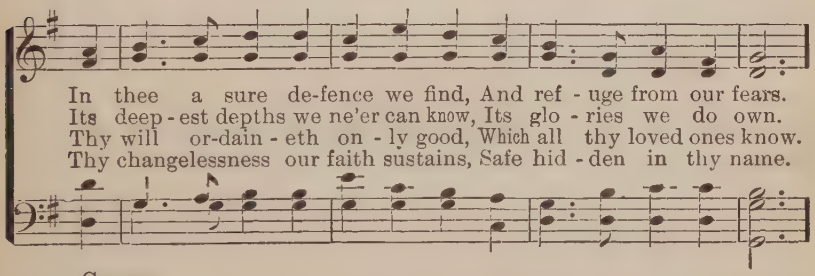
My Anchor Holds. Concluded.

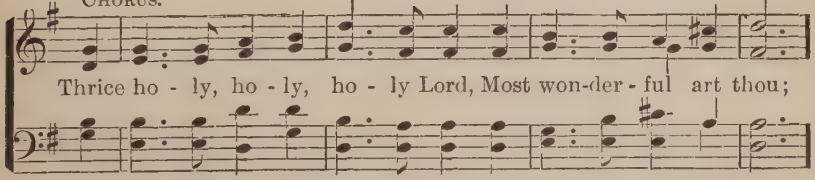


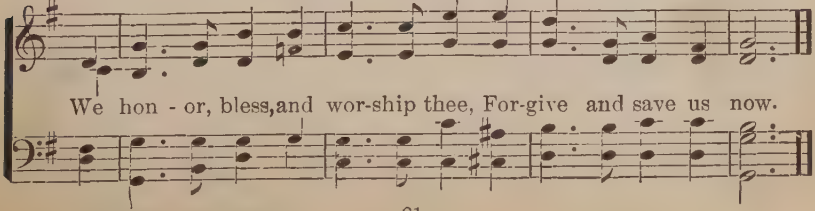
79. Unchangeable Art Thou.

ERNEST G. WESLEY. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. Un-change-a - ble art Thou. O God, Thro' earth's unchang-ing years;
2. Thy changeless love we now a - dore, Prostrate be - fore thy throne;
3. In thine unchanging will we rest Se - cure from strongest foe ;
4. Tho' man may change, thou changest not, Thro' endless years the same;


In thee a sure de-fence we find, And ref - uge from our fears.
Its deep - est depths we ne'er can know, Its glo - ries we do own.
Thy will or-dain - eth on - ly good, Which all thy loved ones know.
Thy changelessness our faith sustains, Safe hid - den in thy name.





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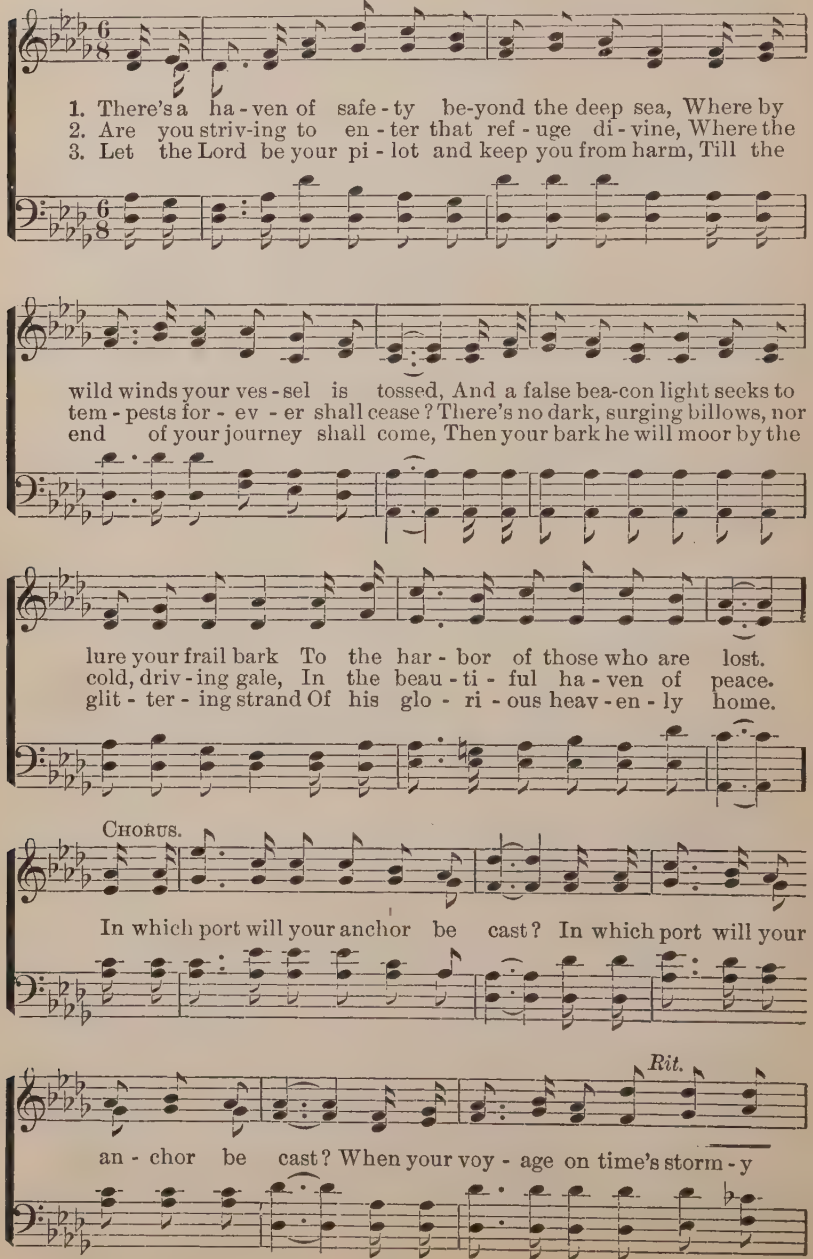
80. In Which Port will Your Anchor be Cast?

JENNIE WILSON. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.


1. There's a ha - ven of safe - ty be-yond the deep sea, Where by
2. Are you striv-ing to en - ter that ref - uge di - vine, Where the
3. Let the Lord be your pi - lot and keep you from harm, Till the
wild winds your ves - sel is tossed, And a false bea-con light seeks to
tem - pests for - ev - er shall cease? There's no dark, surging billows, nor
end of your journey shall come, Then your bark he will moor by the
lure your frail bark To the har - bor of those who are lost.
cold, driv - ing gale, In the beau - ti - ful ha - ven of peace.
glit - ter - ing strand Of his glo - ri - ous heav - en - ly home.
Chorus.
In which port will your anchor be cast? In which port will your
Rit.
an - chor be cast? When your voy - age on time's storm - y

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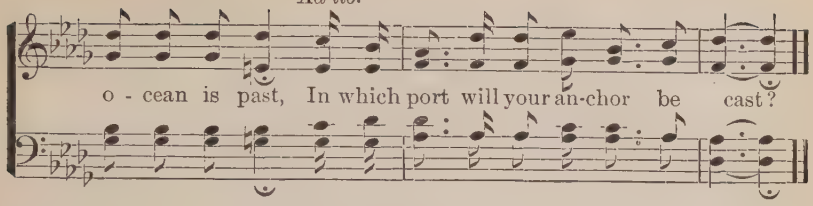
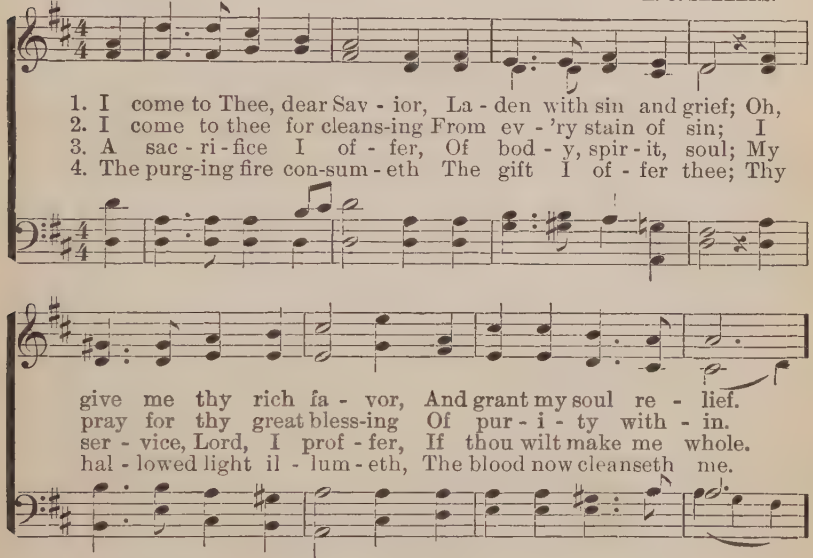
In Which Port? Concluded.

Ad lib.

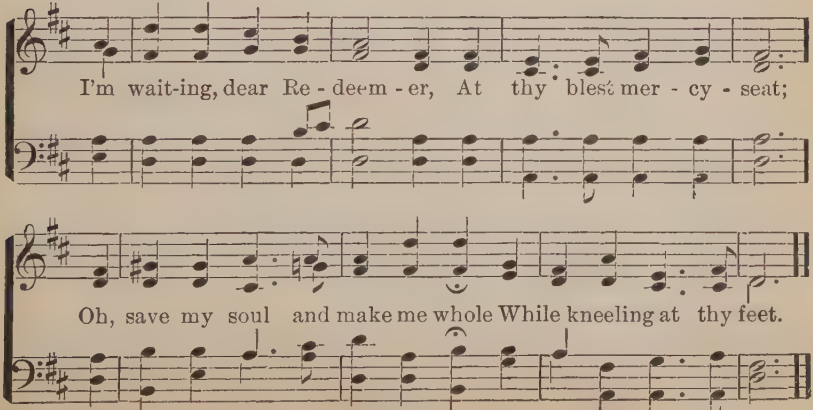


81. At the Mercy-Seat.

ISAAC NAYLOR. E. O. SELLERS.


1. I come to Thee, dear Sav - ior, La - den with sin and grief; Oh,
2. I come to thee for cleans-ing From ev - 'ry stain of sin; I
3. A sac - ri - fice I of - fer, Of bod - y, spir - it, soul; My
4. The purg-ing fire con-sum - eth The gift I of - fer thee; Thy
give me thy rich fa - vor, And grant my soul re - lief.
pray for thy great bless-ing Of pur - i - ty with - in.
ser - vice, Lord, I prof - fer, If thou wilt make me whole.
hal - lowed light il - lum - eth, The blood now cleanseth me.

REFRAIN.



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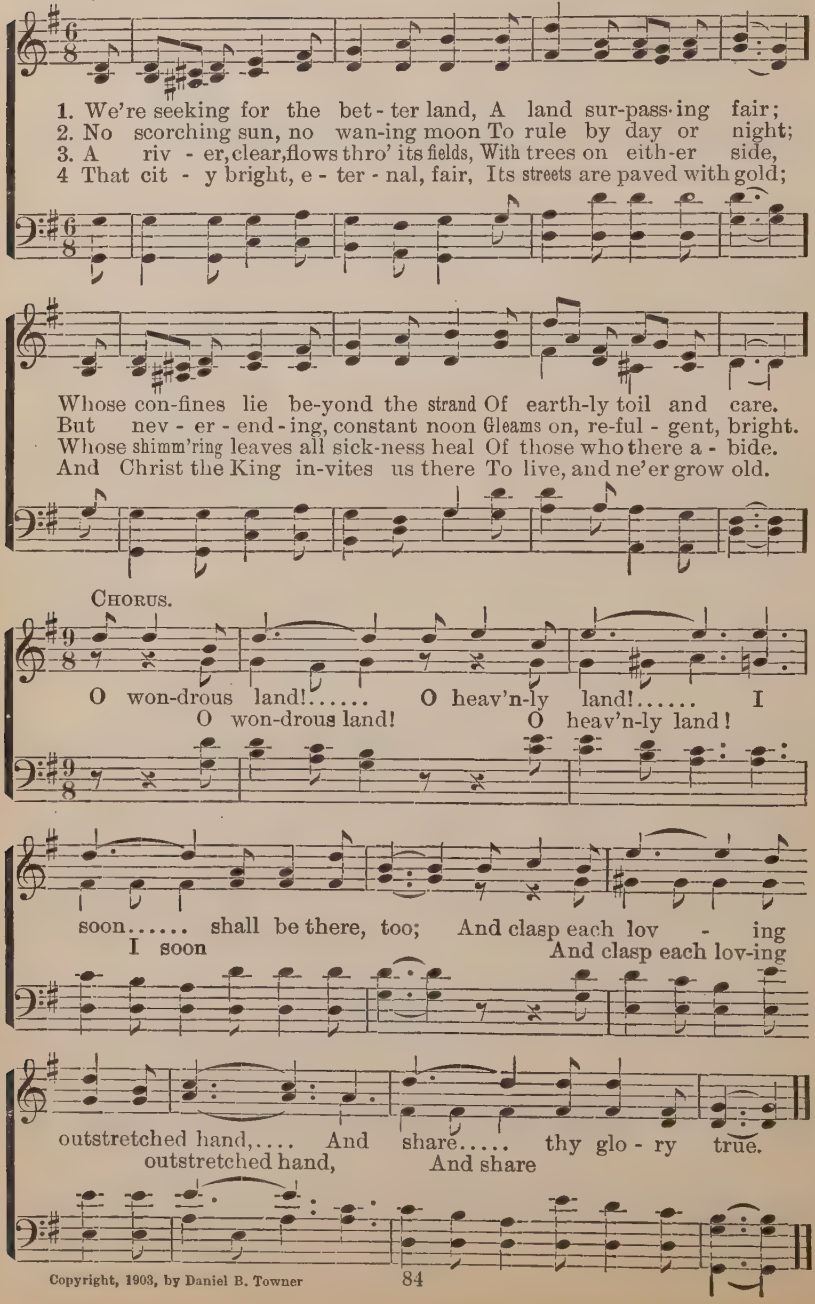
82. O Wondrous Land.

G. W. CLOUGH. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. We're seeking for the bet - ter land, A land sur-pass·ing fair;
2. No scorching sun, no wan-ing moon To rule by day or night;
3. A riv - er, clear, flows thro' its fields, With trees on eith-er side,
4 That cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, fair, Its streets are paved with gold;
Whose con-fines lie be-yond the strand Of earth-ly toil and care.
But nev - er - end - ing, constant noon Gleams on, re-ful - gent, bright.
Whose shimm'ring leaves all sick-ness heal Of those who there a - bide.
And Christ the King in-vites us there To live, and ne'er grow old.
CHORUS.
O won-drous land!..... O heav'n-ly land!..... I
O won-drous land! O heav'n-ly land!
soon..... shall be there, too; And clasp each lov - ing
I soon And clasp each lov-ing
outstretched hand,.... And share..... thy glo - ry true.
outstretched hand, And share

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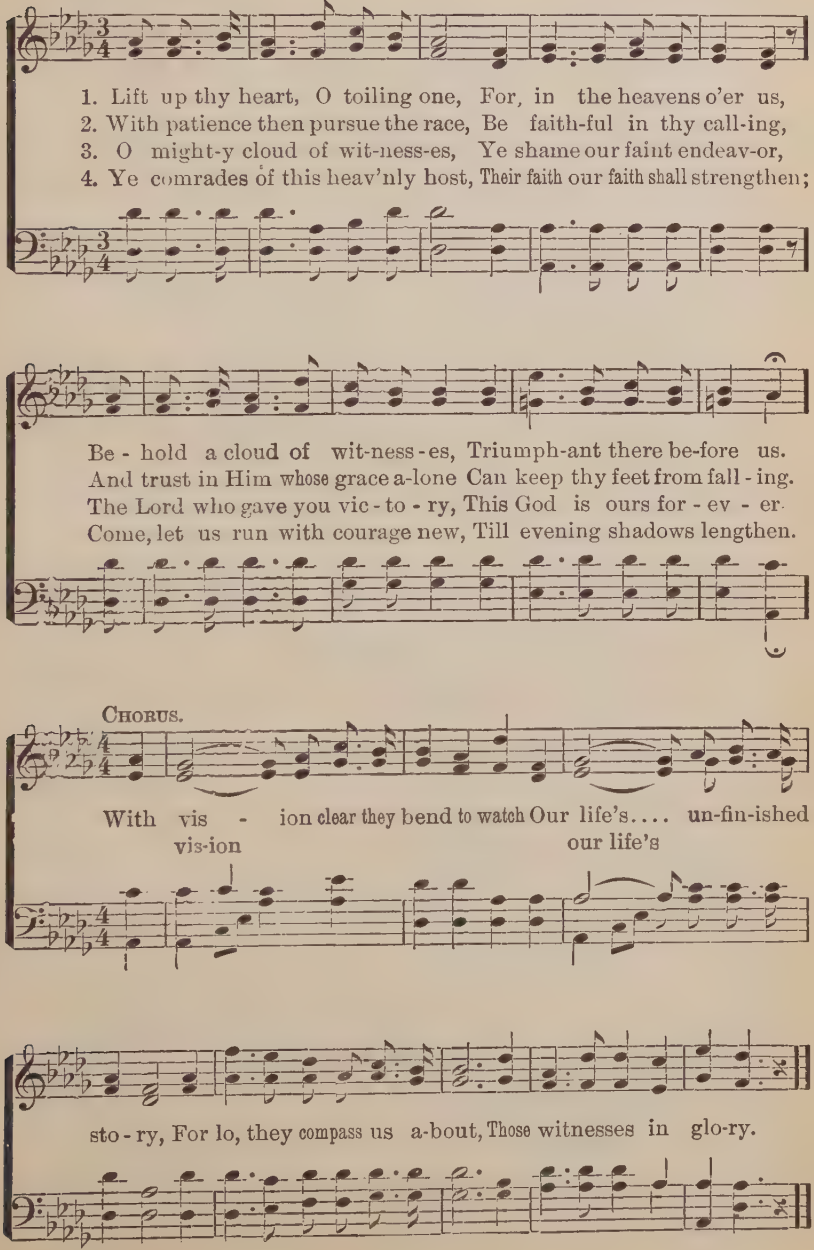
83. The Cloud of Witnesses.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.


1. Lift up thy heart, O toiling one, For, in the heavens o'er us,
2. With patience then pursue the race, Be faith-ful in thy call-ing,
3. O might-y cloud of wit-ness-es, Ye shame our faint endeav-or,
4. Ye comrades of this heav'nly host, Their faith our faith shall strengthen;
Be - hold a cloud of wit-ness-es, Triumph-ant there be-fore us.
And trust in Him whose grace a-lone Can keep thy feet from fall - ing.
The Lord who gave you vic - to - ry, This God is ours for - ev - er.
Come, let us run with courage new, Till evening shadows lengthen.
Chorus.
With vis - ion clear they bend to watch Our life's.... un-fin-ished
vis-ion
our life's
sto - ry, For lo, they compass us a-bout, Those witnesses in glo-ry.

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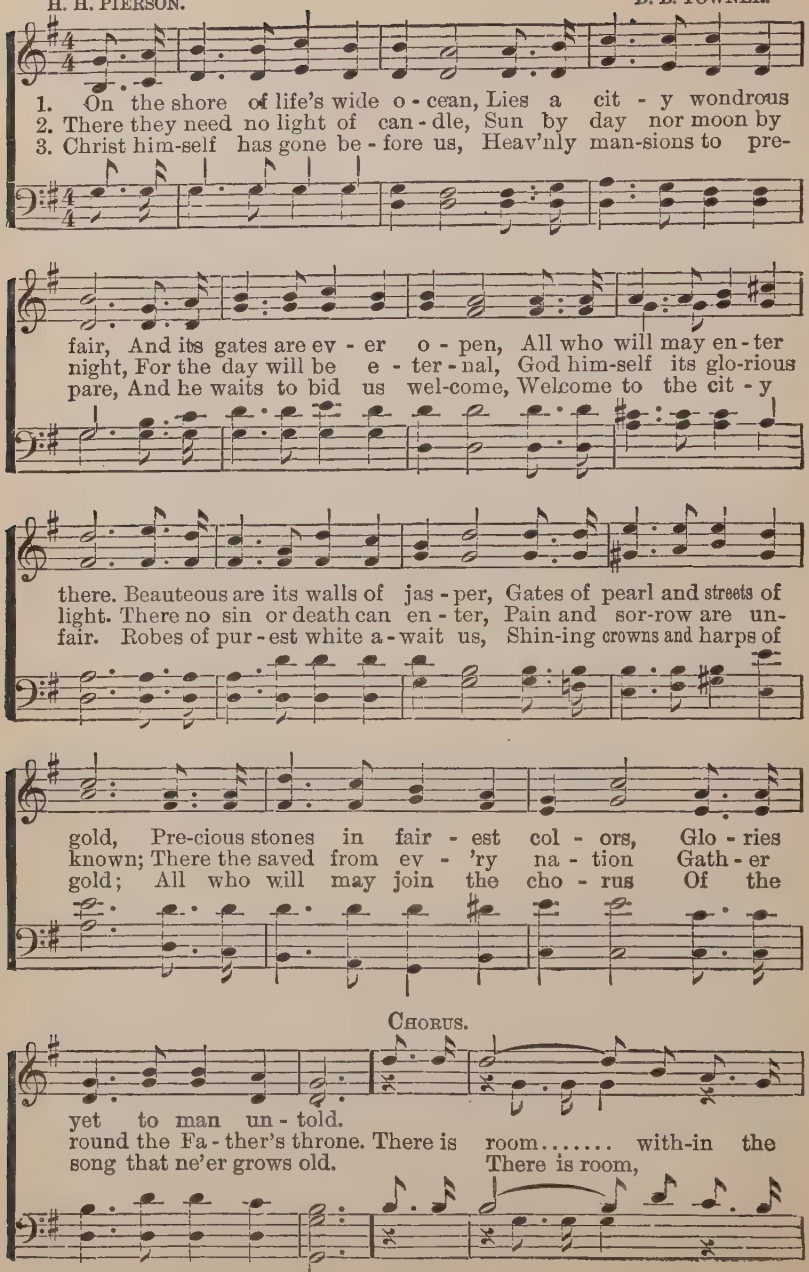
84. The Open Gates.

H. H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. On the shore of life's wide o - cean, Lies a cit - y wondrous
2. There they need no light of can - dle, Sun by day nor moon by
3. Christ him-self has gone be - fore us, Heav'nly man-sions to pre-
fair, And its gates are ev - er o - pen, All who will may en - ter
night, For the day will be e - ter - nal, God him-self its glo-rious
pare, And he waits to bid us wel-come, Welcome to the cit - y
there. Beauteous are its walls of jas - per, Gates of pearl and streets of
light. There no sin or death can en - ter, Pain and sor-row are un-
fair. Robes of pur - est white a - wait us, Shin-ing crowns and harps of
gold, Pre-cious stones in fair - est col - ors, Glo - ries
known; There the saved from ev - 'ry na - tion Gath - er
gold; All who will may join the cho - rus Of the
CHORUS.
yet to man un - told.
round the Fa - ther's throne. There is room..... with-in the
song that ne'er grows old. There is room,

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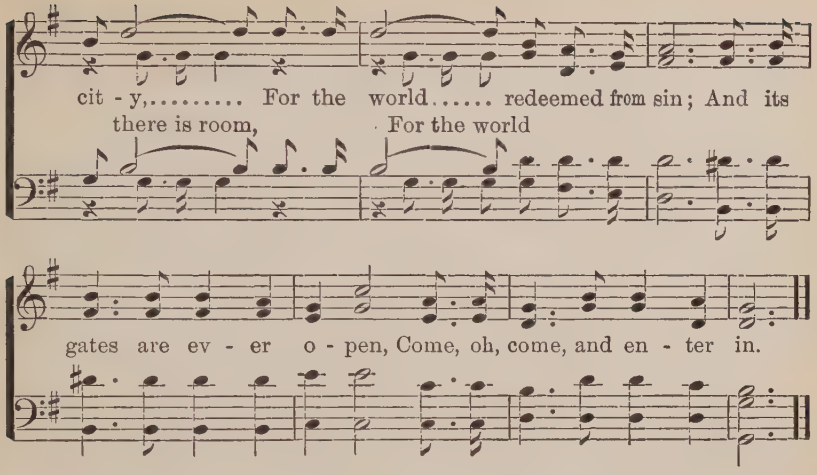
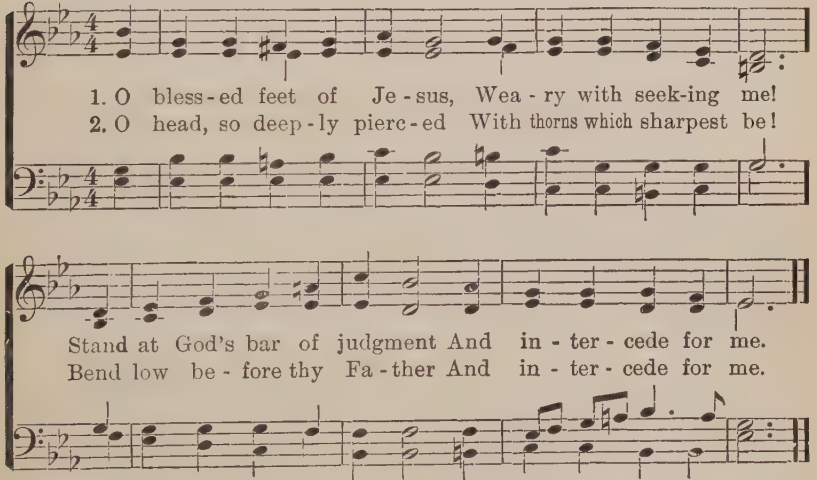
The Open Gates. Concluded.



85. Intercession.

Furnished by MRS. J. E. D. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. O bless - ed feet of Je - sus, Wea - ry with seek-ing me!
2. O head, so deep - ly pierc - ed With thorns which sharpest be!
Stand at God's bar of judgment And in - ter - cede for me.
Bend low be - fore thy Fa - ther And in - ter - cede for me.

3 O knees which bent in anguish
In dark Gethsemane!
Kneel at the throne of glory
And intercede for me.

4 O hands that were extended
Upon that awful tree!
Hold up those precious nail-prints
Which intercede for me.

5 O body, scarred and wounded
My sacrifice to be!
Present thy perfect offering
And intercede for me.

6 O sacred heart! such sorrows
The world may never see,
As that which gave thee warrant
To intercede for me.

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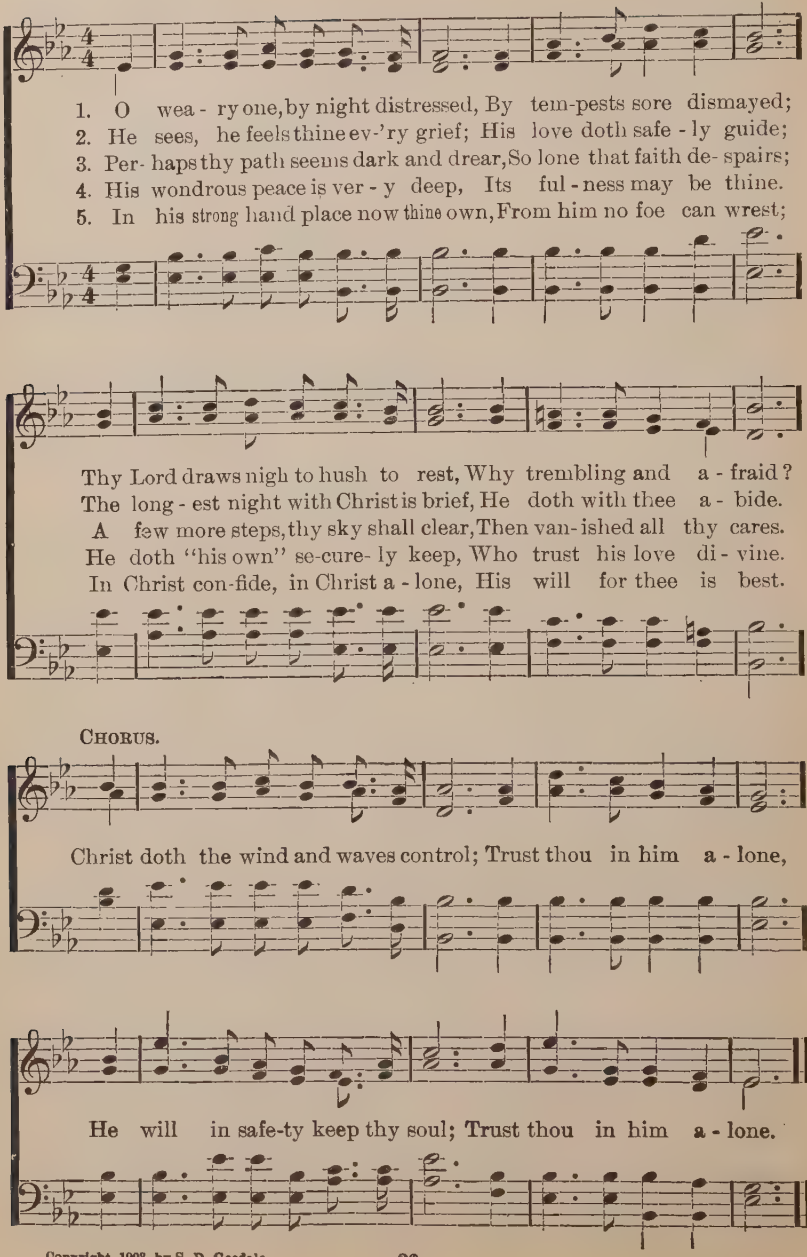
86. # Trust His Love.

ERNEST G. WESLEY. S. D. GOODALE.


1. O wea - ry one, by night distressed, By tem-pests sore dismayed;
2. He sees, he feels thine ev-'ry grief; His love doth safe - ly guide;
3. Per- haps thy path seems dark and drear, So lone that faith de- spairs;
4. His wondrous peace is ver - y deep, Its ful - ness may be thine.
5. In his strong hand place now thine own, From him no foe can wrest;
Thy Lord draws nigh to hush to rest, Why trembling and a - fraid?
The long - est night with Christ is brief, He doth with thee a - bide.
A few more steps, thy sky shall clear, Then van-ished all thy cares.
He doth "his own" se-cure- ly keep, Who trust his love di - vine.
In Christ con-fide, in Christ a - lone, His will for thee is best.
CHORUS.
Christ doth the wind and waves control; Trust thou in him a - lone,
He will in safe-ty keep thy soul; Trust thou in him a - lone.

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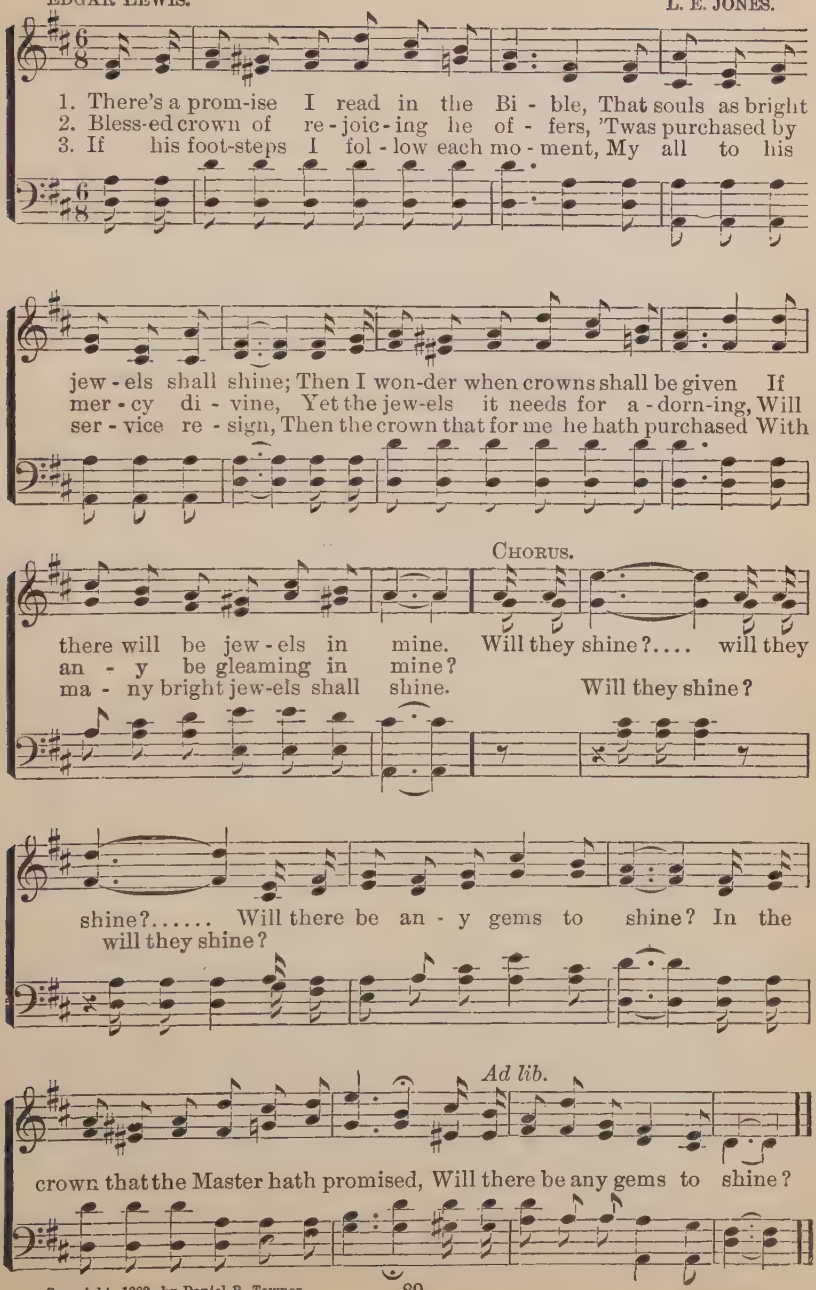
87. Will They Shine?

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.


1. There's a prom-ise I read in the Bi - ble, That souls as bright
2. Bless-ed crown of re - joic - ing he of - fers, 'Twas purchased by
3. If his foot-steps I fol - low each mo - ment, My all to his
jew - els shall shine; Then I won-der when crowns shall be given If
mer - cy di - vine, Yet the jew-els it needs for a - dorn-ing, Will
ser - vice re - sign, Then the crown that for me he hath purchased With
Chorus.
there will be jew - els in mine. Will they shine?.... will they
an - y be gleaming in mine?
ma - ny bright jew-els shall shine. Will they shine?
shine?..... Will there be an - y gems to shine? In the
will they shine?
Ad lib.
crown that the Master hath promised, Will there be any gems to shine?

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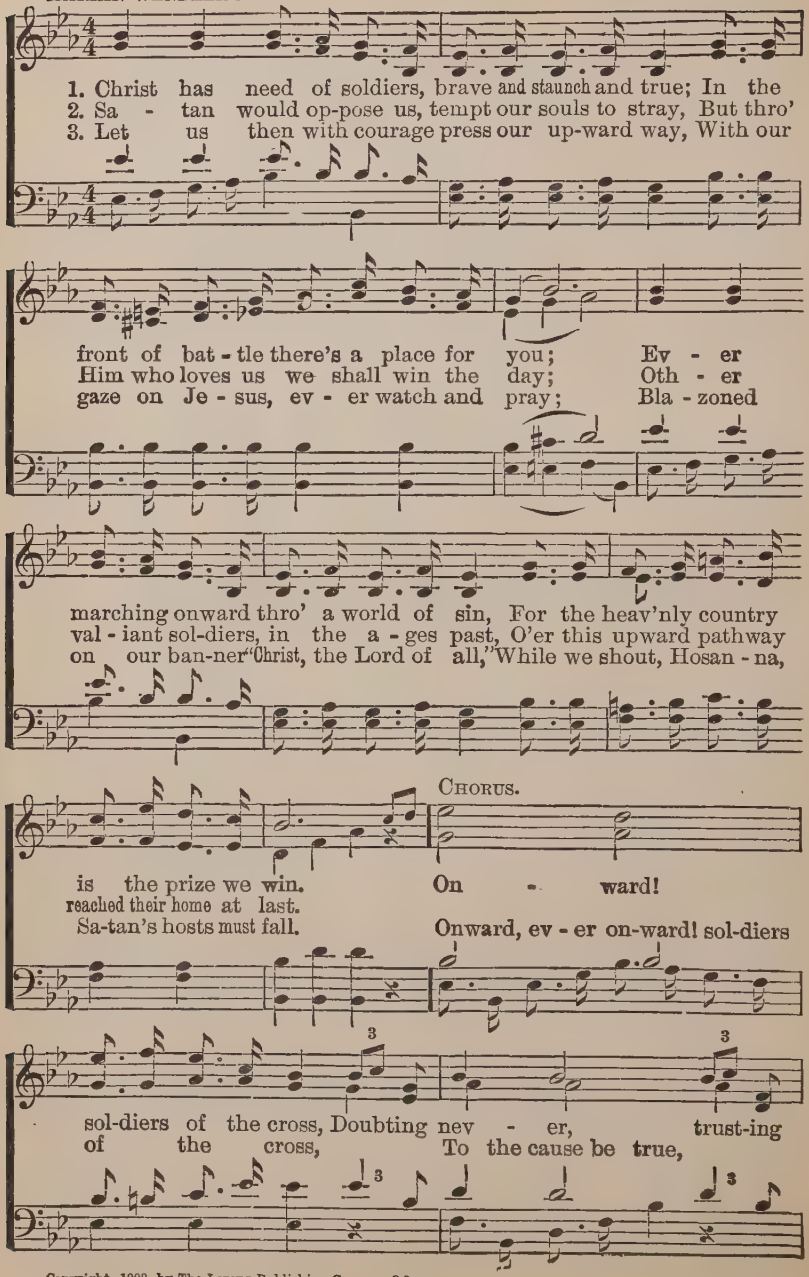
88. Onward, Ever Onward!

MARIAN WENDELL HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Christ has need of soldiers, brave and staunch and true; In the
2. Sa - tan would op-pose us, tempt our souls to stray, But thro'
3. Let us then with courage press our up-ward way, With our
front of bat - tle there's a place for you; Ev - er
Him who loves us we shall win the day; Oth - er
gaze on Je - sus, ev - er watch and pray; Bla - zoned
marching onward thro' a world of sin, For the heav'nly country
val - iant sol-diers, in the a - ges past, O'er this upward pathway
on our ban-ner "Christ, the Lord of all," While we shout, Hosan - na,
Chorus.
is the prize we win. On - ward!
reached their home at last.
Sa-tan's hosts must fall. Onward, ev - er on-ward! sol-diers
sol-diers of the cross, Doubting nev - er, trust-ing
of the cross, To the cause be true,

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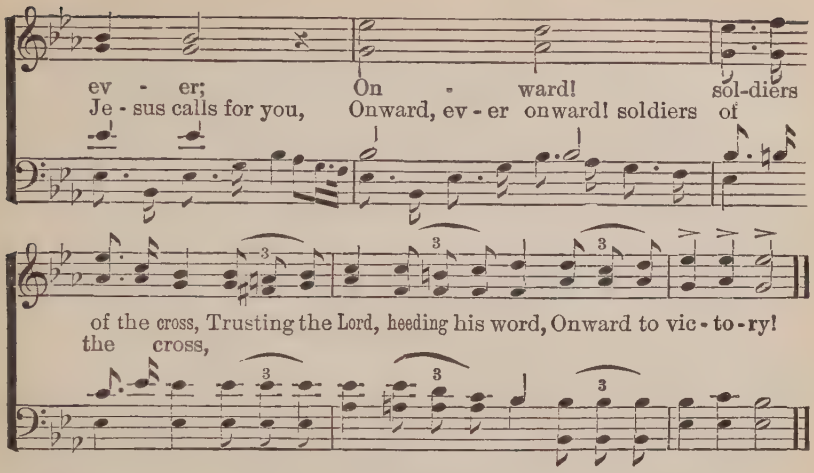
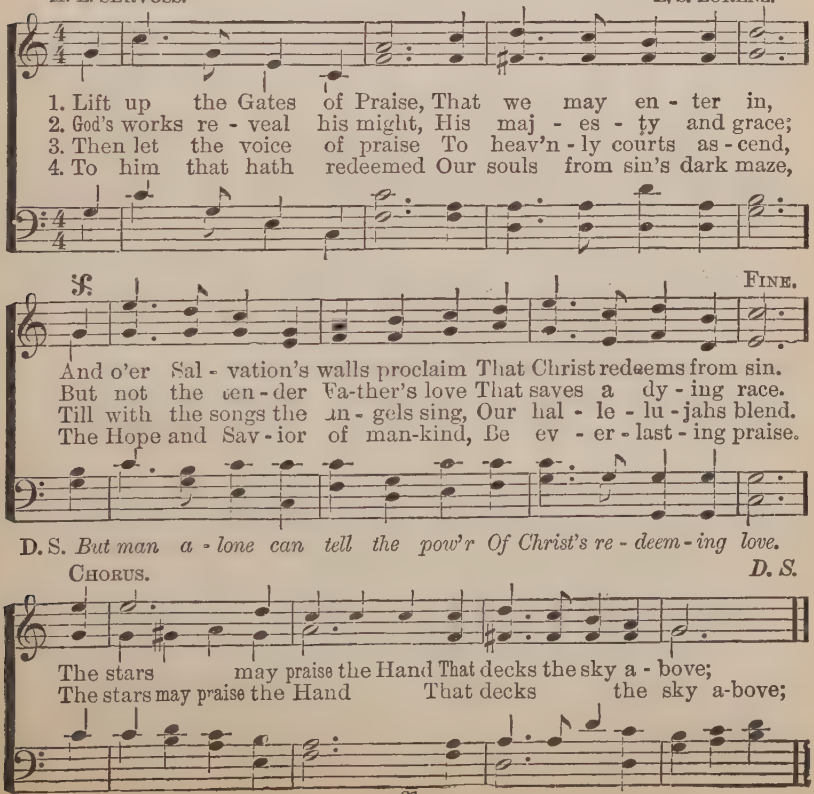

ev - er; On - ward! sol-diers
Je - sus calls for you, Onward, ev - er onward! soldiers of
of the cross, Trusting the Lord, heeding his word, Onward to vic - to - ry!
the cross,

89. Gates of Praise.

M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Lift up the Gates of Praise, That we may en - ter in,
2. God's works re - veal his might, His maj - es - ty and grace;
3. Then let the voice of praise To heav'n - ly courts as - cend,
4. To him that hath redeemed Our souls from sin's dark maze,
And o'er Sal - vation's walls proclaim That Christ redeems from sin.
But not the ten - der Fa-ther's love That saves a dy - ing race.
Till with the songs the an - gels sing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs blend.
The Hope and Sav - ior of man-kind, Be ev - er - last - ing praise.
D. S. But man a - lone can tell the pow'r Of Christ's re - deem - ing love.
D. S.
The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a - bove;
The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a-bove;

f. FINE.

CHORUS.

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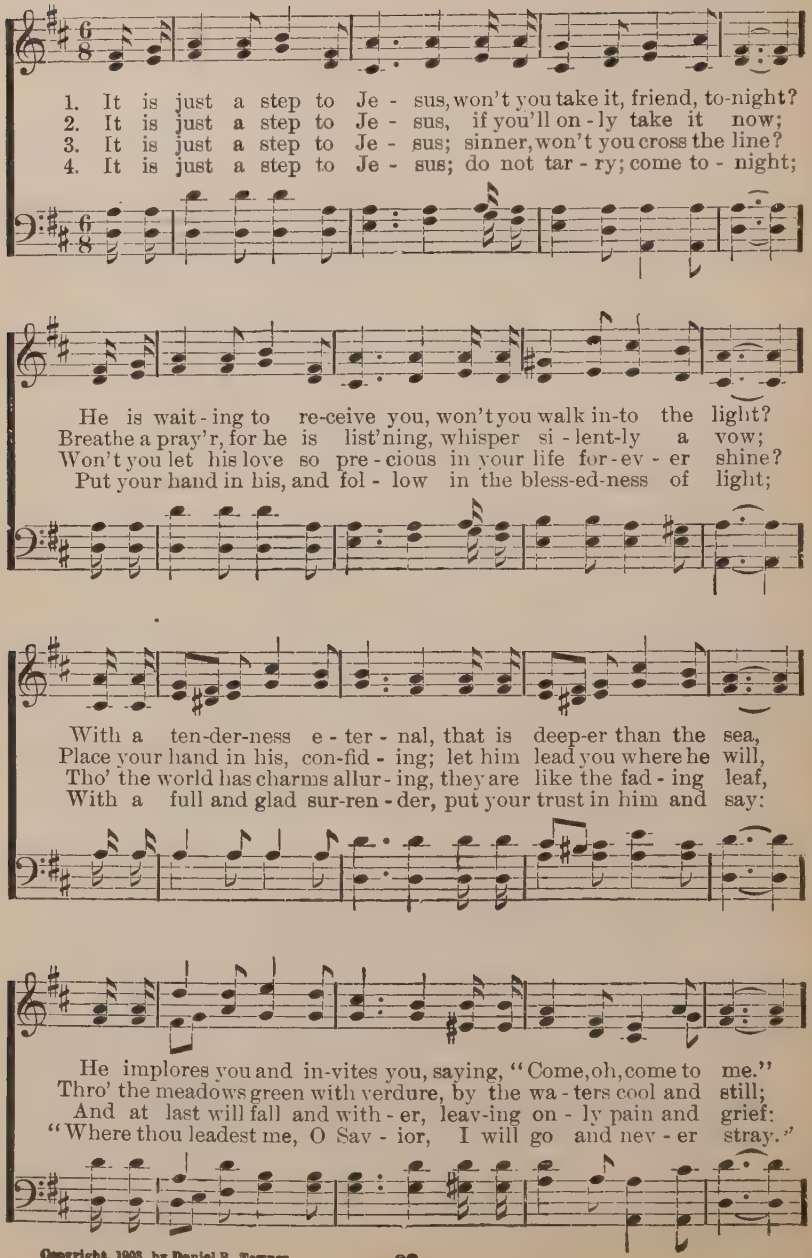
90. It is Just a Step.

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. It is just a step to Je - sus, won't you take it, friend, to-night?
2. It is just a step to Je - sus, if you'll on - ly take it now;
3. It is just a step to Je - sus; sinner, won't you cross the line?
4. It is just a step to Je - sus; do not tar - ry; come to - night;
He is wait - ing to re-ceive you, won't you walk in-to the light?
Breathe a pray'r, for he is list'ning, whisper si - lent-ly a vow;
Won't you let his love so pre - cious in your life for-ev - er shine?
Put your hand in his, and fol - low in the bless-ed-ness of light;
With a ten-der-ness e - ter - nal, that is deep-er than the sea,
Place your hand in his, con-fid - ing; let him lead you where he will,
Tho' the world has charms allur - ing, they are like the fad - ing leaf,
With a full and glad sur-ren - der, put your trust in him and say:
He implores you and in-vites you, saying, "Come, oh, come to me."
Thro' the meadows green with verdure, by the wa - ters cool and still;
And at last will fall and with - er, leav-ing on - ly pain and grief:
"Where thou leadest me, O Sav - ior, I will go and nev - er stray."

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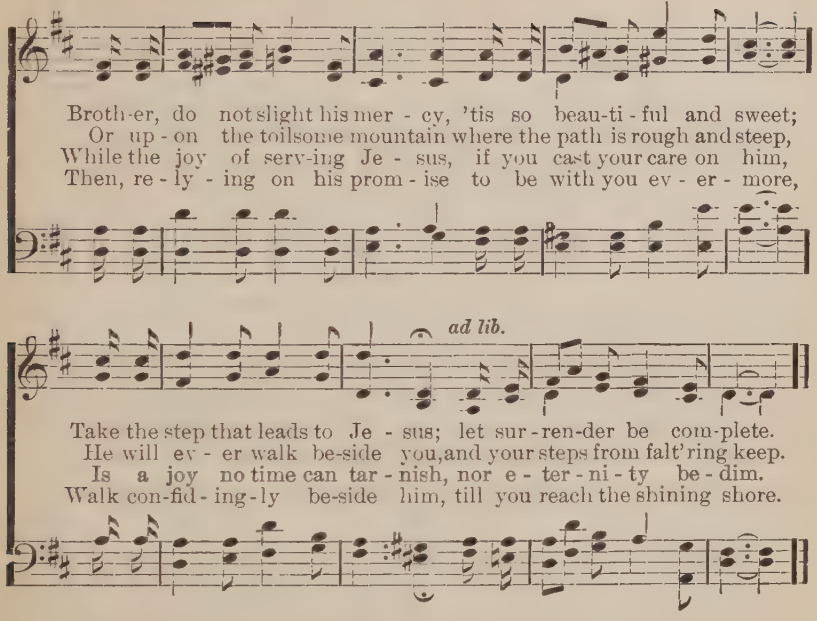
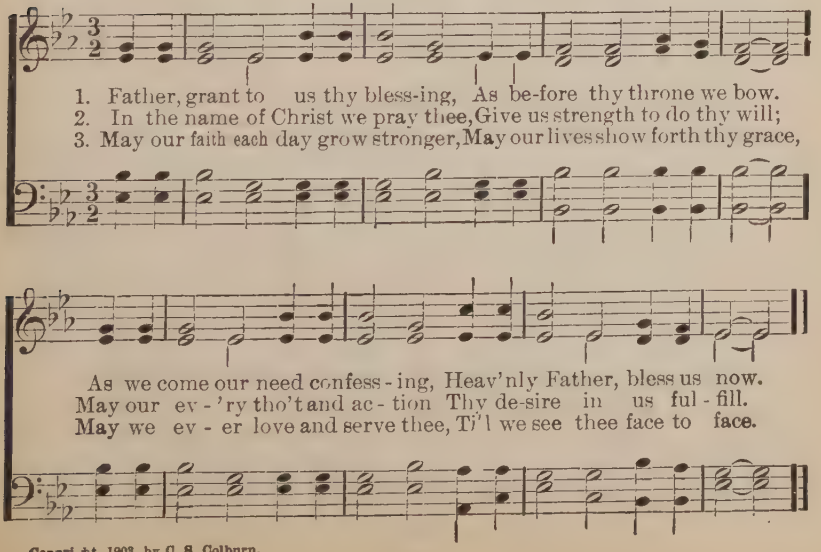
It is Just a Step. Concluded.


Broth-er, do not slight his mer - cy, 'tis so beau-ti - ful and sweet;
Or up - on the toilsome mountain where the path is rough and steep,
While the joy of serv-ing Je - sus, if you cast your care on him,
Then, re - ly - ing on his prom - ise to be with you ev - er - more,
ad lib.
Take the step that leads to Je - sus; let sur - ren-der be com-plete.
He will ev - er walk be-side you, and your steps from falt'ring keep.
Is a joy no time can tar - nish, nor e - ter - ni - ty be - dim.
Walk con-fid - ing-ly be-side him, till you reach the shining shore.

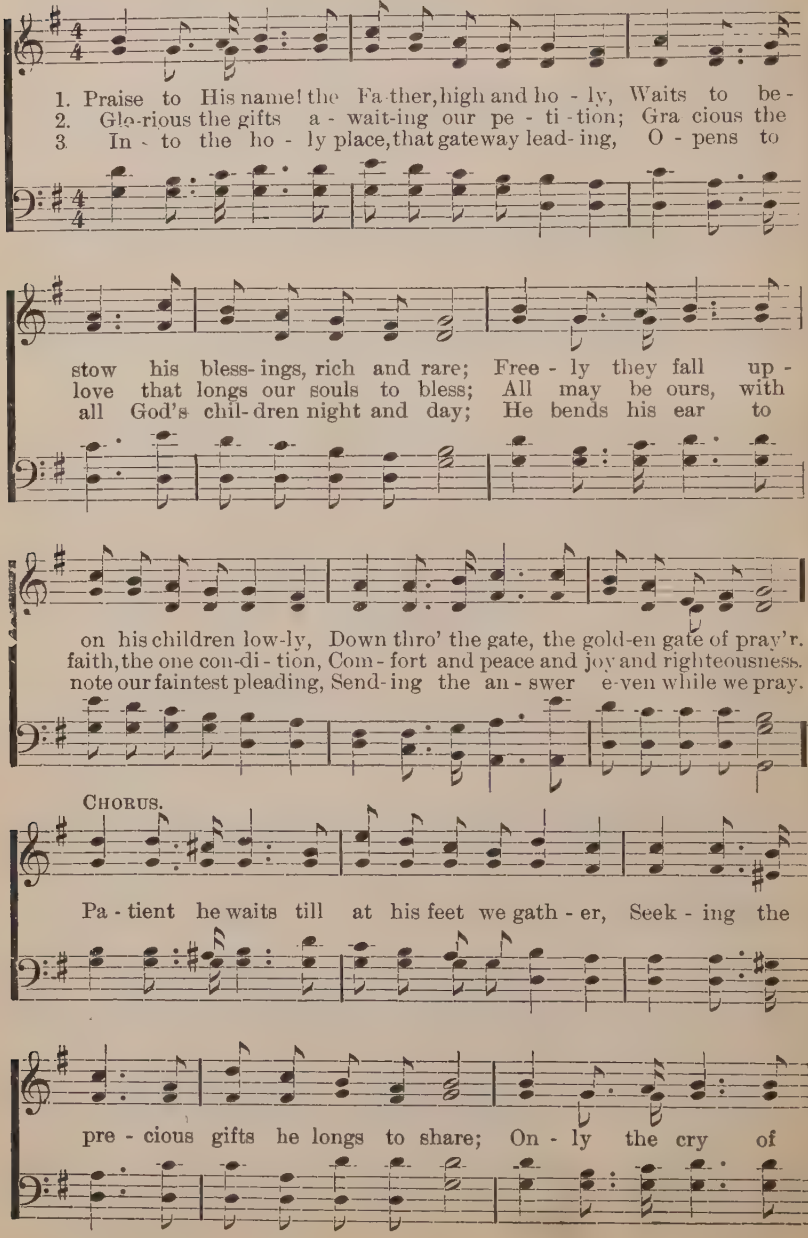
91. Our Prayer.

CARY. C. S. COLBURN.


1. Father, grant to us thy bless-ing, As be-fore thy throne we bow.
2. In the name of Christ we pray thee, Give us strength to do thy will;
3. May our faith each day grow stronger, May our lives show forth thy grace,
As we come our need confess - ing, Heav'nly Father, bless us now.
May our ev - 'ry tho't and ac - tion Thy de-sire in us ful - fill.
May we ev - er love and serve thee, Til we see thee face to face.

Copyright 1903, by C. S. Colburn.

92. The Golden Gate of Prayer.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Praise to His name! the Fa-ther, high and ho - ly, Waits to be -
2. Glo-rious the gifts a - wait-ing our pe - ti - tion; Gra cious the
3. In - to the ho - ly place, that gateway lead-ing, O - pens to
stow his bless-ings, rich and rare; Free - ly they fall up -
love that longs our souls to bless; All may be ours, with
all God's chil-dren night and day; He bends his ear to
on his children low-ly, Down thro' the gate, the gold-en gate of pray'r.
faith, the one con-di - tion, Com - fort and peace and joy and righteousness.
note our faintest pleading, Send-ing the an - swer e-ven while we pray.
CHORUS.
Pa - tient he waits till at his feet we gath - er, Seek - ing the
pre - cious gifts he longs to share; On - ly the cry of

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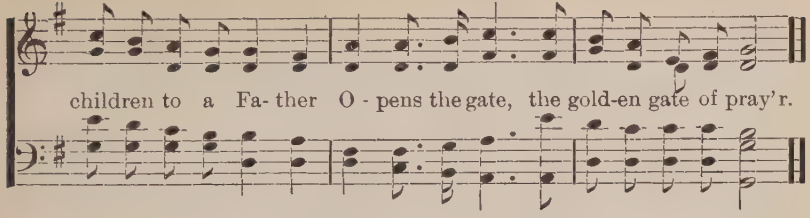
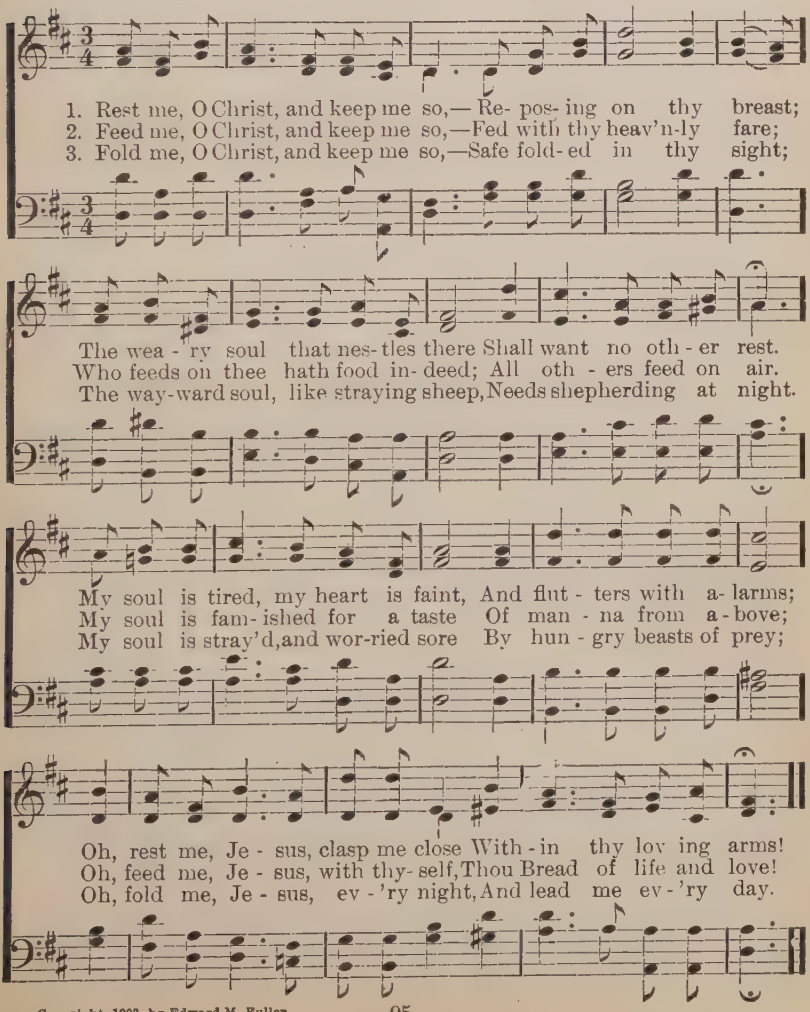


93. Rest Me, Feed Me, Fold Me.

G. W. GARDNER, D. D. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Rest me, O Christ, and keep me so,— Re- pos- ing on thy breast;
2. Feed me, O Christ, and keep me so,—Fed with thy heav'n-ly fare;
3. Fold me, O Christ, and keep me so,—Safe fold- ed in thy sight;
The wea - ry soul that nes- tles there Shall want no oth - er rest.
Who feeds on thee hath food in- deed; All oth - ers feed on air.
The way-ward soul, like straying sheep, Needs shepherding at night.
My soul is tired, my heart is faint, And flut - ters with a- larms;
My soul is fam- ished for a taste Of man - na from a - bove;
My soul is stray'd, and wor-ried sore By hun - gry beasts of prey;
Oh, rest me, Je - sus, clasp me close With - in thy lov ing arms!
Oh, feed me, Je - sus, with thy- self, Thou Bread of life and love!
Oh, fold me, Je - sus, ev - 'ry night, And lead me ev - 'ry day.

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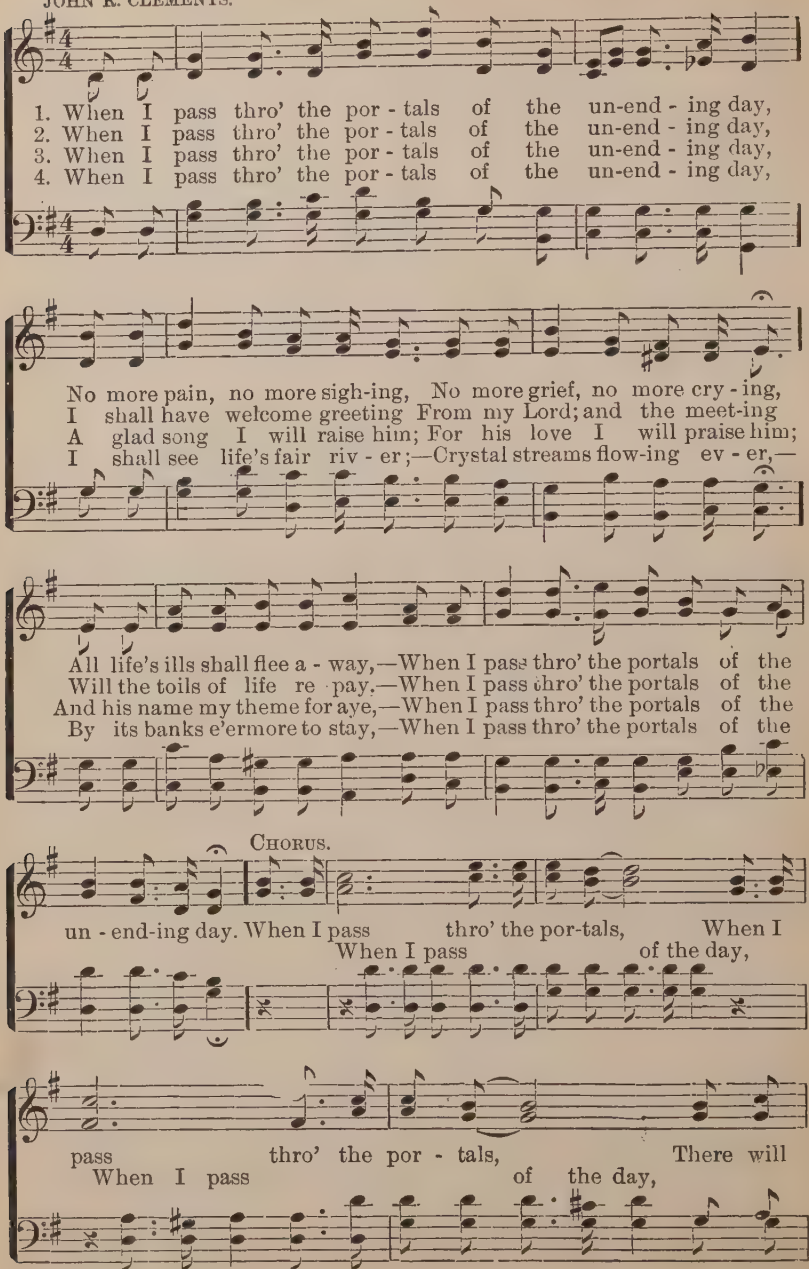
94. When I Pass Through the Portals.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. When I pass thro' the por - tals of the un-end - ing day,
2. When I pass thro' the por - tals of the un-end - ing day,
3. When I pass thro' the por - tals of the un-end - ing day,
4. When I pass thro' the por - tals of the un-end - ing day,
No more pain, no more sigh-ing, No more grief, no more cry - ing,
I shall have welcome greeting From my Lord; and the meet-ing
A glad song I will raise him; For his love I will praise him;
I shall see life's fair riv - er;—Crystal streams flow-ing ev - er,—
All life's ills shall flee a - way,—When I pass thro' the portals of the
Will the toils of life re - pay,—When I pass thro' the portals of the
And his name my theme for aye,—When I pass thro' the portals of the
By its banks e'ermore to stay,—When I pass thro' the portals of the
CHORUS.
un - end-ing day. When I pass thro' the por-tals, When I
When I pass of the day,
pass thro' the por - tals, There will
When I pass of the day,

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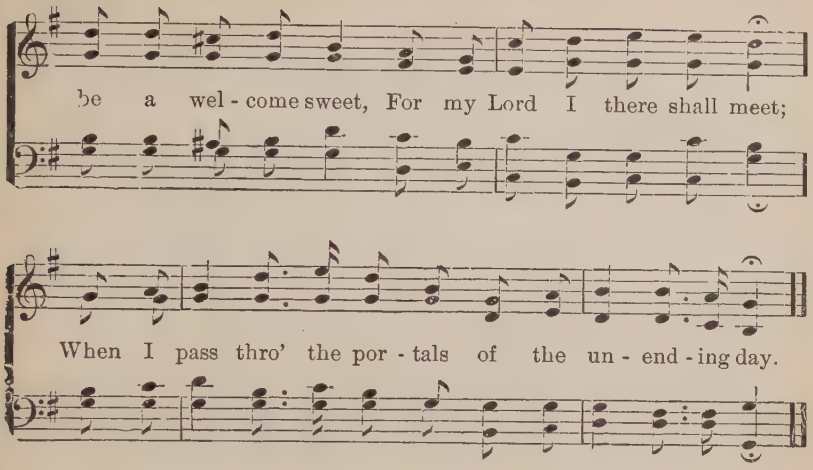
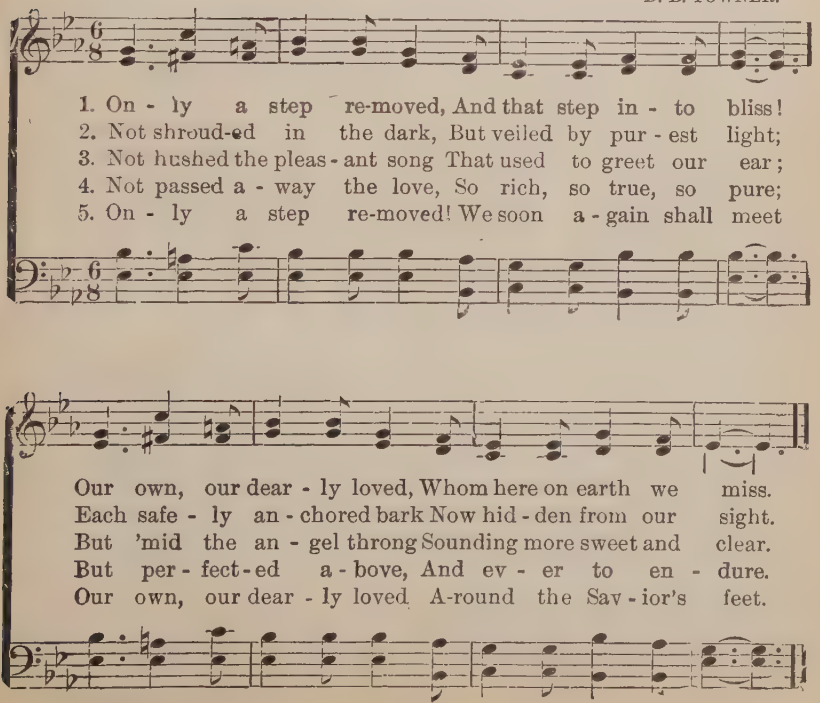
When I Pass Through the Portals. Concluded.



95. Only a Step.

S. G. STOCK. D. B. TOWNER.


1. On - ly a step re-moved, And that step in - to bliss!
2. Not shroud-ed in the dark, But veiled by pur - est light;
3. Not hushed the pleas - ant song That used to greet our ear;
4. Not passed a - way the love, So rich, so true, so pure;
5. On - ly a step re-moved! We soon a - gain shall meet
Our own, our dear - ly loved, Whom here on earth we miss.
Each safe - ly an - chored bark Now hid - den from our sight.
But 'mid the an - gel throng Sounding more sweet and clear.
But per - fect - ed a - bove, And ev - er to en - dure.
Our own, our dear - ly loved A-round the Sav - ior's feet.

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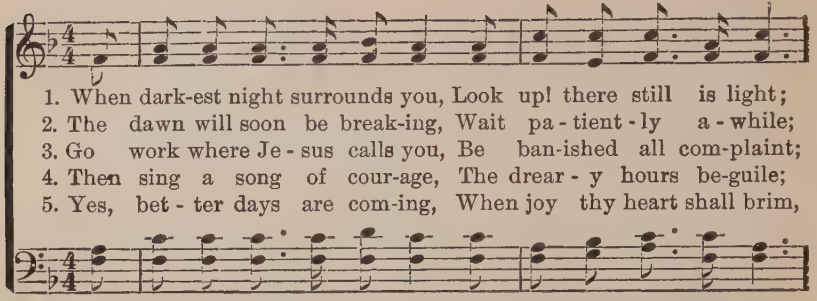
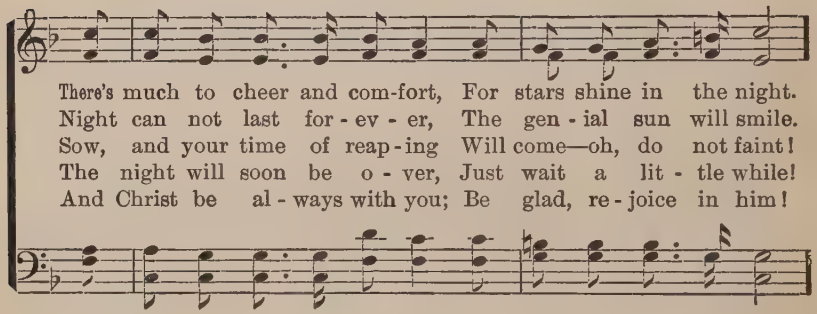
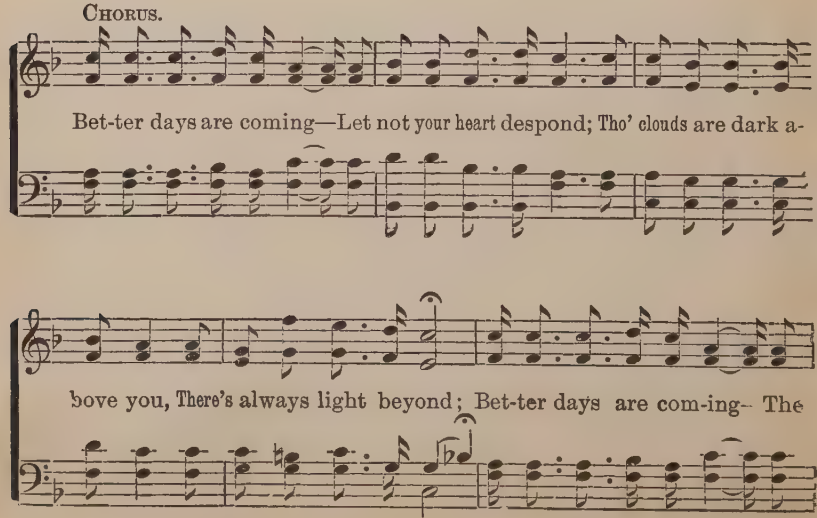
96. Better Days are Coming.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When dark-est night surrounds you, Look up! there still is light;
2. The dawn will soon be break-ing, Wait pa-tient-ly a-while;
3. Go work where Je-sus calls you, Be ban-ished all com-plaint;
4. Then sing a song of cour-age, The drear-y hours be-guile;
5. Yes, bet-ter days are com-ing, When joy thy heart shall brim,


There's much to cheer and com-fort, For stars shine in the night.
Night can not last for-ev-er, The gen-ial sun will smile.
Sow, and your time of reap-ing Will come—oh, do not faint!
The night will soon be o-ver, Just wait a lit-tle while!
And Christ be al-ways with you; Be glad, re-joice in him!

CHORUS.


Bet-ter days are coming—Let not your heart despond; Tho' clouds are dark a-
bove you, There's always light beyond; Bet-ter days are com-ing— The

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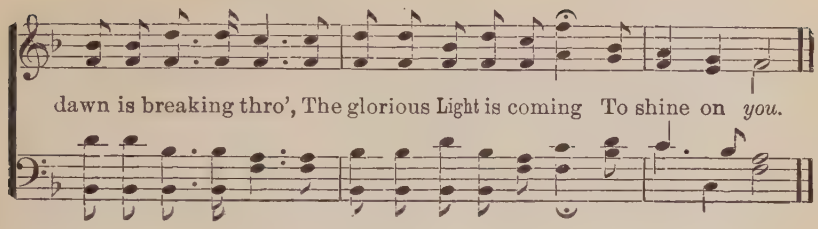
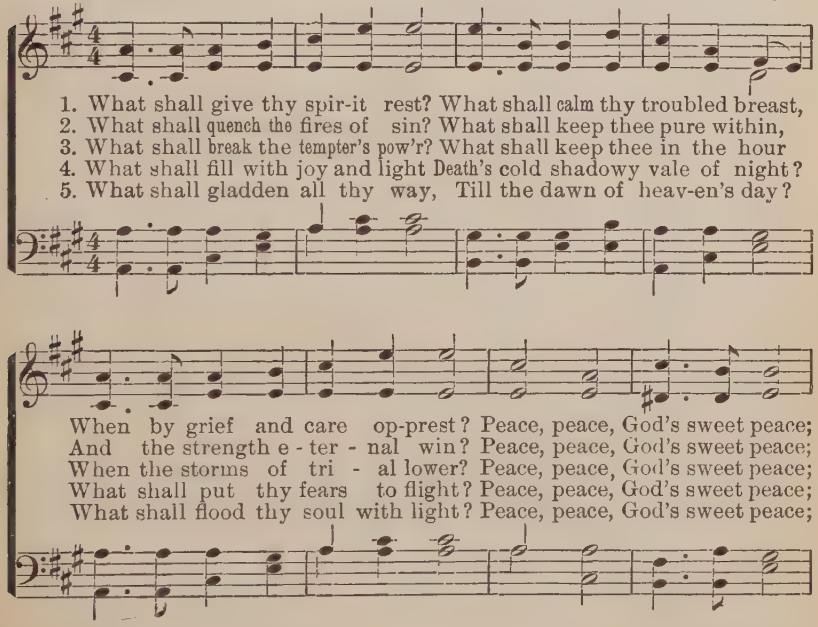


97. God's Sweet Peace.

D. R. HERRICK. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. What shall give thy spir-it rest? What shall calm thy troubled breast,
2. What shall quench the fires of sin? What shall keep thee pure within,
3. What shall break the tempter's pow'r? What shall keep thee in the hour
4. What shall fill with joy and light Death's cold shadowy vale of night?
5. What shall gladden all thy way, Till the dawn of heav-en's day?
When by grief and care op-prest? Peace, peace, God's sweet peace;
And the strength e - ter - nal win? Peace, peace, God's sweet peace;
When the storms of tri - al lower? Peace, peace, God's sweet peace;
What shall put thy fears to flight? Peace, peace, God's sweet peace;
What shall flood thy soul with light? Peace, peace, God's sweet peace;
Peace that they a - lone can know Who for *rest* to Je - sus go.
Peace that they a - lone can know Who for *strength* to Je - sus go.
Peace that they a - lone can know Who for *help* to Je - sus go.
Peace that they a - lone can know Who for *light* to Je - sus go.
Peace that they a - lone can know Who for *joy* to Je - sus go.

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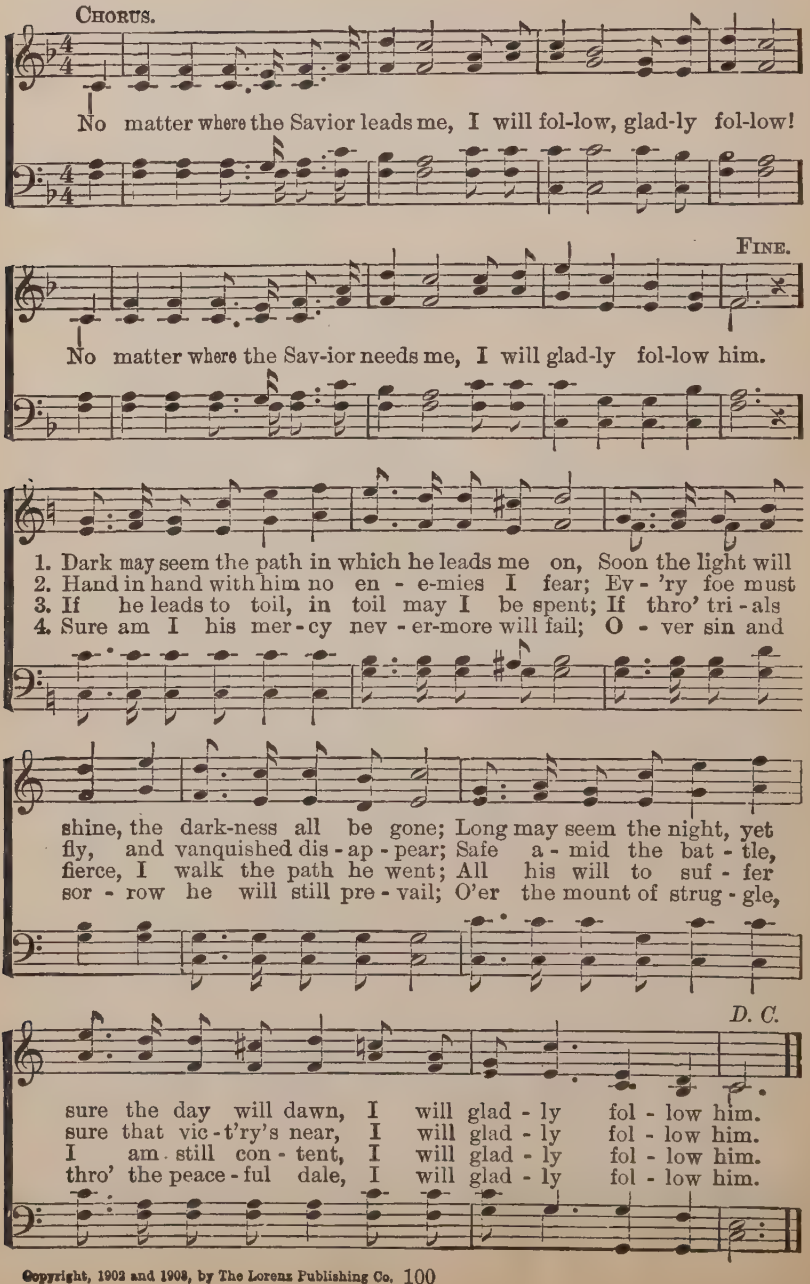
98. I Will Gladly Follow Him.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

CHORUS.

No matter where the Savior leads me, I will fol-low, glad-ly fol-low!
FINE.
No matter where the Sav-ior needs me, I will glad-ly fol-low him.
1. Dark may seem the path in which he leads me on, Soon the light will
2. Hand in hand with him no en - e-mies I fear; Ev - 'ry foe must
3. If he leads to toil, in toil may I be spent; If thro' tri - als
4. Sure am I his mer - cy nev - er-more will fail; O - ver sin and
shine, the dark-ness all be gone; Long may seem the night, yet
fly, and vanquished dis - ap - pear; Safe a - mid the bat - tle,
fierce, I walk the path he went; All his will to suf - fer
sor - row he will still pre - vail; O'er the mount of strug - gle,
D. C.
sure the day will dawn, I will glad - ly fol - low him.
sure that vic - t'ry's near, I will glad - ly fol - low him.
I am still con - tent, I will glad - ly fol - low him.
thro' the peace - ful dale, I will glad - ly fol - low him.

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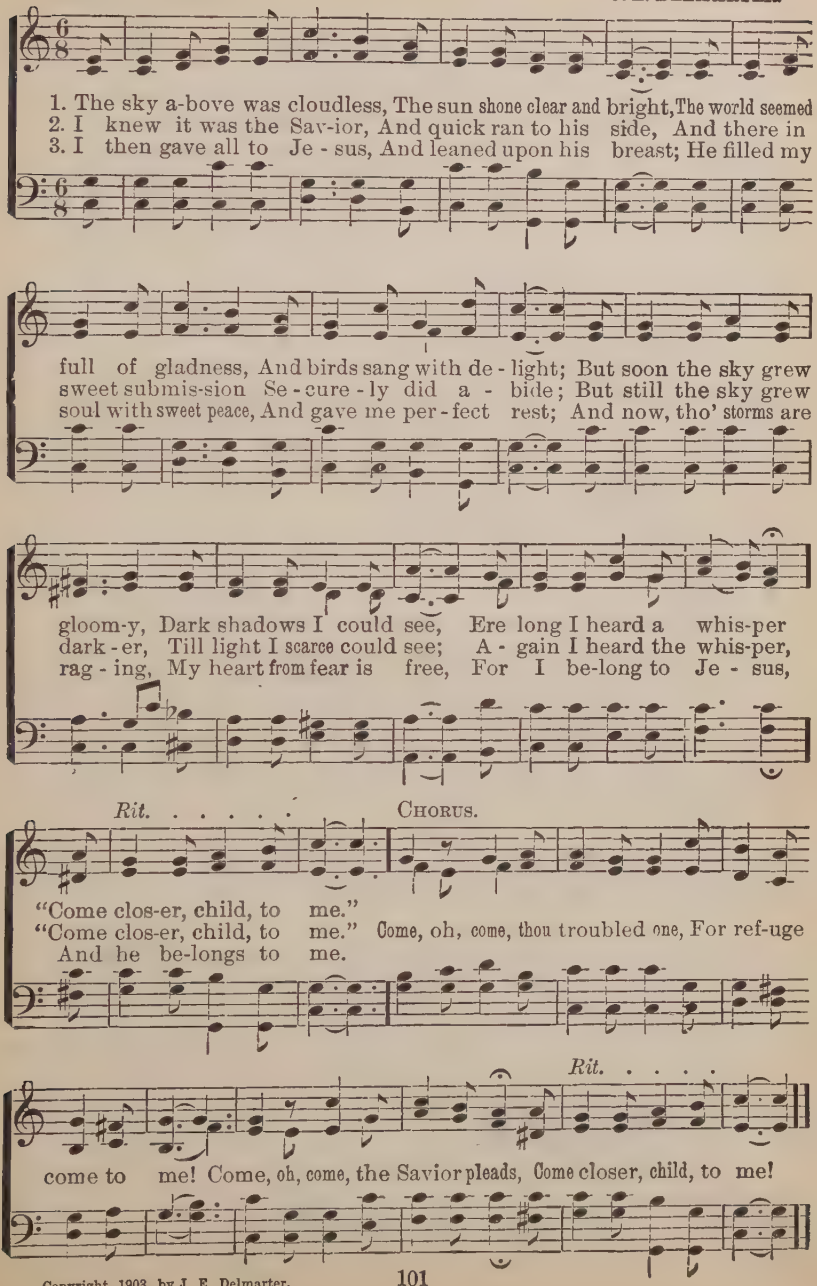
99. Come Closer, Child, to Me.

MRS. S. R. DELMARTER. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. The sky a-bove was cloudless, The sun shone clear and bright, The world seemed full of gladness, And birds sang with de - light; But soon the sky grew gloom-y, Dark shadows I could see, Ere long I heard a whis-per "Come clos-er, child, to me."
2. I knew it was the Sav-ior, And quick ran to his side, And there in sweet submis-sion Se - cure - ly did a - bide; But still the sky grew dark - er, Till light I scarce could see; A - gain I heard the whis-per, "Come clos-er, child, to me."
3. I then gave all to Je - sus, And leaned upon his breast; He filled my soul with sweet peace, And gave me per - fect rest; And now, tho' storms are rag - ing, My heart from fear is free, For I be-long to Je - sus, And he be-longs to me.
Rit.
CHORUS.
Come, oh, come, thou troubled one, For ref-uge come to me! Come, oh, come, the Savior pleads, Come closer, child, to me!
Rit.

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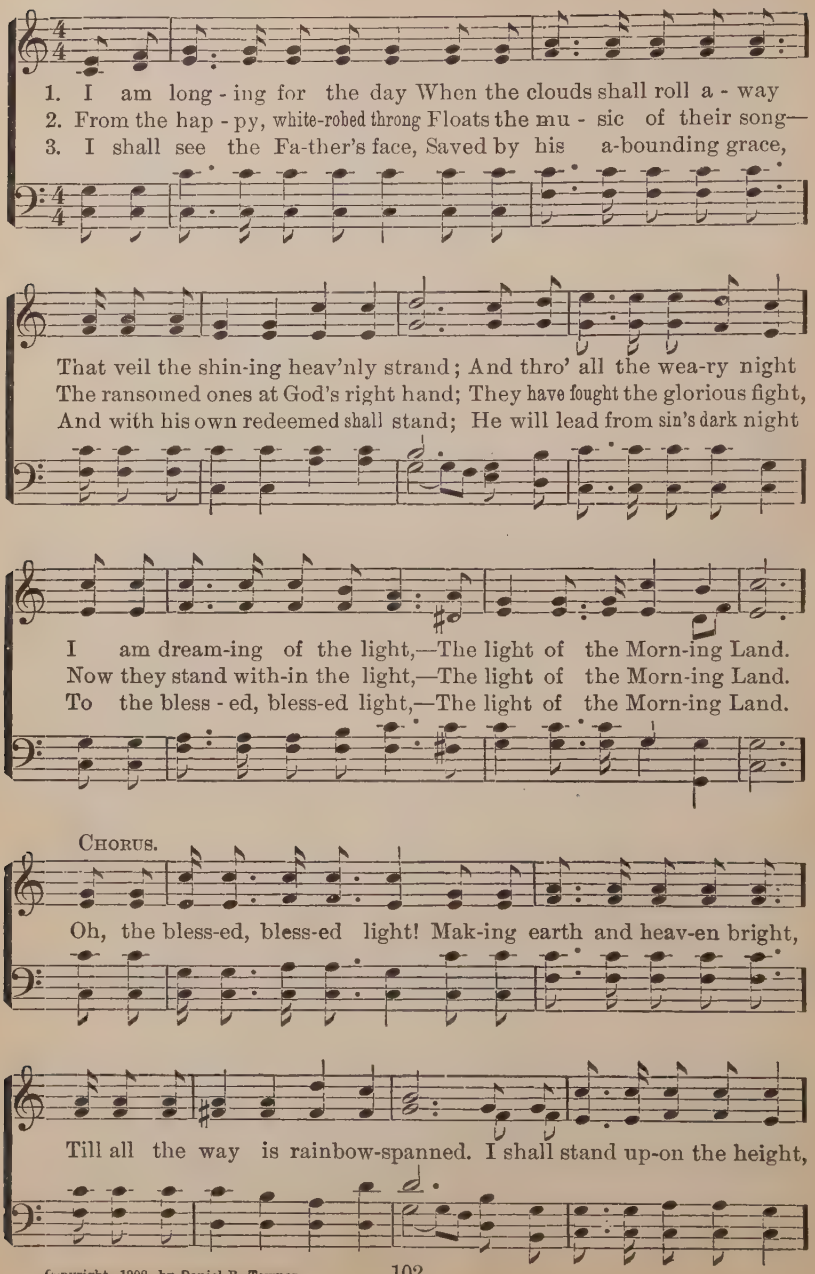
100. The Light of the Morning Land.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I am long - ing for the day When the clouds shall roll a - way
2. From the hap - py, white-robed throng Floats the mu - sic of their song—
3. I shall see the Fa-ther's face, Saved by his a-bounding grace,
That veil the shin-ing heav'nly strand; And thro' all the wea-ry night
The ransomed ones at God's right hand; They have fought the glorious fight,
And with his own redeemed shall stand; He will lead from sin's dark night
I am dream-ing of the light,—The light of the Morn-ing Land.
Now they stand with-in the light,—The light of the Morn-ing Land.
To the bless - ed, bless-ed light,—The light of the Morn-ing Land.
CHORUS.
Oh, the bless-ed, bless-ed light! Mak-ing earth and heav-en bright,
Till all the way is rainbow-spanned. I shall stand up-on the height,

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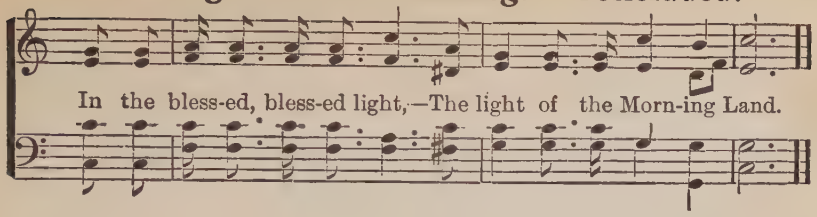
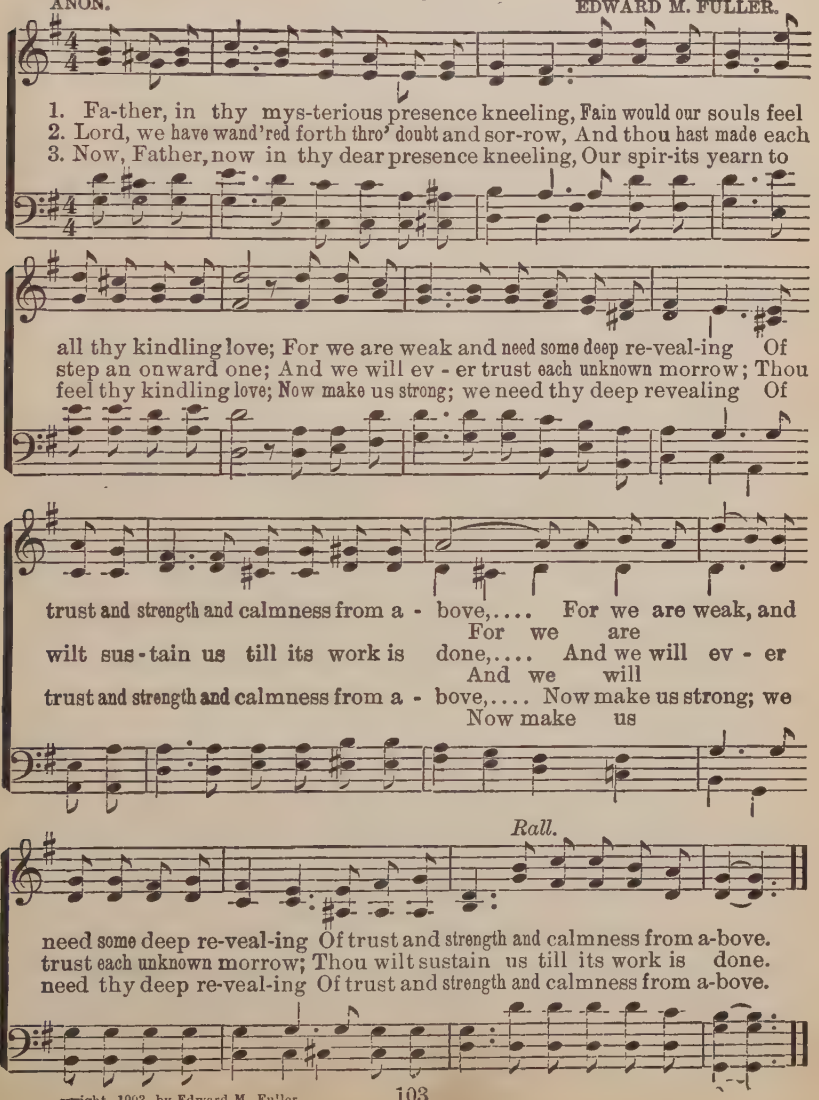
The Light of the Morning. Concluded.



101. Prayer.

ANON. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Fa-ther, in thy mys-terious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel
2. Lord, we have wand'red forth thro' doubt and sor-row, And thou hast made each
3. Now, Father, now in thy dear presence kneeling, Our spir-its yearn to
all thy kindling love; For we are weak and need some deep re-veal-ing Of
step an onward one; And we will ev - er trust each unknown morrow; Thou
feel thy kindling love; Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing Of
trust and strength and calmness from a - bove,.... For we are weak, and
For we are
wilt sus-tain us till its work is done,.... And we will ev - er
And we will
trust and strength and calmness from a - bove,.... Now make us strong; we
Now make us
Rall.
need some deep re-veal-ing Of trust and strength and calmness from a-bove.
trust each unknown morrow; Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
need thy deep re-veal-ing Of trust and strength and calmness from a-bove.

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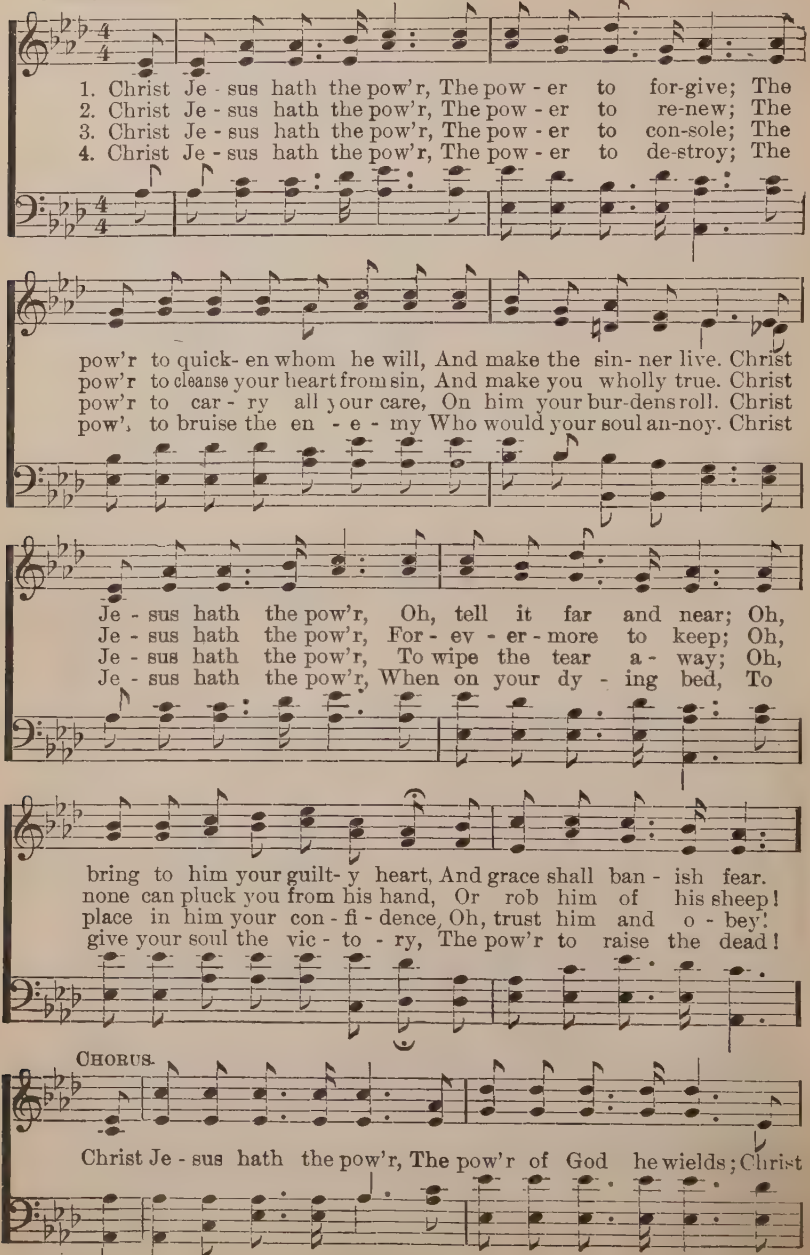
102. Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to for-give; The
2. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to re-new; The
3. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to con-sole; The
4. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to de-stroy; The
pow'r to quick- en whom he will, And make the sin- ner live. Christ
pow'r to cleanse your heart from sin, And make you wholly true. Christ
pow'r to car - ry all your care, On him your bur-dens roll. Christ
pow'r to bruise the en - e - my Who would your soul an-noy. Christ
Je - sus hath the pow'r, Oh, tell it far and near; Oh,
Je - sus hath the pow'r, For - ev - er - more to keep; Oh,
Je - sus hath the pow'r, To wipe the tear a - way; Oh,
Je - sus hath the pow'r, When on your dy - ing bed, To
bring to him your guilt- y heart, And grace shall ban - ish fear.
none can pluck you from his hand, Or rob him of his sheep!
place in him your con - fi - dence, Oh, trust him and o - bey!
give your soul the vic - to - ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!
CHORUS.
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God he wields; Christ

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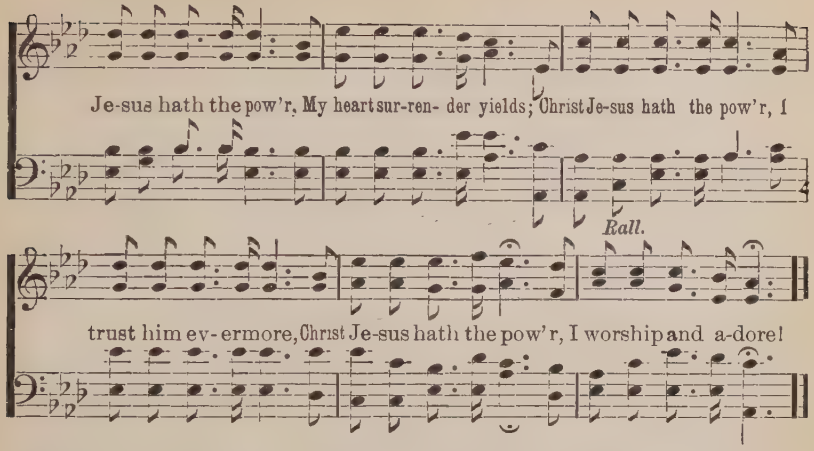
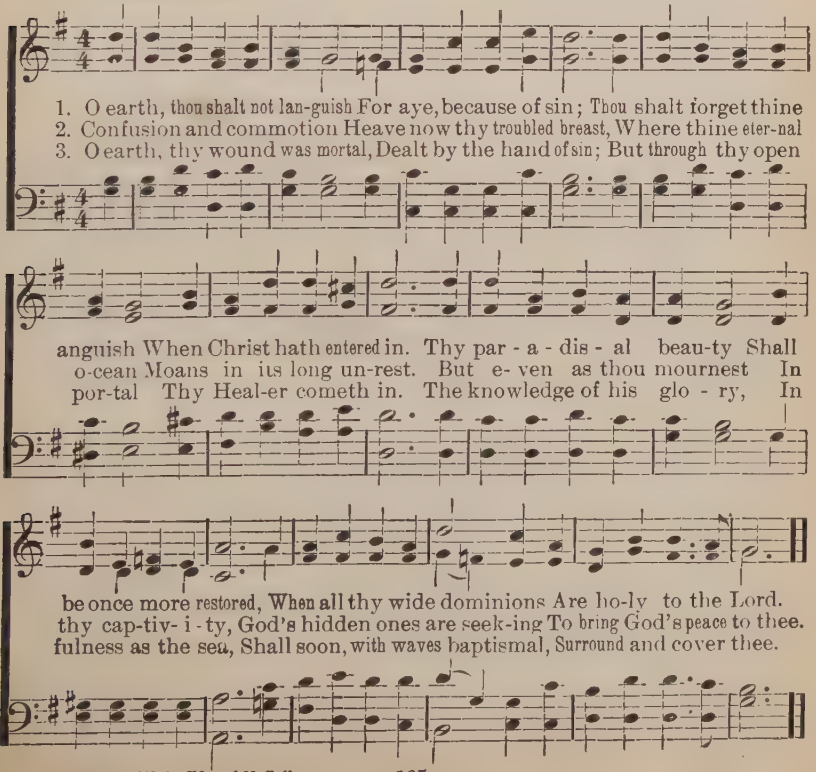
Christ Jesus Hath the Power. Concluded.


Je-sus hath the pow'r, My heart sur-ren- der yields; Christ Je-sus hath the pow'r, I
Rall.
trust him ev- ermore, Christ Je-sus hath the pow'r, I worship and a-dore!

103. O Earth, Thou shalt not Languish.

ELIZA CARROLL SNELL. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. O earth, thou shalt not lan-guish For aye, because of sin; Thou shalt forget thine
2. Confusion and commotion Heave now thy troubled breast, Where thine eter-nal
3. O earth, thy wound was mortal, Dealt by the hand of sin; But through thy open
anguish When Christ hath entered in. Thy par - a - dis - al beau-ty Shall
o-cean Moans in its long un-rest. But e- ven as thou mournest In
por-tal Thy Heal-er cometh in. The knowledge of his glo - ry, In
be once more restored, When all thy wide dominions Are ho-ly to the Lord.
thy cap-tiv- i - ty, God's hidden ones are seek-ing To bring God's peace to thee.
fulness as the sea, Shall soon, with waves baptismal, Surround and cover thee.

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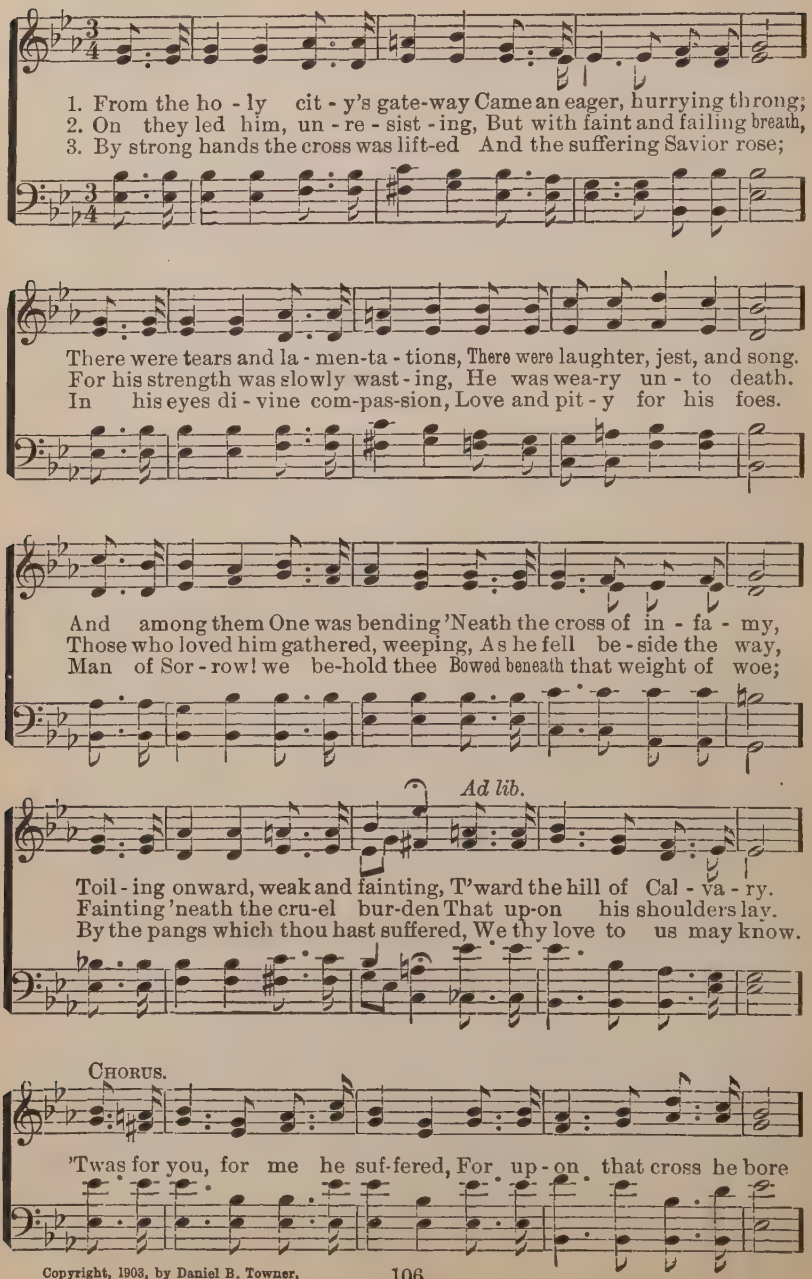
104. Fainting 'Neath the Cross.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. From the ho - ly cit - y's gate-way Came an eager, hurrying throng;
2. On they led him, un - re - sist - ing, But with faint and failing breath,
3. By strong hands the cross was lift-ed And the suffering Savior rose;
There were tears and la - men-ta - tions, There were laughter, jest, and song.
For his strength was slowly wast - ing, He was wea-ry un - to death.
In his eyes di - vine com-pas-sion, Love and pit - y for his foes.
And among them One was bending 'Neath the cross of in - fa - my,
Those who loved him gathered, weeping, As he fell be - side the way,
Man of Sor - row! we be-hold thee Bowed beneath that weight of woe;
Ad lib.
Toil - ing onward, weak and fainting, T'ward the hill of Cal - va - ry.
Fainting 'neath the cru-el bur-den That up-on his shoulders lay.
By the pangs which thou hast suffered, We thy love to us may know.
CHORUS.
'Twas for you, for me he suf-fered, For up - on that cross he bore

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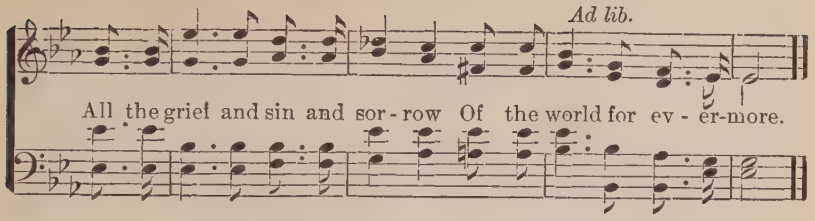
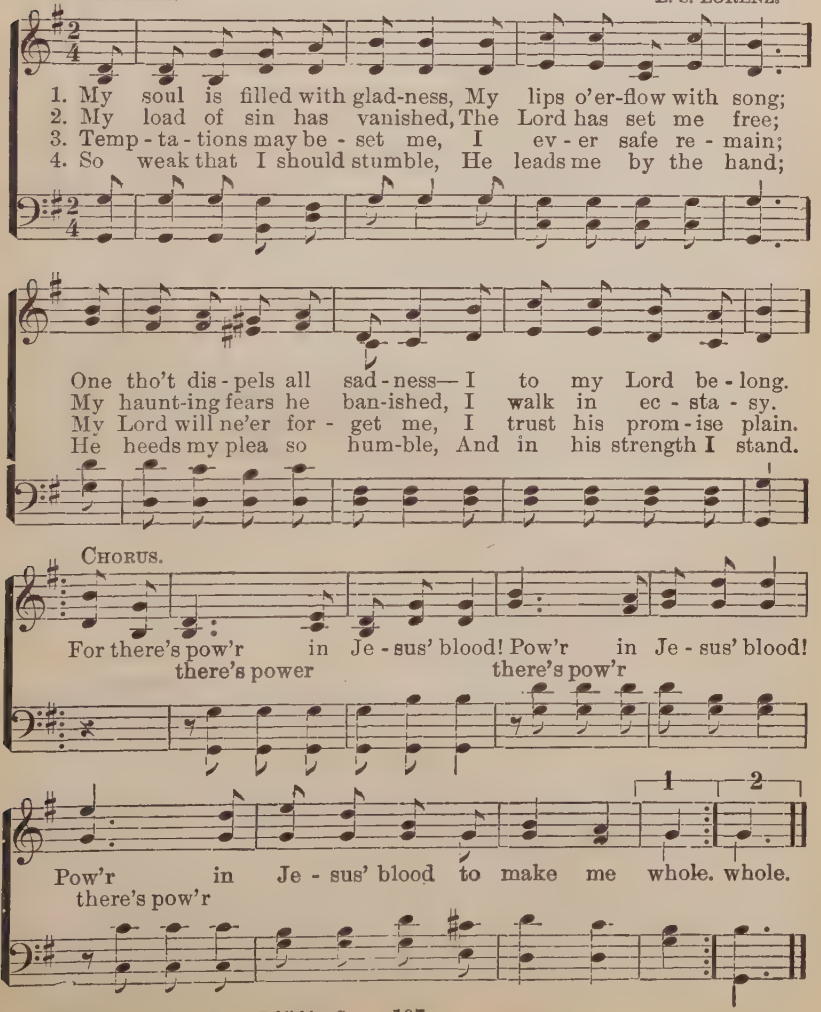
Fainting 'Neath the Cross. Concluded.



105. There's Power in Jesus Blood.

E. S. LORENZ. E. S. LORENZ.


1. My soul is filled with glad-ness, My lips o'er-flow with song;
2. My load of sin has vanished, The Lord has set me free;
3. Temp - ta - tions may be - set me, I ev - er safe re - main;
4. So weak that I should stumble, He leads me by the hand;
One tho't dis - pels all sad - ness— I to my Lord be - long.
My haunt-ing fears he ban-ished, I walk in ec - sta - sy.
My Lord will ne'er for - get me, I trust his prom - ise plain.
He heeds my plea so hum-ble, And in his strength I stand.
Chorus.
For there's pow'r there's power in Je - sus' blood! Pow'r there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood!
1 2
Pow'r there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood to make me whole. whole.

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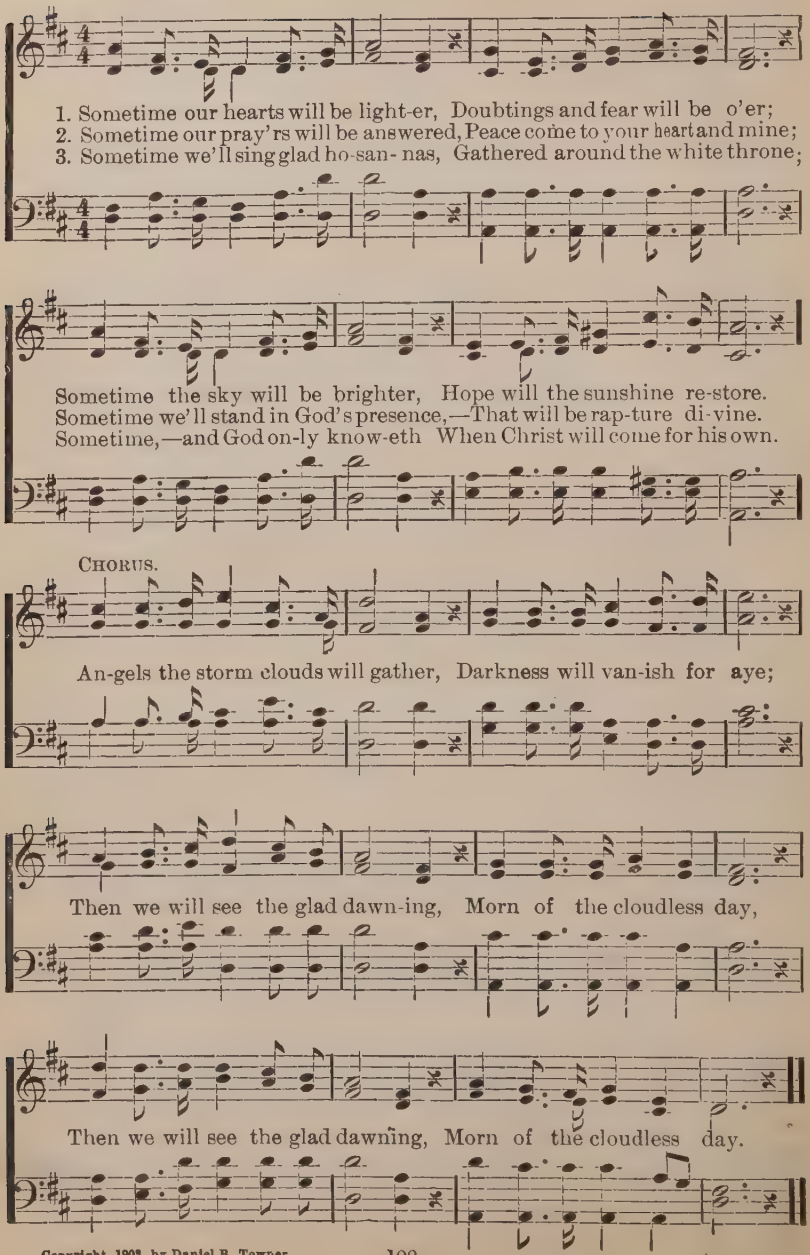
106. The Cloudless Day.

LAURA M. WINSLOW. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sometime our hearts will be light-er, Doubtings and fear will be o'er;
2. Sometime our pray'rs will be answered, Peace come to your heart and mine;
3. Sometime we'll sing glad ho-san- nas, Gathered around the white throne;
Sometime the sky will be brighter, Hope will the sunshine re-store.
Sometime we'll stand in God's presence,—That will be rap-ture di-vine.
Sometime,—and God on-ly know-eth When Christ will come for his own.
CHORUS.
An-gels the storm clouds will gather, Darkness will van-ish for aye;
Then we will see the glad dawn-ing, Morn of the cloudless day,
Then we will see the glad dawning, Morn of the cloudless day.

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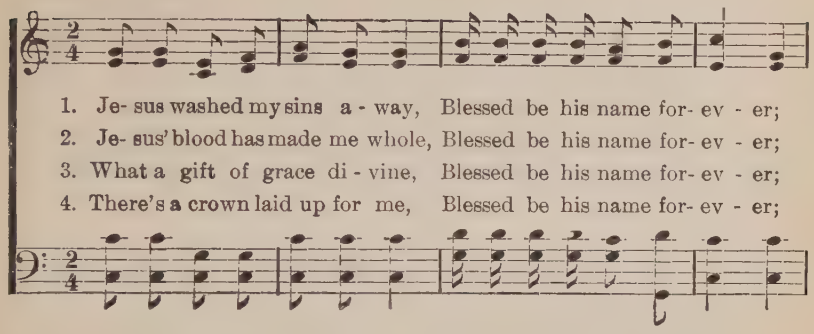
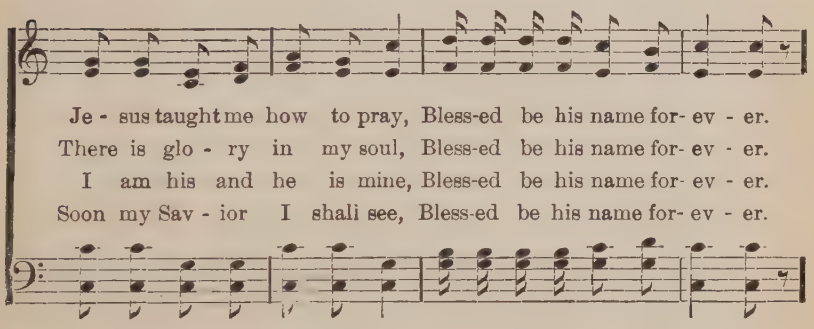
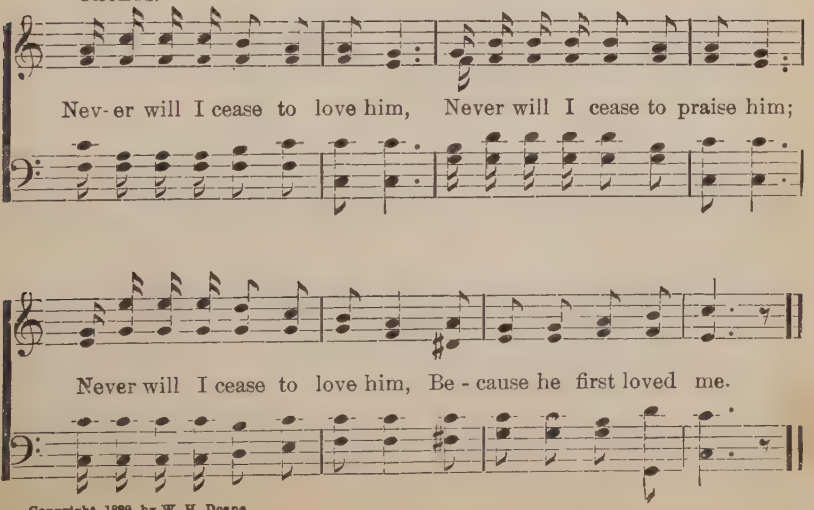
107. Never Will I Cease to Love Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Je- sus washed my sins a - way, Blessed be his name for- ev - er;
2. Je- sus' blood has made me whole, Blessed be his name for- ev - er;
3. What a gift of grace di - vine, Blessed be his name for- ev - er;
4. There's a crown laid up for me, Blessed be his name for- ev - er;


Je - sus taught me how to pray, Bless-ed be his name for- ev - er.
There is glo - ry in my soul, Bless-ed be his name for- ev - er.
I am his and he is mine, Bless-ed be his name for- ev - er.
Soon my Sav - ior I shall see, Bless-ed be his name for- ev - er.

CHORUS.



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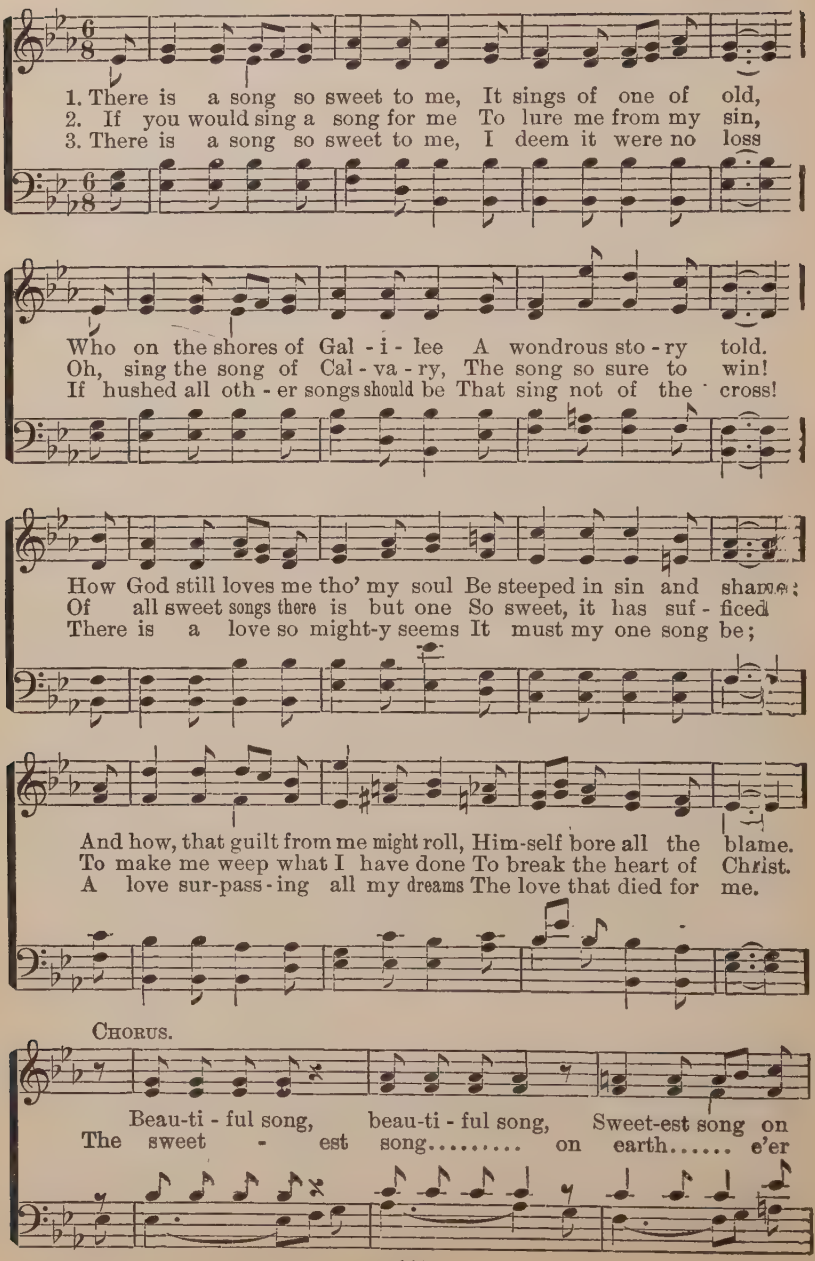
108. The Sweetest Song.

LOUIS M. WATERMAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. There is a song so sweet to me, It sings of one of old,
2. If you would sing a song for me To lure me from my sin,
3. There is a song so sweet to me, I deem it were no loss
Who on the shores of Gal - i - lee A wondrous sto - ry told.
Oh, sing the song of Cal - va - ry, The song so sure to win!
If hushed all oth - er songs should be That sing not of the cross!
How God still loves me tho' my soul Be steeped in sin and shame;
Of all sweet songs there is but one So sweet, it has suf - ficed
There is a love so might-y seems It must my one song be;
And how, that guilt from me might roll, Him-self bore all the blame.
To make me weep what I have done To break the heart of Christ.
A love sur-pass - ing all my dreams The love that died for me.
CHORUS.
Beau-ti - ful song, beau-ti - ful song, Sweet-est song on
The sweet - est song..... on earth..... e'er

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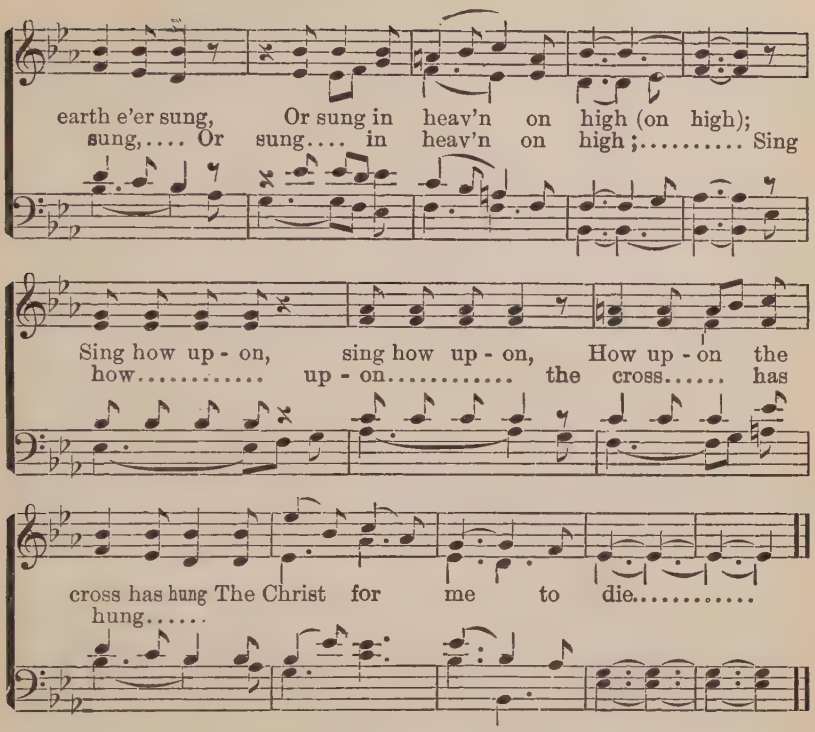
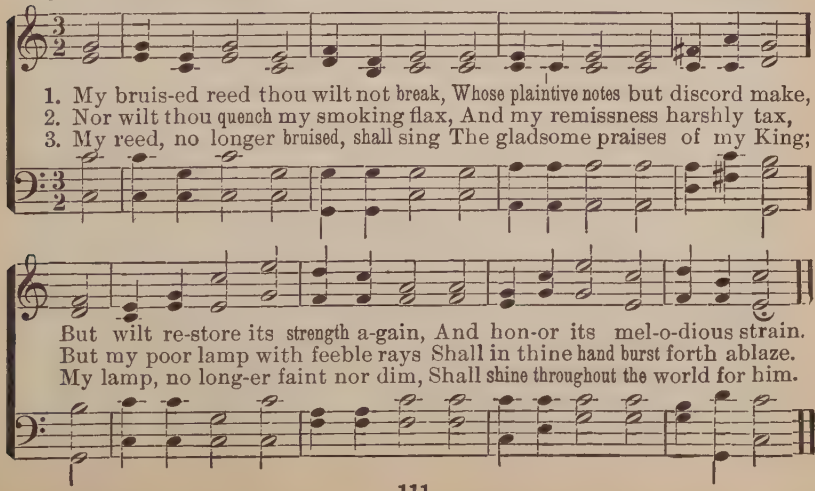
The Sweetest Song. Concluded.


earth e'er sung, Or sung in heav'n on high (on high);
sung,.... Or sung.... in heav'n on high;..... Sing
Sing how up - on, sing how up - on, How up - on the
how..... up - on..... the cross..... has
cross has hung The Christ for me to die.....
hung.....

109. My Bruised Reed.

DR. LANSING BURROWS. E. O. SELLERS.


1. My bruis-ed reed thou wilt not break, Whose plaintive notes but discord make,
2. Nor wilt thou quench my smoking flax, And my remissness harshly tax,
3. My reed, no longer bruised, shall sing The gladsome praises of my King;
But wilt re-store its strength a-gain, And hon-or its mel-o-dious strain.
But my poor lamp with feeble rays Shall in thine hand burst forth ablaze.
My lamp, no long-er faint nor dim, Shall shine throughout the world for him.

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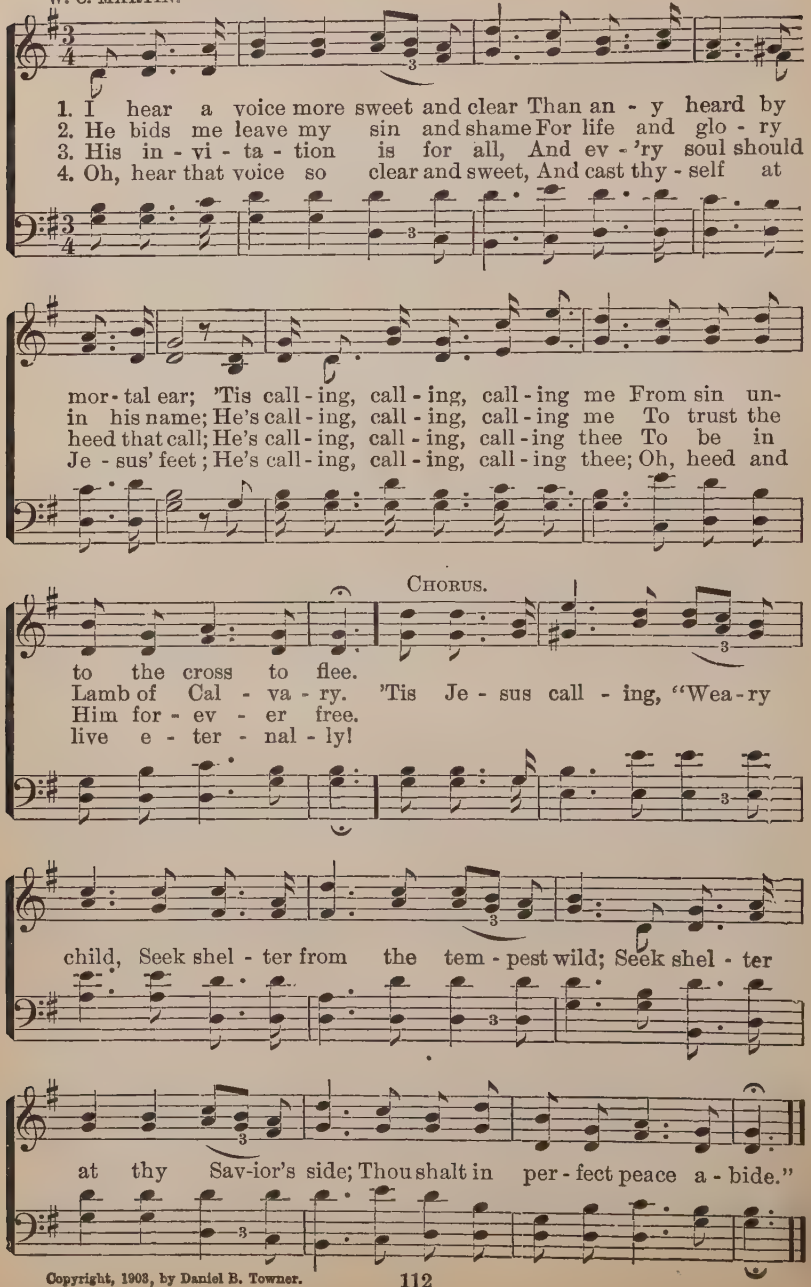
110. Shelter At the Savior's Feet.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. I hear a voice more sweet and clear Than an - y heard by
2. He bids me leave my sin and shame For life and glo - ry
3. His in - vi - ta - tion is for all, And ev - 'ry soul should
4. Oh, hear that voice so clear and sweet, And cast thy - self at
mor - tal ear; 'Tis call - ing, call - ing, call - ing me From sin un-
in his name; He's call - ing, call - ing, call - ing me To trust the
heed that call; He's call - ing, call - ing, call - ing thee To be in
Je - sus' feet; He's call - ing, call - ing, call - ing thee; Oh, heed and
CHORUS.
to the cross to flee.
Lamb of Cal - va - ry. 'Tis Je - sus call - ing, "Wea - ry
Him for - ev - er free.
live e - ter - nal - ly!
child, Seek shel - ter from the tem - pest wild; Seek shel - ter
at thy Sav-ior's side; Thou shalt in per - fect peace a - bide."

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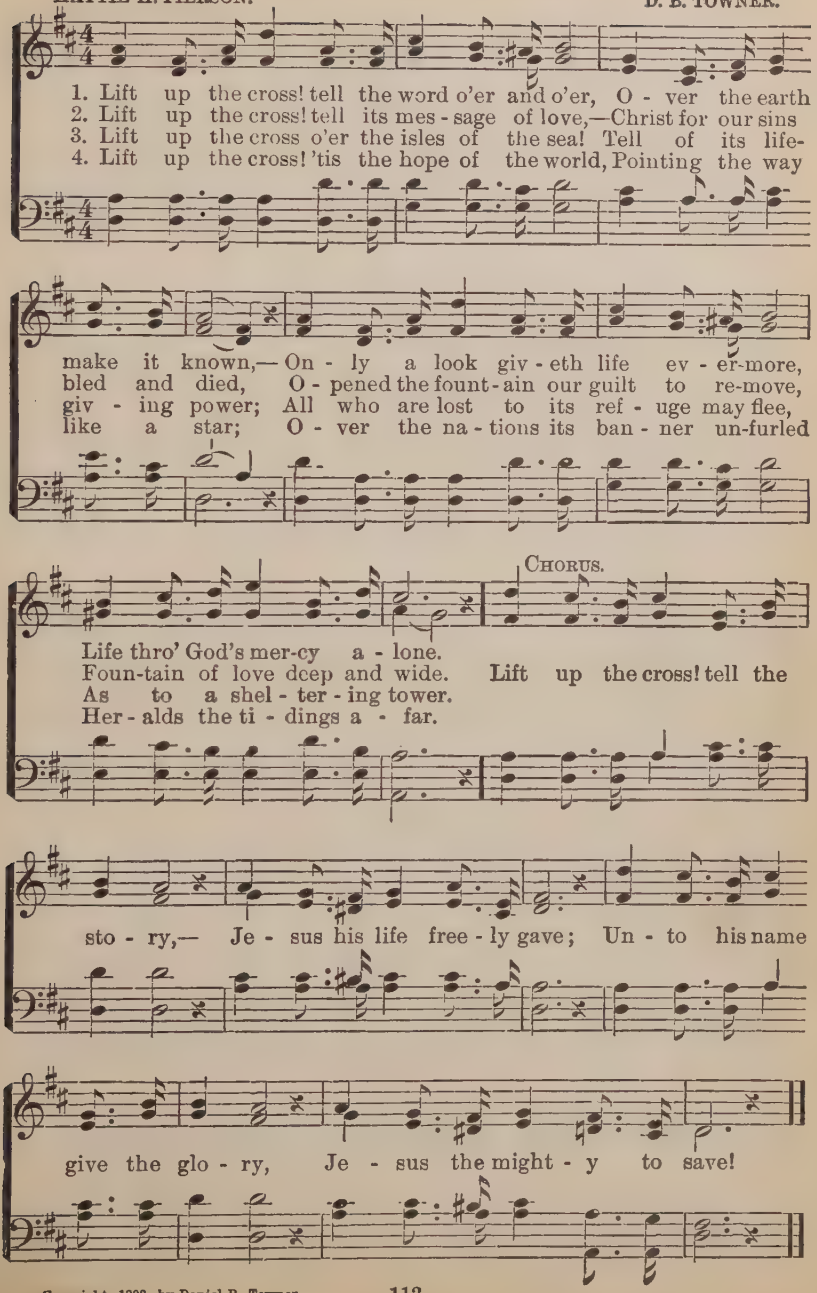
111. Lift Up the Cross.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift up the cross! tell the word o'er and o'er, O - ver the earth
2. Lift up the cross! tell its mes - sage of love,—Christ for our sins
3. Lift up the cross o'er the isles of the sea! Tell of its life-
4. Lift up the cross! 'tis the hope of the world, Pointing the way
make it known,— On - ly a look giv - eth life ev - er-more,
bled and died, O - pened the fount - ain our guilt to re-move,
giv - ing power; All who are lost to its ref - uge may flee,
like a star; O - ver the na - tions its ban - ner un-furled
CHORUS.
Life thro' God's mer-cy a - lone.
Foun-tain of love deep and wide. Lift up the cross! tell the
As to a shel - ter - ing tower.
Her - alds the ti - dings a - far.
sto - ry,— Je - sus his life free - ly gave; Un - to his name
give the glo - ry, Je - sus the might - y to save!

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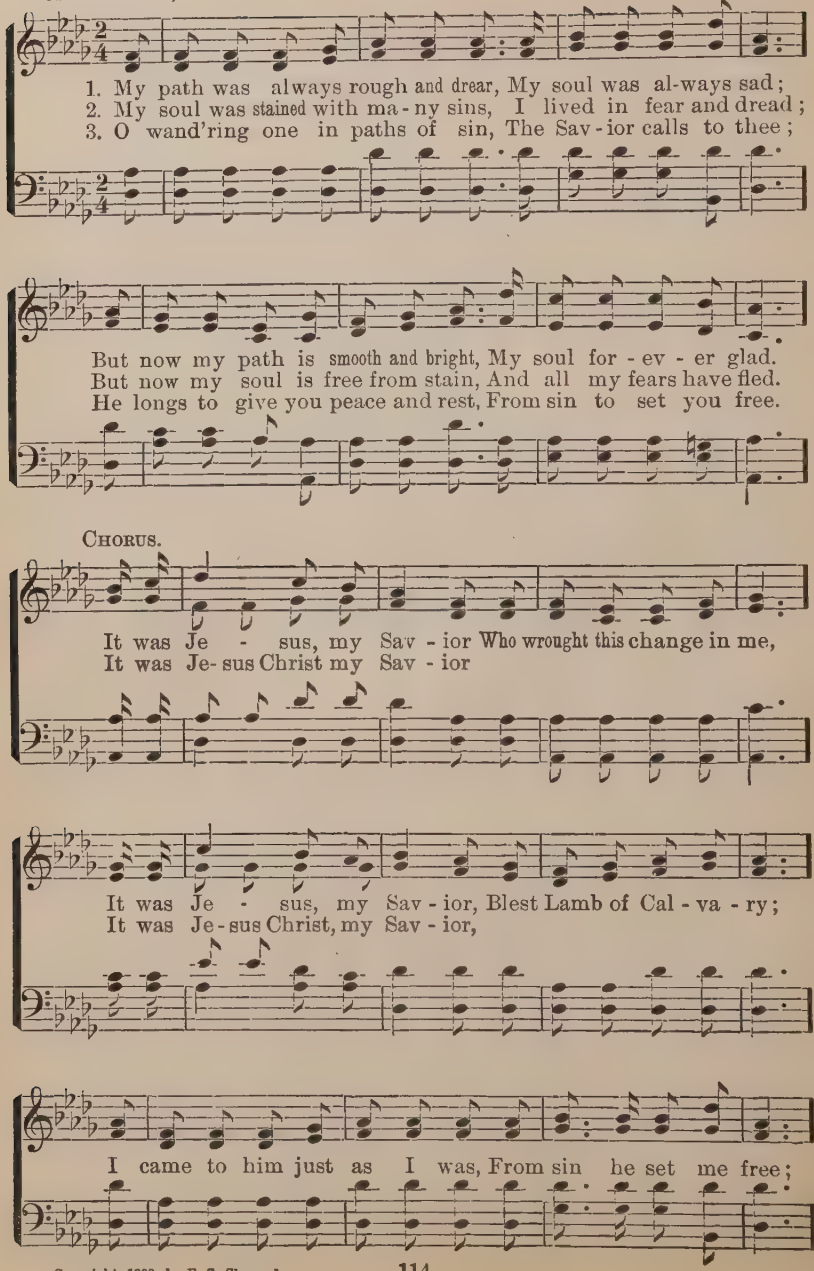
112. It Was Jesus.

JAMES ROWE, Alt. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. My path was always rough and drear, My soul was al-ways sad;
2. My soul was stained with ma-ny sins, I lived in fear and dread;
3. O wand'ring one in paths of sin, The Sav-ior calls to thee;
But now my path is smooth and bright, My soul for-ev-er glad.
But now my soul is free from stain, And all my fears have fled.
He longs to give you peace and rest, From sin to set you free.
CHORUS.
It was Je-sus, my Sav-ior Who wrought this change in me,
It was Je-sus Christ my Sav-ior
It was Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Blest Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
It was Je-sus Christ, my Sav-ior,
I came to him just as I was, From sin he set me free;

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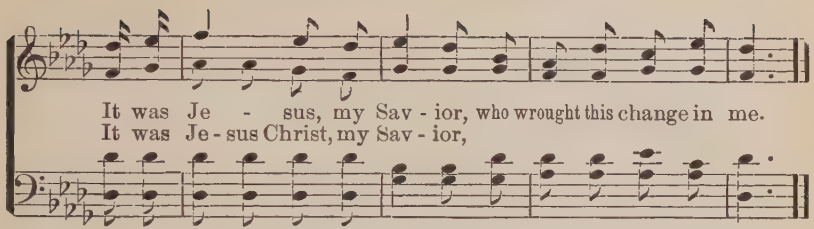
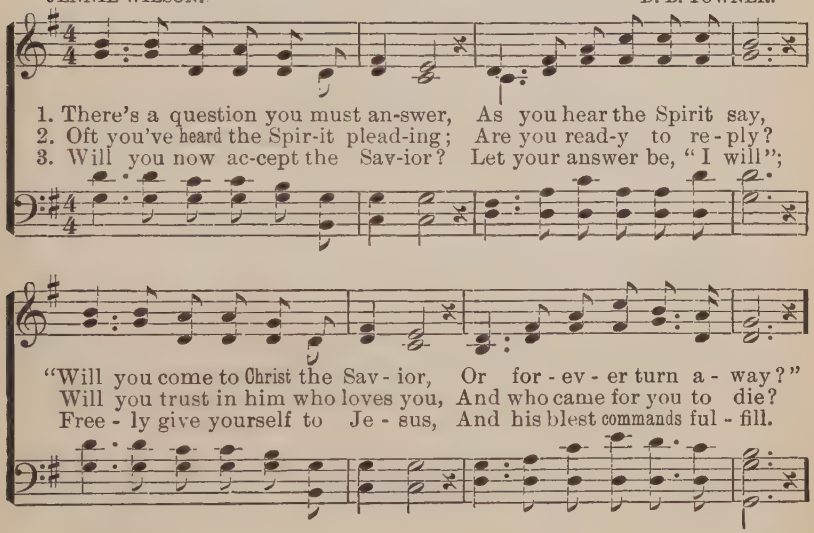
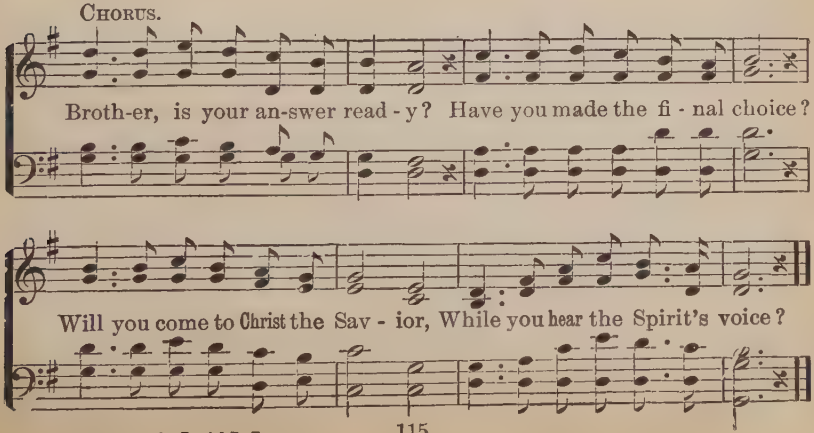


113. Is Your Answer Ready?

JENNIE WILSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. There's a question you must an-swer, As you hear the Spirit say,
2. Oft you've heard the Spir-it plead-ing; Are you read-y to re-ply?
3. Will you now ac-cept the Sav-ior? Let your answer be, "I will";
"Will you come to Christ the Sav - ior, Or for - ev - er turn a - way?"
Will you trust in him who loves you, And who came for you to die?
Free - ly give yourself to Je - sus, And his blest commands ful - fill.


CHORUS.
Broth-er, is your an-swer read - y? Have you made the fi - nal choice?
Will you come to Christ the Sav - ior, While you hear the Spirit's voice?

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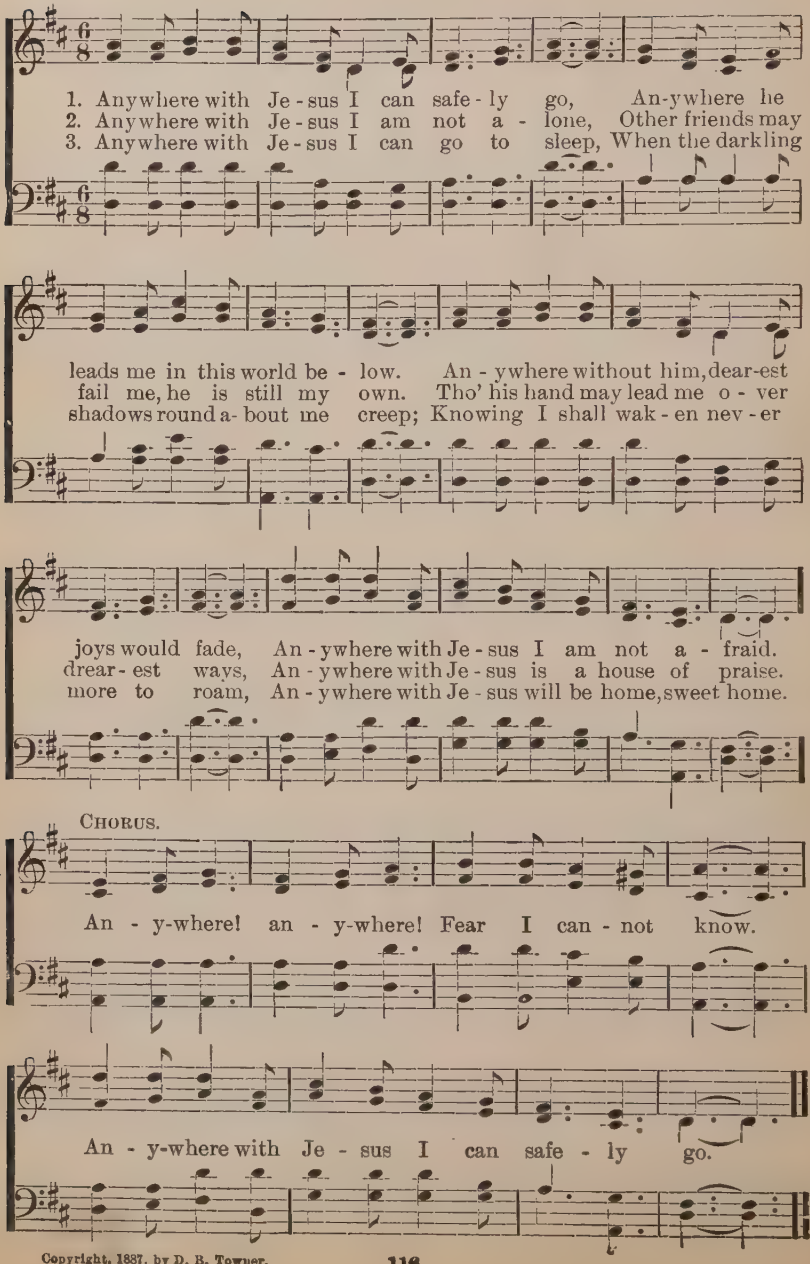
114. Anywhere with Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Anywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An-ywhere he
2. Anywhere with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may
3. Anywhere with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling
leads me in this world be - low. An - ywhere without him, dear-est
fail me, he is still my own. Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver
shadows round a- bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak - en nev - er
joys would fade, An - ywhere with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
drear - est ways, An - ywhere with Je - sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An - ywhere with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know.
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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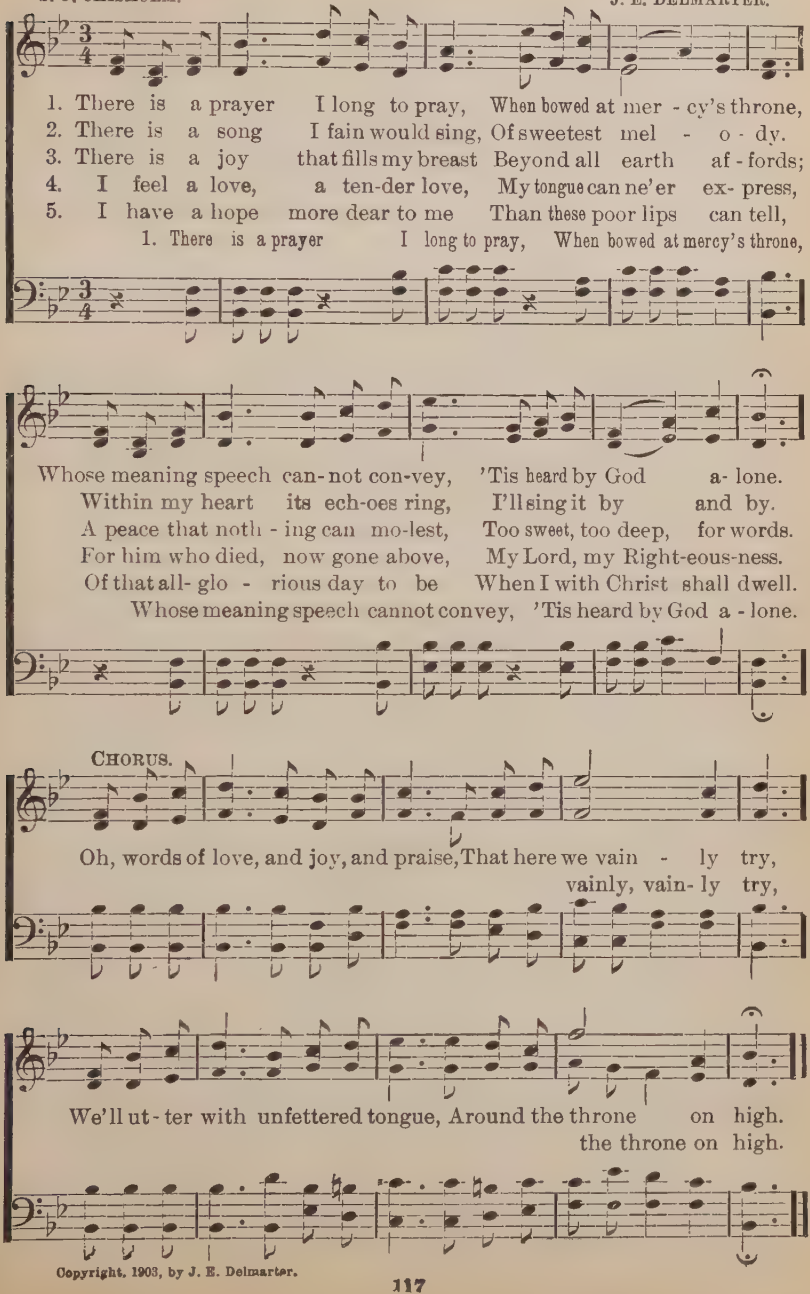
115. Oh, Words of Love, and Joy, and Praise.

T. O. CHISHOLM. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. There is a prayer I long to pray, When bowed at mer - cy's throne,
2. There is a song I fain would sing, Of sweetest mel - o - dy.
3. There is a joy that fills my breast Beyond all earth af - fords;
4. I feel a love, a ten-der love, My tongue can ne'er ex- press,
5. I have a hope more dear to me Than these poor lips can tell,
1. There is a prayer I long to pray, When bowed at mercy's throne,
Whose meaning speech can- not con-vey, 'Tis heard by God a- lone.
Within my heart its ech-oes ring, I'll sing it by and by.
A peace that noth - ing can mo-lest, Too sweet, too deep, for words.
For him who died, now gone above, My Lord, my Right-eous-ness.
Of that all- glo - rious day to be When I with Christ shall dwell.
Whose meaning speech cannot convey, 'Tis heard by God a - lone.
CHORUS.
Oh, words of love, and joy, and praise, That here we vain - ly try,
vainly, vain- ly try,
We'll ut - ter with unfettered tongue, Around the throne on high.
the throne on high.

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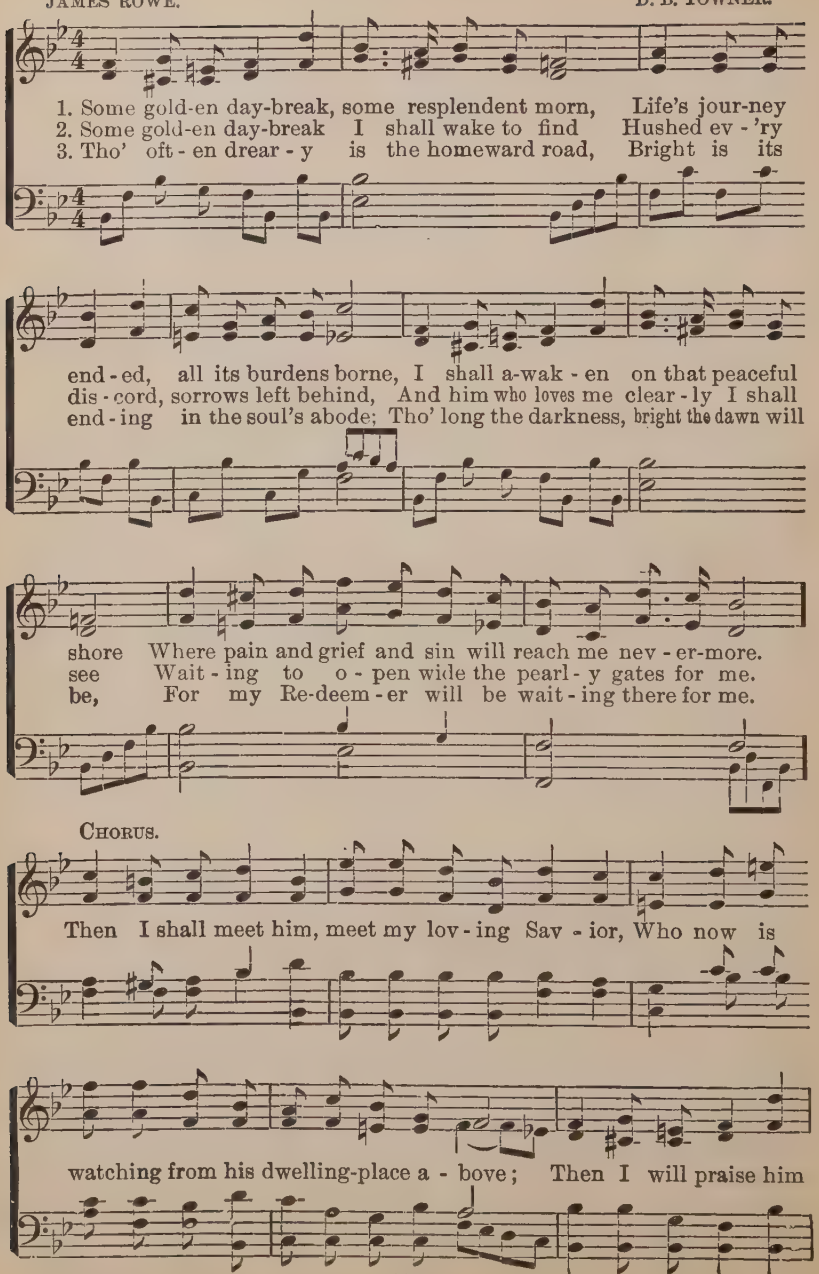
His Matchless Love.

JAMES ROWE. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Some gold-en day-break, some resplendent morn, Life's jour-ney
2. Some gold-en day-break I shall wake to find Hushed ev - 'ry
3. Tho' oft - en drear - y is the homeward road, Bright is its
end - ed, all its burdens borne, I shall a-wak - en on that peaceful
dis - cord, sorrows left behind, And him who loves me clear - ly I shall
end - ing in the soul's abode; Tho' long the darkness, bright the dawn will
shore Where pain and grief and sin will reach me nev - er-more.
see Wait - ing to o - pen wide the pearl - y gates for me.
be, For my Re-deem - er will be wait - ing there for me.
CHORUS.
Then I shall meet him, meet my lov - ing Sav - ior, Who now is
watching from his dwelling-place a - bove; Then I will praise him

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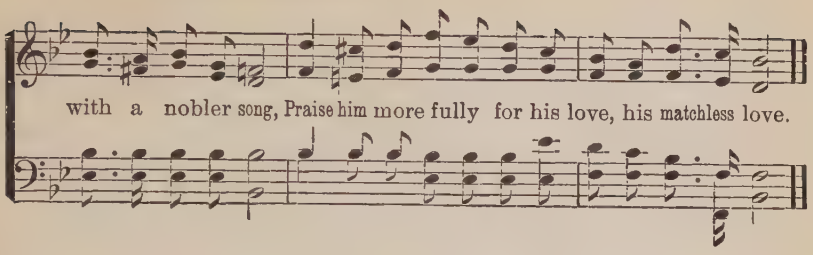
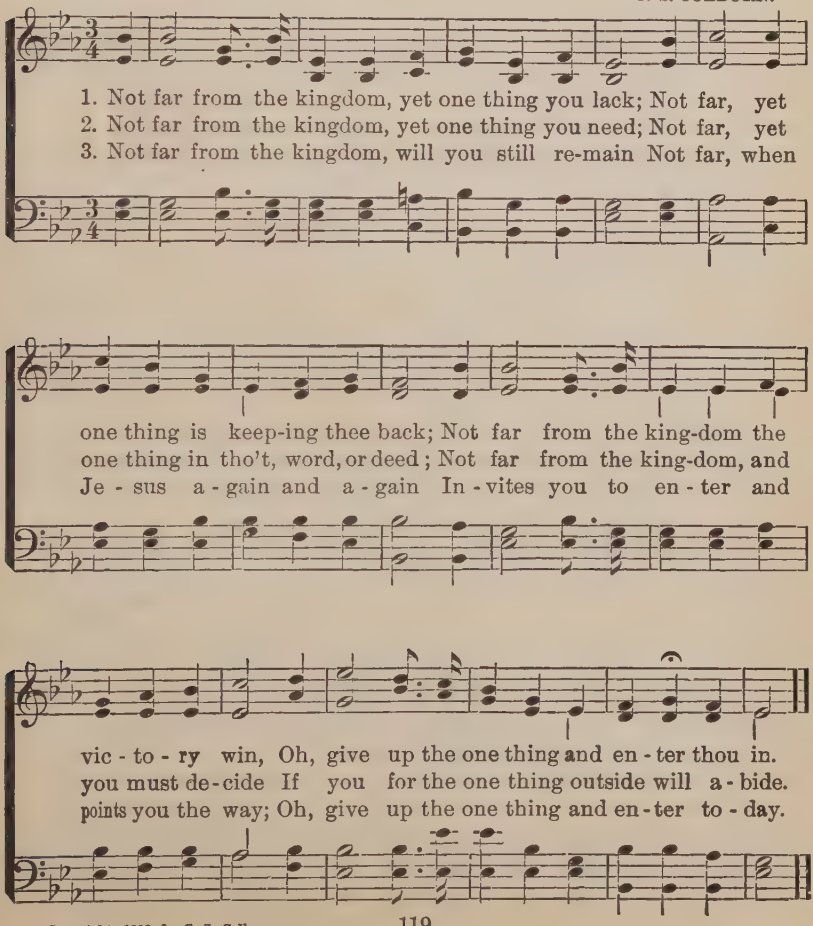


117. Not Far From the Kingdom.

CARY. C. S. COLBURN.


1. Not far from the kingdom, yet one thing you lack; Not far, yet
2. Not far from the kingdom, yet one thing you need; Not far, yet
3. Not far from the kingdom, will you still re-main Not far, when
one thing is keep-ing thee back; Not far from the king-dom the
one thing in tho't, word, or deed; Not far from the king-dom, and
Je - sus a - gain and a - gain In - vites you to en - ter and
vic - to - ry win, Oh, give up the one thing and en - ter thou in.
you must de - cide If you for the one thing outside will a - bide.
points you the way; Oh, give up the one thing and en - ter to - day.

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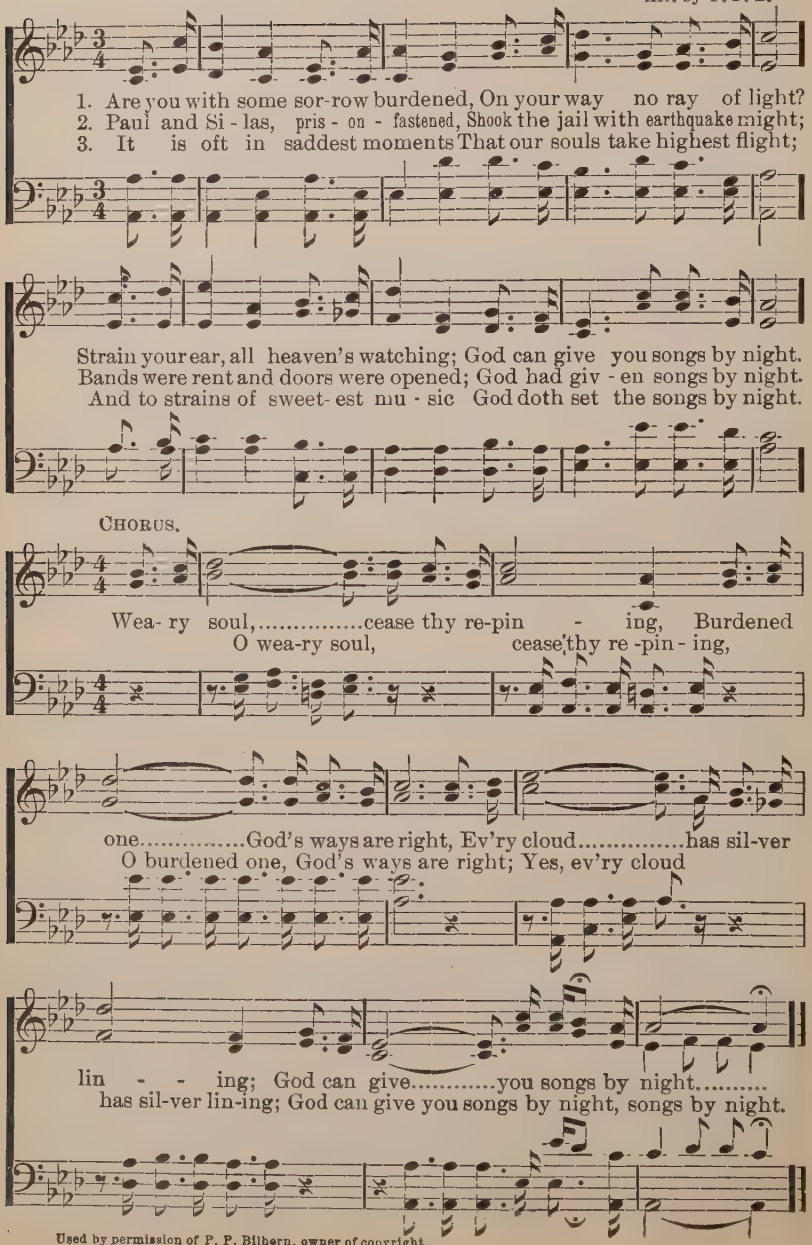
118. Songs by Night.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.


1. Are you with some sor-row burdened, On your way no ray of light?
2. Paul and Si - las, pris - on - fastened, Shook the jail with earthquake might;
3. It is oft in saddest moments That our souls take highest flight;
Strain your ear, all heaven's watching; God can give you songs by night.
Bands were rent and doors were opened; God had giv - en songs by night.
And to strains of sweet- est mu - sic God doth set the songs by night.
CHORUS.
Wea- ry soul,.....cease thy re-pin - ing, Burdened
O wea-ry soul, cease thy re -pin - ing,
one.....God's ways are right, Ev'ry cloud.....has sil-ver
O burdened one, God's ways are right; Yes, ev'ry cloud
lin - - ing; God can give.....you songs by night.....
has sil-ver lin-ing; God can give you songs by night, songs by night.

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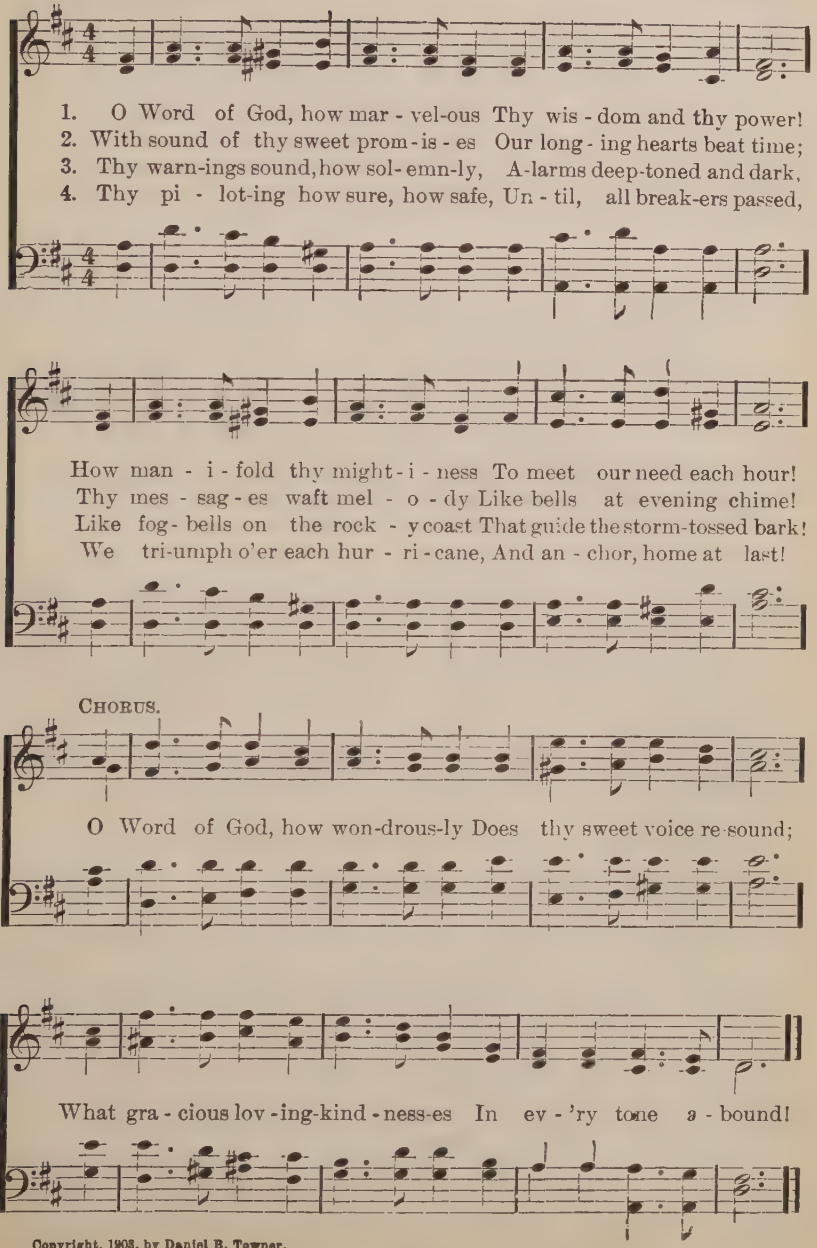
119. O Word of God.

LOUIS M. WATERMAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. O Word of God, how mar - vel-ous Thy wis - dom and thy power!
2. With sound of thy sweet prom - is - es Our long - ing hearts beat time;
3. Thy warn-ings sound, how sol- emn-ly, A-larms deep-toned and dark,
4. Thy pi - lot-ing how sure, how safe, Un - til, all break-ers passed,
How man - i - fold thy might - i - ness To meet our need each hour!
Thy mes - sag - es waft mel - o - dy Like bells at evening chime!
Like fog - bells on the rock - y coast That guide the storm-tossed bark!
We tri-umph o'er each hur - ri - cane, And an - chor, home at last!
CHORUS.
O Word of God, how won-drous-ly Does thy sweet voice re-sound;
What gra - cious lov - ing-kind - ness-es In ev - 'ry tone a - bound!

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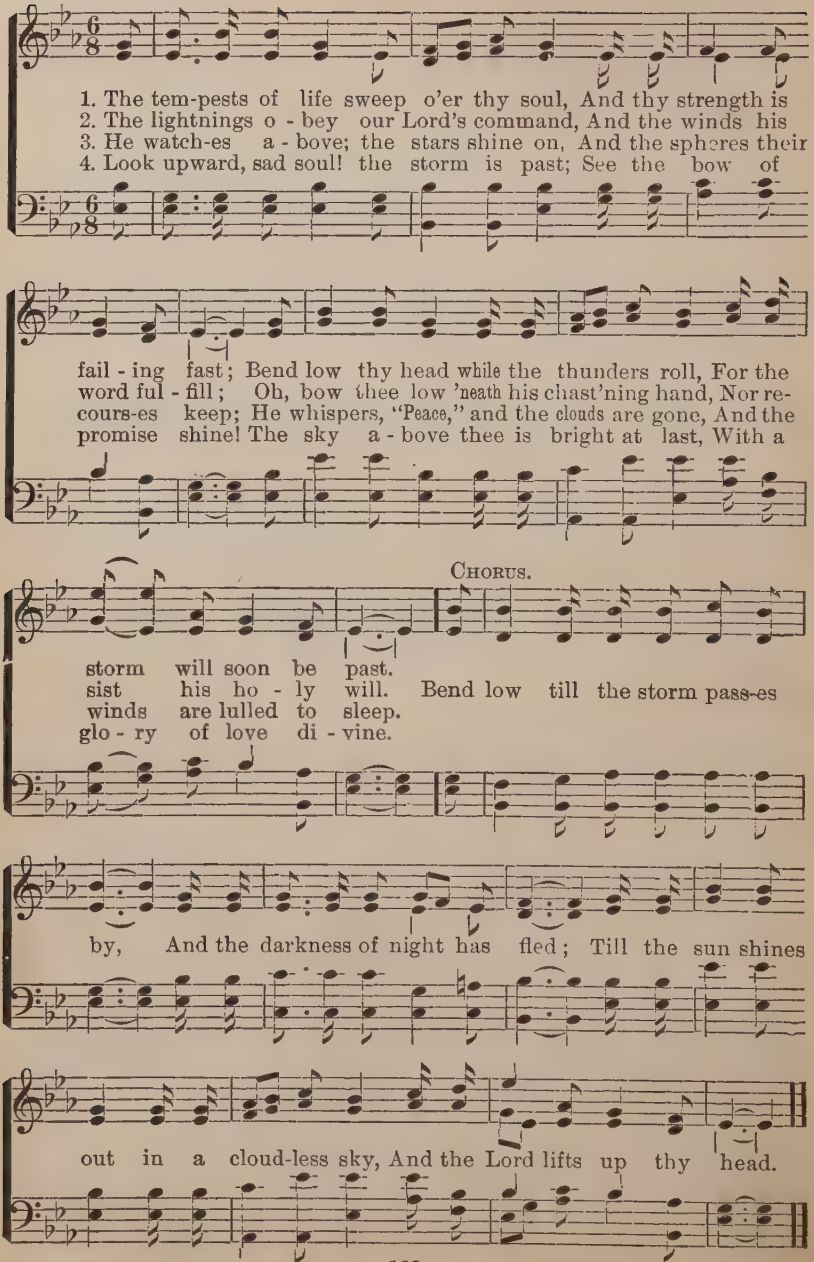
120. Bend Low.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The tem-pests of life sweep o'er thy soul, And thy strength is
2. The lightnings o - bey our Lord's command, And the winds his
3. He watch-es a - bove; the stars shine on, And the spheres their
4. Look upward, sad soul! the storm is past; See the bow of
fail - ing fast; Bend low thy head while the thunders roll, For the
word ful - fill; Oh, bow thee low 'neath his chast'ning hand, Nor re-
cours-es keep; He whispers, "Peace," and the clouds are gone, And the
promise shine! The sky a - bove thee is bright at last, With a
CHORUS.
storm will soon be past.
sist his ho - ly will. Bend low till the storm pass-es
winds are lulled to sleep.
glo - ry of love di - vine.
by, And the darkness of night has fled; Till the sun shines
out in a cloud-less sky, And the Lord lifts up thy head.

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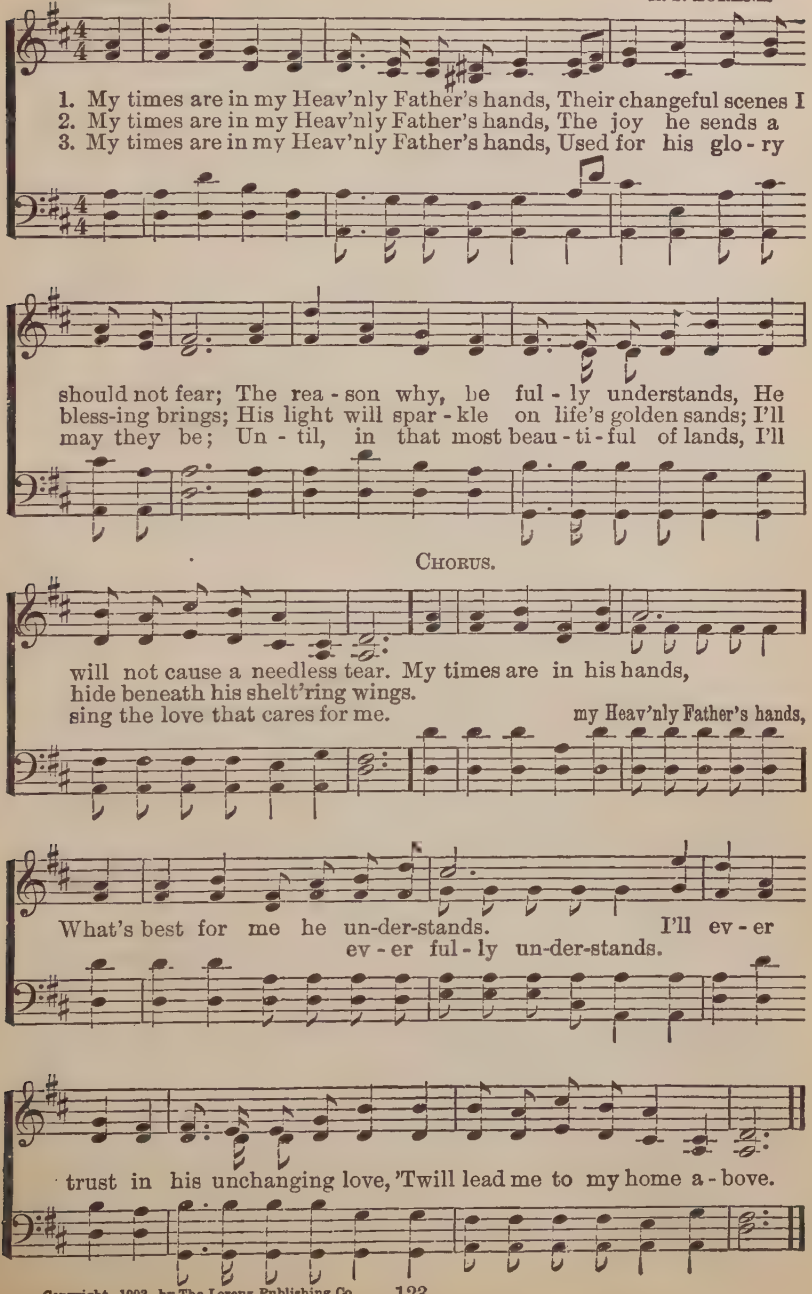
121. My Times are in His Hands.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.


1. My times are in my Heav'nly Father's hands, Their changeful scenes I
2. My times are in my Heav'nly Father's hands, The joy he sends a
3. My times are in my Heav'nly Father's hands, Used for his glo - ry
should not fear; The rea - son why, be ful - ly understands, He
bless-ing brings; His light will spar - kle on life's golden sands; I'll
may they be; Un - til, in that most beau - ti - ful of lands, I'll
CHORUS.
will not cause a needless tear. My times are in his hands,
hide beneath his shelt'ring wings.
sing the love that cares for me.
my Heav'nly Father's hands,
What's best for me he un-der-stands.
I'll ev - er
ev - er ful - ly un-der-stands.
trust in his unchanging love, 'Twill lead me to my home a - bove.

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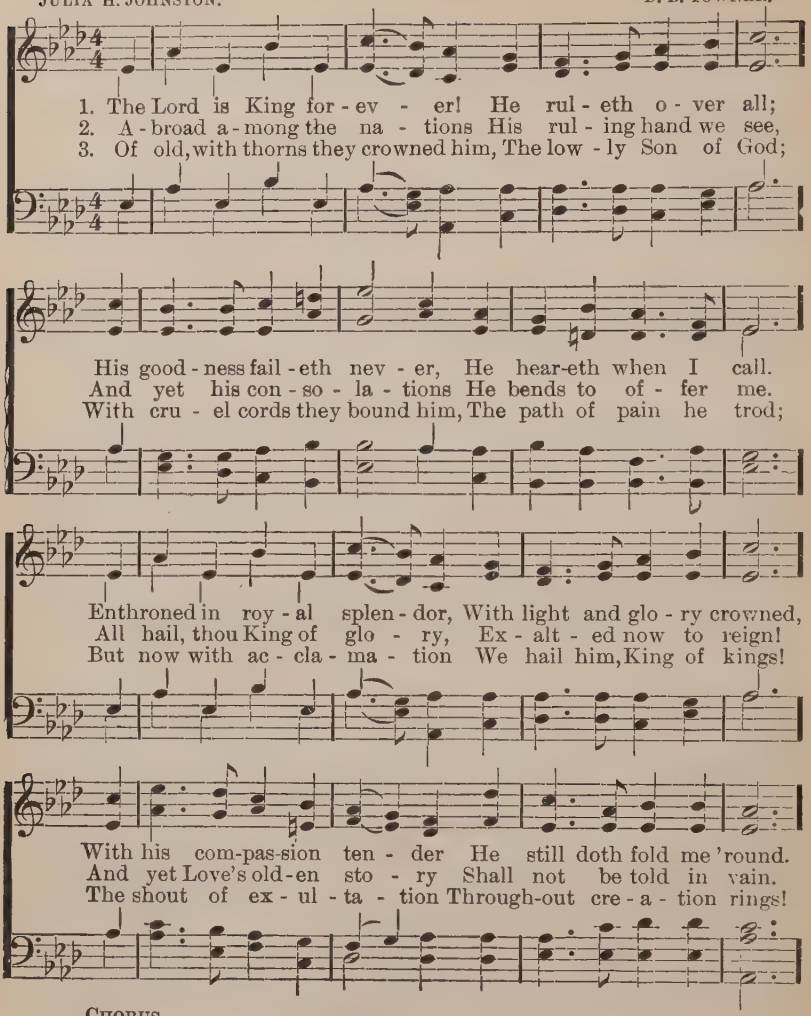
122. The Lord is King Forever!

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The Lord is King for-ev - er! He rul-eth o-ver all;
2. A-broad a-mong the na - tions His rul-ing hand we see,
3. Of old, with thorns they crowned him, The low-ly Son of God;
His good-ness fail-eth nev - er, He hear-eth when I call.
And yet his con-so-la-tions He bends to of - fer me.
With cru - el cords they bound him, The path of pain he trod;
Enthroned in roy-al splen-dor, With light and glo-ry crowned,
All hail, thou King of glo - ry, Ex-alt-ed now to reign!
But now with ac-cla-ma-tion We hail him, King of kings!
With his com-pas-sion ten-der He still doth fold me 'round.
And yet Love's old-en sto - ry Shall not be told in vain.
The shout of ex-ul-ta-tion Through-out cre-a-tion rings!
CHORUS.
The Lord is King, is King, is King for-
The Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King
is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King

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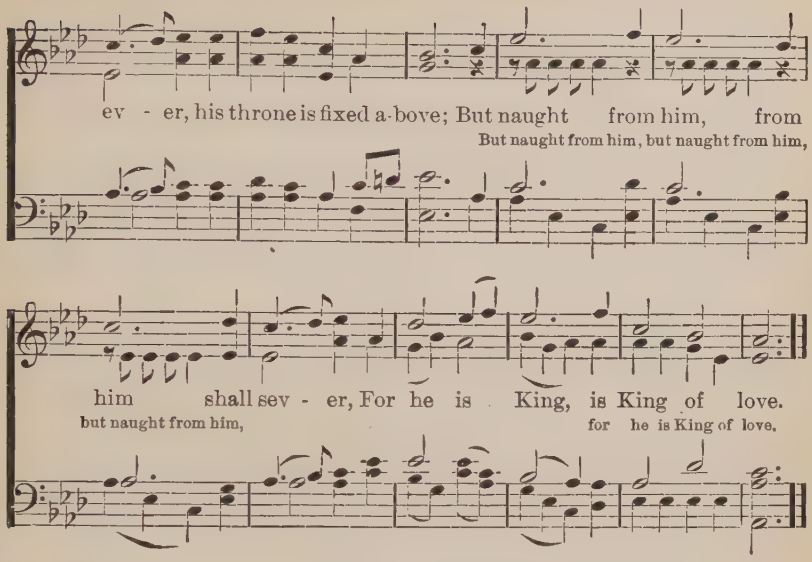
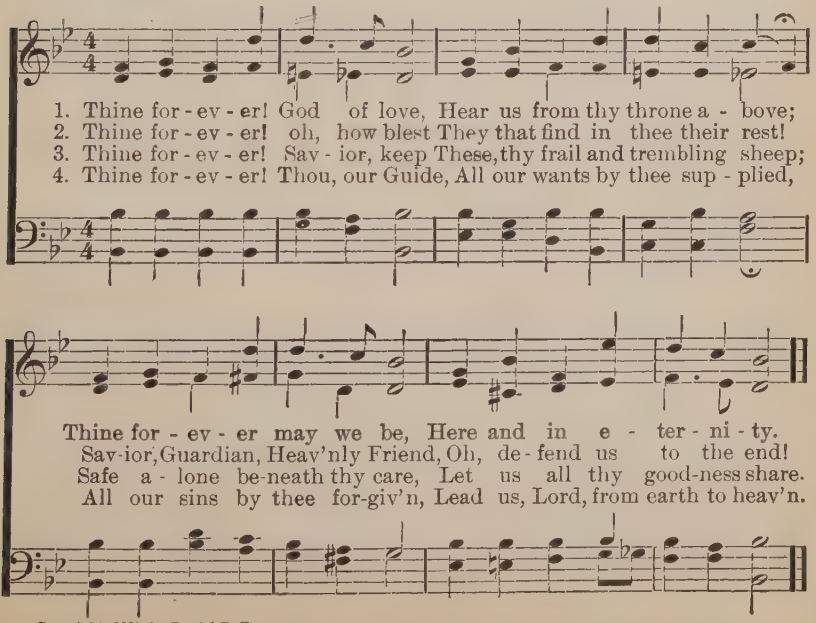
The Lord is King Forever! Concluded.


ev - er, his throne is fixed a-bove; But naught from him, from
But naught from him, but naught from him,
him shall sev - er, For he is King, is King of love.
but naught from him,
for he is King of love.

123. Thine Forever!

MARY F. MAUDE. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for - ev - er! oh, how blest They that find in thee their rest!
3. Thine for - ev - er! Sav - ior, keep These, thy frail and trembling sheep;
4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou, our Guide, All our wants by thee sup - plied,
Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Sav-ior, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend, Oh, de - fend us to the end!
Safe a - lone be-neath thy care, Let us all thy good-ness share.
All our sins by thee for-giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

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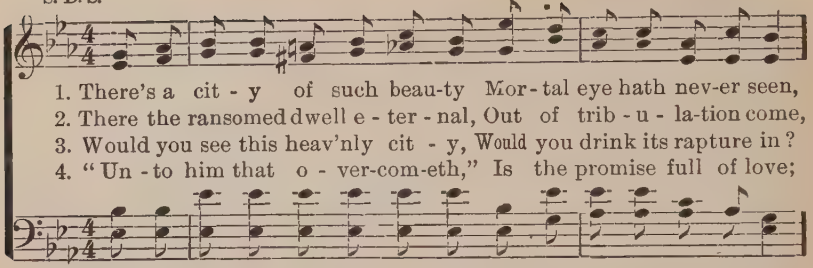
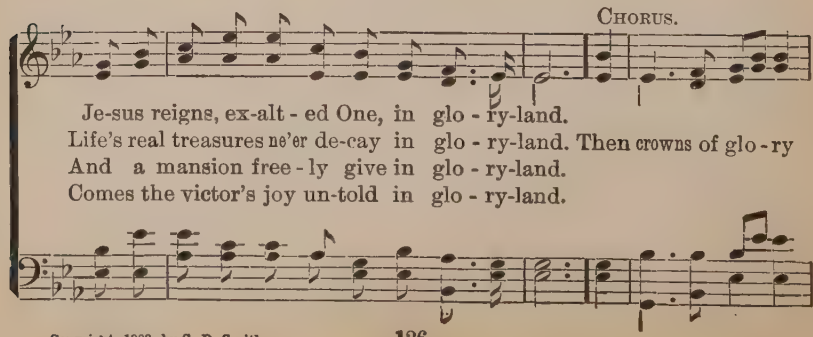
124. Glory-Land.

S. D. S. SAMUEL D. SMITH.


1. There's a cit - y of such beau-ty Mor - tal eye hath nev-er seen,
2. There the ransomed dwell e - ter - nal, Out of trib - u - la-tion come,
3. Would you see this heav'nly cit - y, Would you drink its rapture in?
4. "Un - to him that o - ver-com-eth," Is the promise full of love;
Filled with radiance bright-er than the noon-day sun (noon-day sun).
Undreamed mu - sic thrills the soul thro' end-less day (endless day).
There's a place pre-pared for all who will believe (will be-lieve).
Fi - ery tri - al in the fur-nace proves the gold (proves the gold).
Streets of gold and streams of crys-tal, Trees of ev - er - liv-ing green,
Hope so dear and as - pi - rations Down on earth there freely bloom,
Je - sus earn - est - ly in-vites you, He will guide you, cleanse your sin,
Aft - er conquest in life's conflict Faith sustained by grace a - bove,

CHORUS.


Je-sus reigns, ex-alt - ed One, in glo - ry-land.
Life's real treasures ne'er de-cay in glo - ry-land. Then crowns of glo - ry
And a mansion free - ly give in glo - ry-land.
Comes the victor's joy un-told in glo - ry-land.

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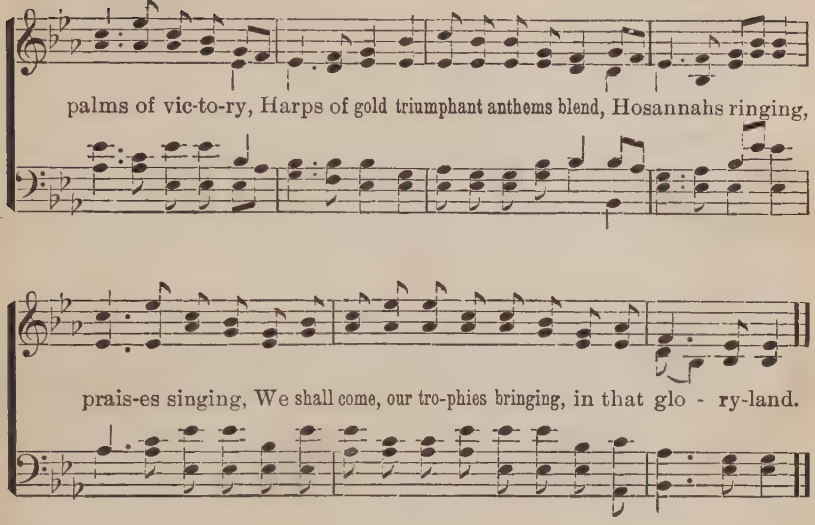
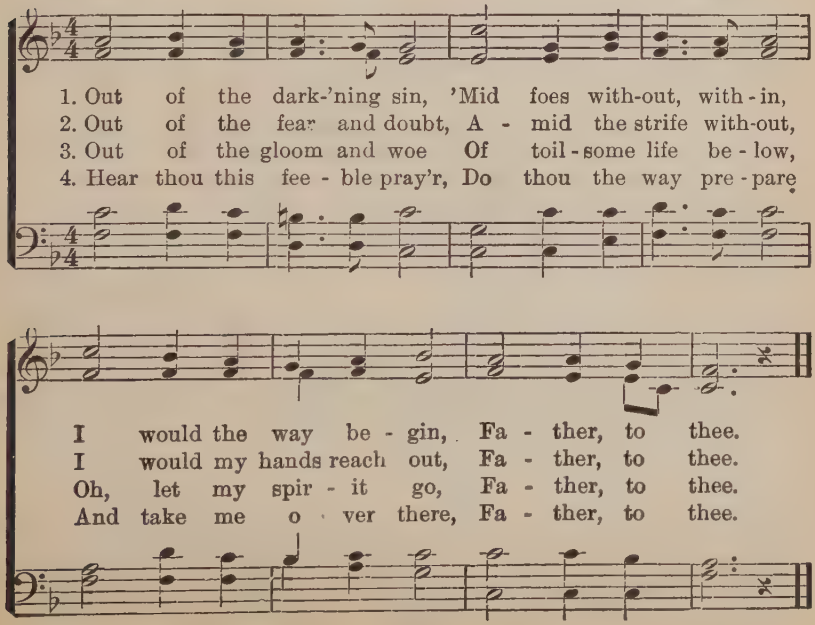
Glory-Land. Concluded.


palms of vic-to-ry, Harps of gold triumphant anthems blend, Hosannahs ringing,
prais-es singing, We shall come, our tro-phies bringing, in that glo - ry-land.

125. Father, to Thee.

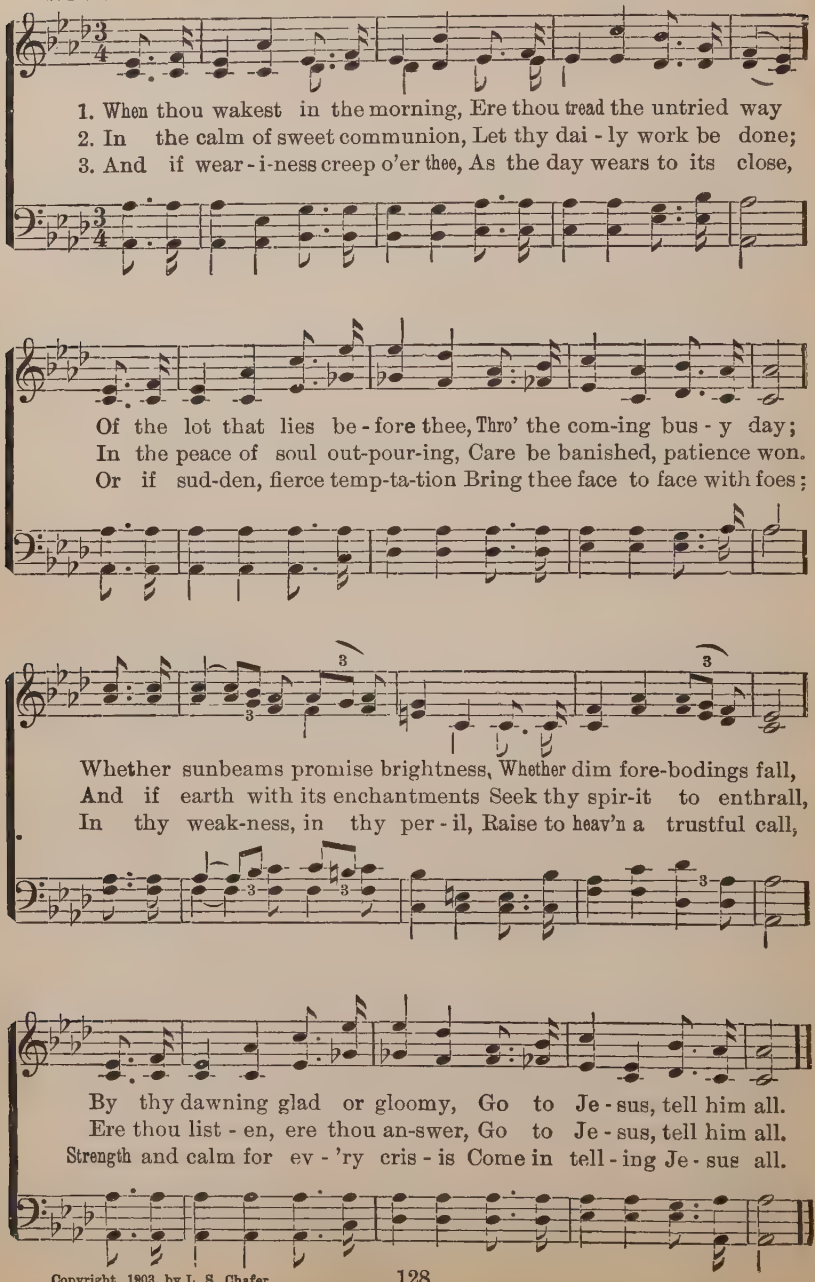
C. I. STACY. E. O. SELLERS.


1. Out of the dark-'ning sin, 'Mid foes with-out, with - in,
2. Out of the fear and doubt, A - mid the strife with-out,
3. Out of the gloom and woe Of toil - some life be - low,
4. Hear thou this fee - ble pray'r, Do thou the way pre - pare
I would the way be - gin, Fa - ther, to thee.
I would my hands reach out, Fa - ther, to thee.
Oh, let my spir - it go, Fa - ther, to thee.
And take me o - ver there, Fa - ther, to thee.

Copyright, 1903, by E. O. Sellers.

126. When Thou Wakest.

J. McC. MRS. L. S. CHAFER.


1. When thou wakest in the morning, Ere thou tread the untried way
2. In the calm of sweet communion, Let thy dai - ly work be done;
3. And if wear - i-ness creep o'er thee, As the day wears to its close,
Of the lot that lies be - fore thee, Thro' the com-ing bus - y day;
In the peace of soul out-pour-ing, Care be banished, patience won.
Or if sud-den, fierce temp-ta-tion Bring thee face to face with foes;
Whether sunbeams promise brightness, Whether dim fore-bodings fall,
And if earth with its enchantments Seek thy spir-it to enthrall,
In thy weak-ness, in thy per - il, Raise to heav'n a trustful call,
By thy dawning glad or gloomy, Go to Je - sus, tell him all.
Ere thou list - en, ere thou an-swer, Go to Je - sus, tell him all.
Strength and calm for ev - 'ry cris - is Come in tell - ing Je - sus all.

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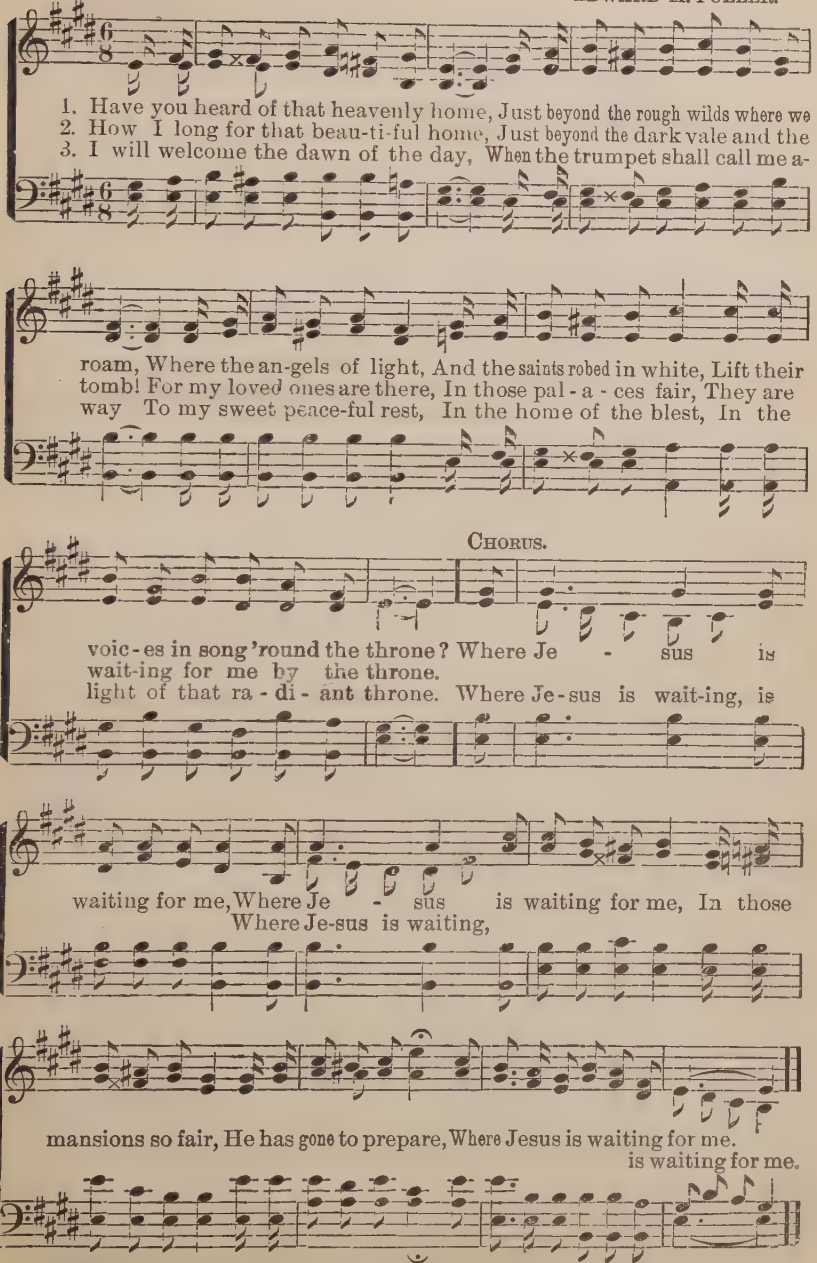
127.

Waiting for Me.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Have you heard of that heavenly home, Just beyond the rough wilds where we
2. How I long for that beau-ti-ful home, Just beyond the dark vale and the
3. I will welcome the dawn of the day, When the trumpet shall call me a-
roam, Where the an-gels of light, And the saints robed in white, Lift their
tomb! For my loved ones are there, In those pal - a - ces fair, They are
way To my sweet peace-ful rest, In the home of the blest, In the
CHORUS.
voic-es in song 'round the throne? Where Je - sus is
wait-ing for me by the throne.
light of that ra - di - ant throne. Where Je-sus is wait-ing, is
waiting for me, Where Je - sus is waiting for me, In those
Where Je-sus is waiting,
mansions so fair, He has gone to prepare, Where Jesus is waiting for me.
is waiting for me.

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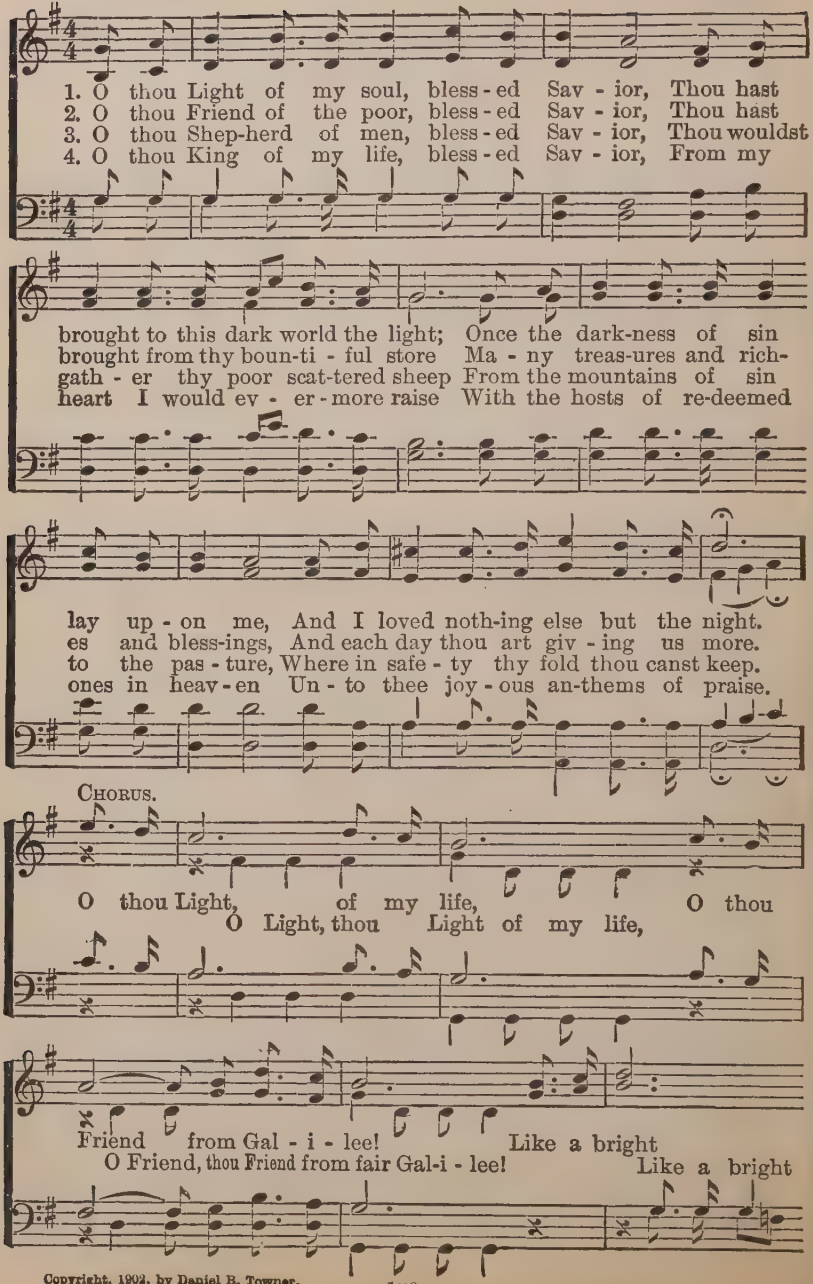
128. Light of My Life.

B. W. BURLEIGH. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O thou Light of my soul, bless-ed Sav-ior, Thou hast
2. O thou Friend of the poor, bless-ed Sav-ior, Thou hast
3. O thou Shep-herd of men, bless-ed Sav-ior, Thou wouldst
4. O thou King of my life, bless-ed Sav-ior, From my
brought to this dark world the light; Once the dark-ness of sin
brought from thy boun-ti-ful store Ma-ny treas-ures and rich-
gath-er thy poor scat-tered sheep From the mountains of sin
heart I would ev-er-more raise With the hosts of re-deemed
lay up-on me, And I loved noth-ing else but the night.
es and bless-ings, And each day thou art giv-ing us more.
to the pas-ture, Where in safe-ty thy fold thou canst keep.
ones in heav-en Un-to thee joy-ous an-thems of praise.
Chorus.
O thou Light, of my life, O thou
O Light, thou Light of my life,
Friend from Gal-i-lee! Like a bright
O Friend, thou Friend from fair Gal-i-lee! Like a bright

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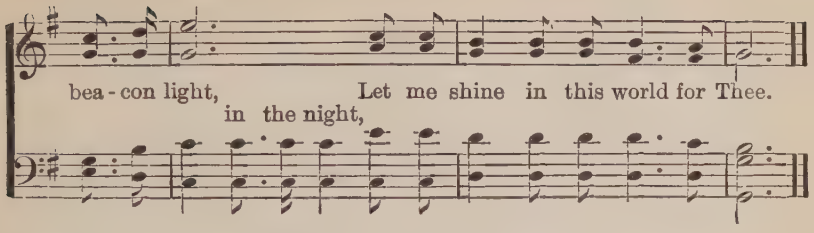
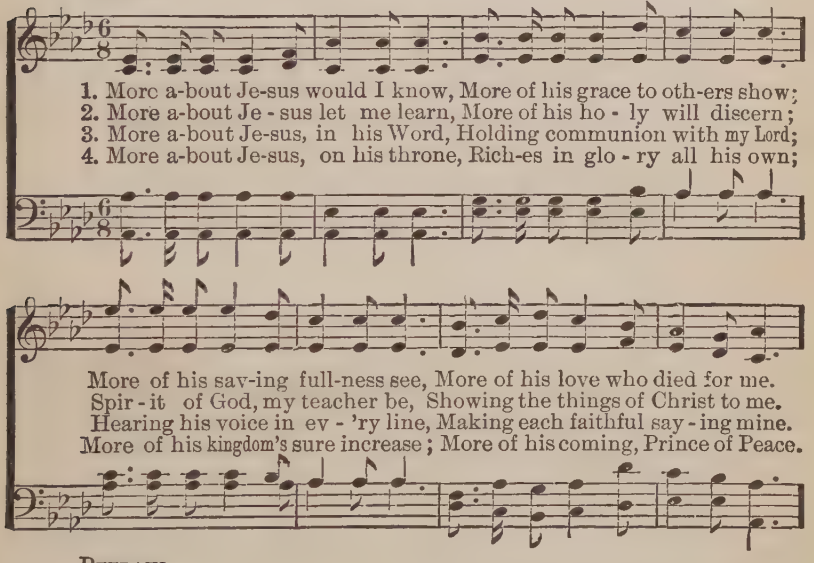
Light of My Life. Concluded.

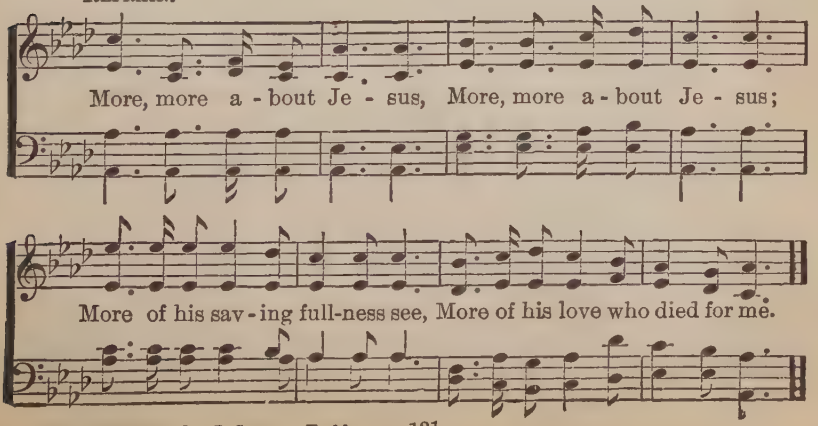


129. More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus, in his Word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus, on his throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all his own;
More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



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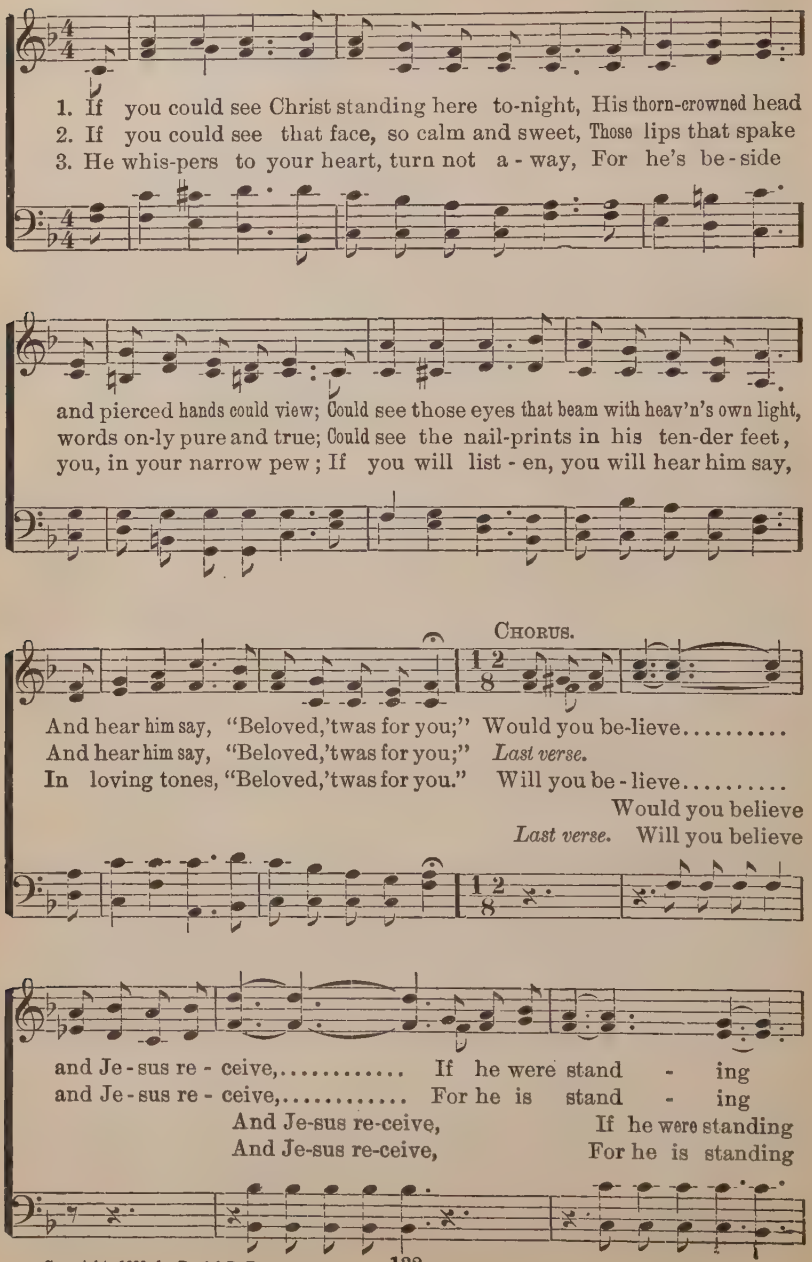
130. Would You Believe?

CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a - way, For he's be - side
and pierced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
words on-ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in his ten-der feet,
you, in your narrow pew; If you will list - en, you will hear him say,
Chorus.
And hear him say, "Beloved,'twas for you;" Would you be-lieve.....
And hear him say, "Beloved,'twas for you;" Last verse.
In loving tones, "Beloved,'twas for you." Will you be - lieve.....
Would you believe
Last verse. Will you believe
and Je - sus re - ceive,..... If he were stand - ing
and Je - sus re - ceive,..... For he is stand - ing
And Je-sus re-ceive, If he were standing
And Je-sus re-ceive, For he is standing

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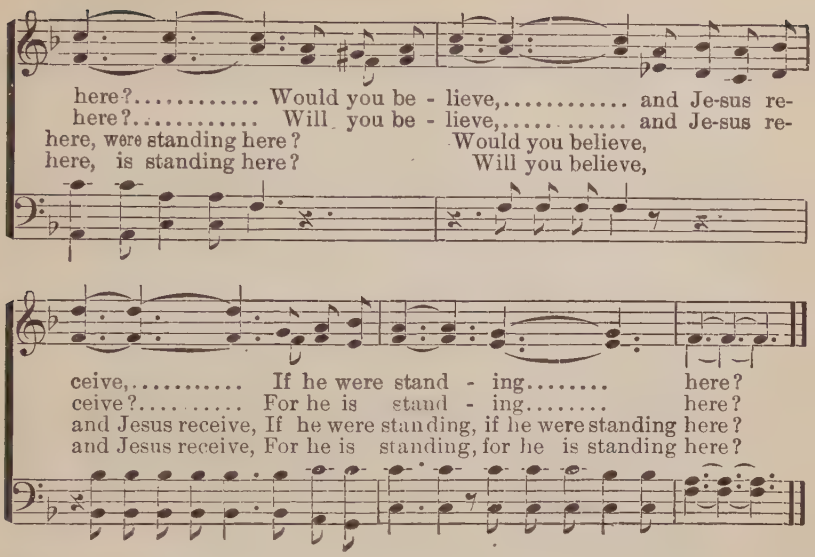
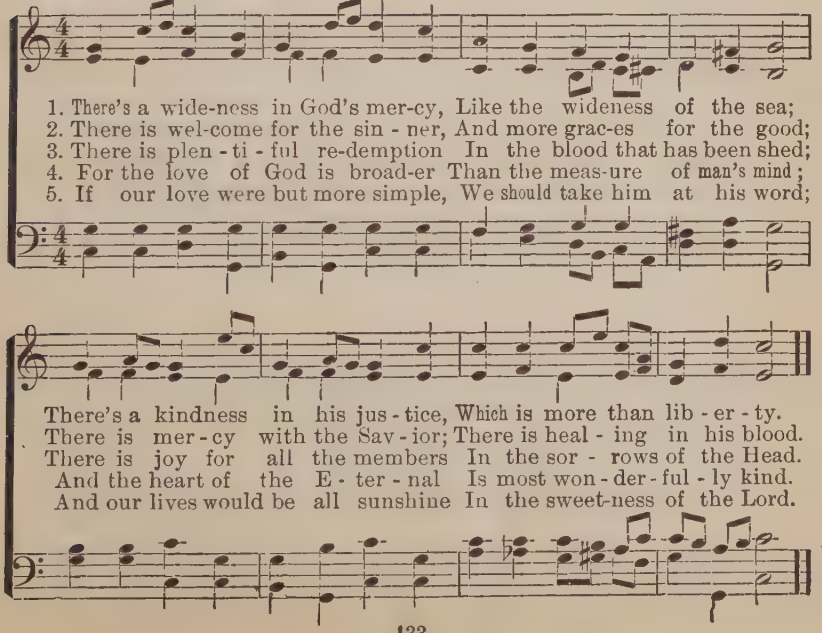
Would You Believe? Concluded.


here?..... Would you be - lieve,..... and Je-sus re-
here?..... Will you be - lieve,..... and Je-sus re-
here, were standing here? Would you believe,
here, is standing here? Will you believe,
ceive,..... If he were stand - ing..... here?
ceive?..... For he is stand - ing..... here?
and Jesus receive, If he were standing, if he were standing here?
and Jesus receive, For he is standing, for he is standing here?

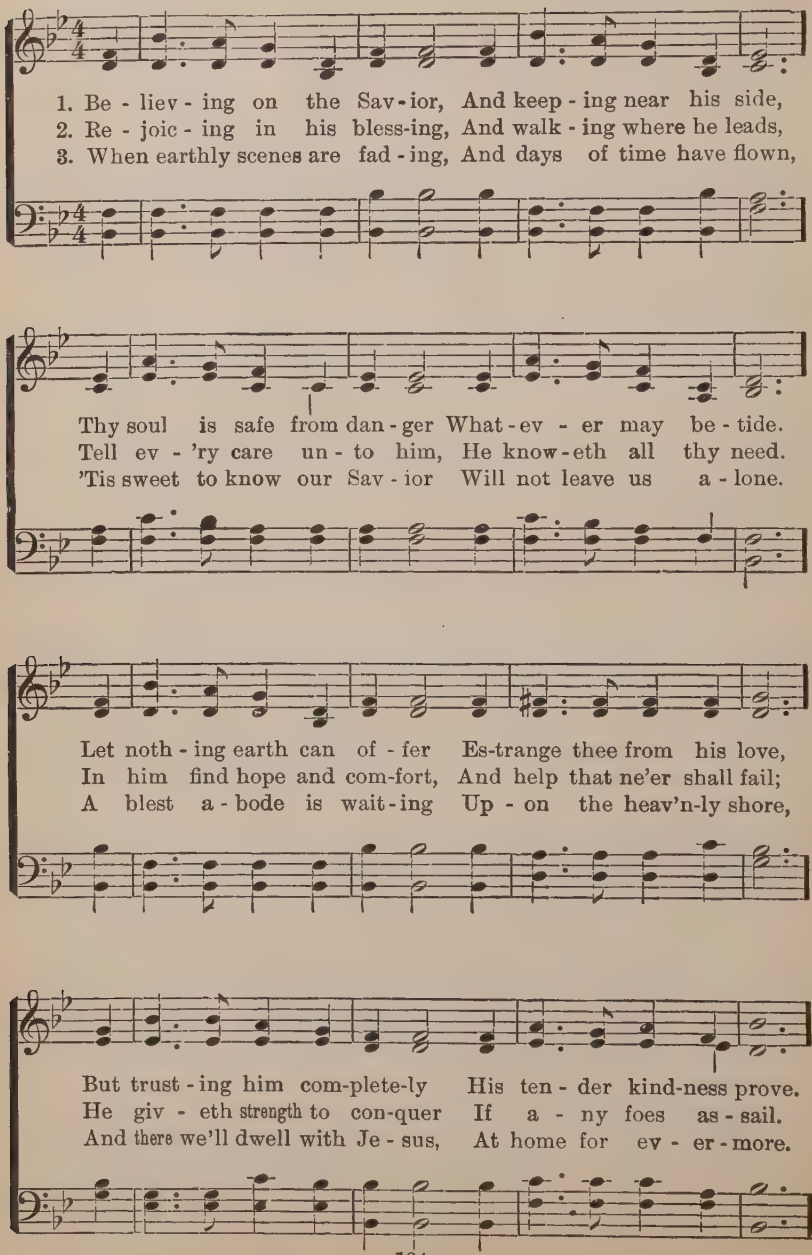
131. There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful re-demption In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;
There's a kindness in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in his blood.
There is joy for all the members In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of the Lord.

132. Jesus Only, Ever.

JENNIE WILSON. ETHELWYN TAYLOR.


1. Be - liev - ing on the Sav - ior, And keep - ing near his side,
2. Re - joic - ing in his bless-ing, And walk - ing where he leads,
3. When earthly scenes are fad - ing, And days of time have flown,
Thy soul is safe from dan - ger What - ev - er may be - tide.
Tell ev - 'ry care un - to him, He know - eth all thy need.
'Tis sweet to know our Sav - ior Will not leave us a - lone.
Let noth - ing earth can of - fer Es-trange thee from his love,
In him find hope and com-fort, And help that ne'er shall fail;
A blest a - bode is wait - ing Up - on the heav'n-ly shore,
But trust - ing him com-plete-ly His ten - der kind-ness prove.
He giv - eth strength to con-quer If a - ny foes as - sail.
And there we'll dwell with Je - sus, At home for ev - er - more.

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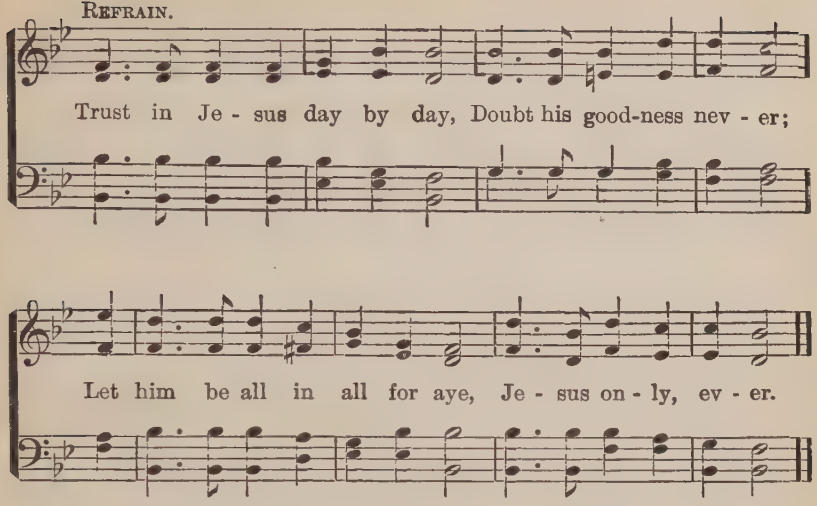
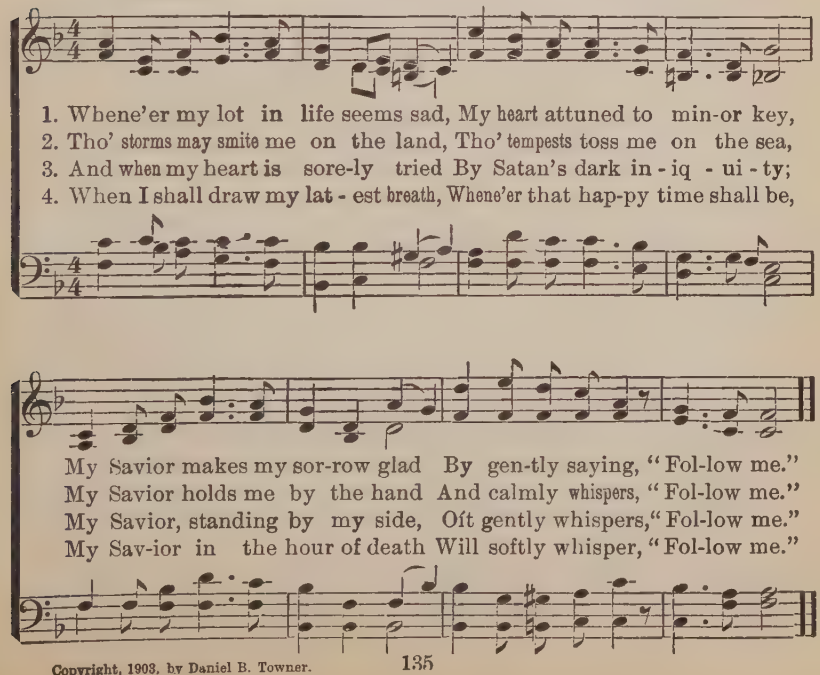
Jesus Only, Ever. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



133. Follow Me.

B. W. BURLEIGH. SAMUEL D. SMITH.


1. Whene'er my lot in life seems sad, My heart attuned to min-or key,
2. Tho' storms may smite me on the land, Tho' tempests toss me on the sea,
3. And when my heart is sore-ly tried By Satan's dark in - iq - ui - ty;
4. When I shall draw my lat - est breath, Whene'er that hap-py time shall be,
My Savior makes my sor-row glad By gen-tly saying, "Fol-low me."
My Savior holds me by the hand And calmly whispers, "Fol-low me."
My Savior, standing by my side, Oft gently whispers, "Fol-low me."
My Sav-ior in the hour of death Will softly whisper, "Fol-low me."

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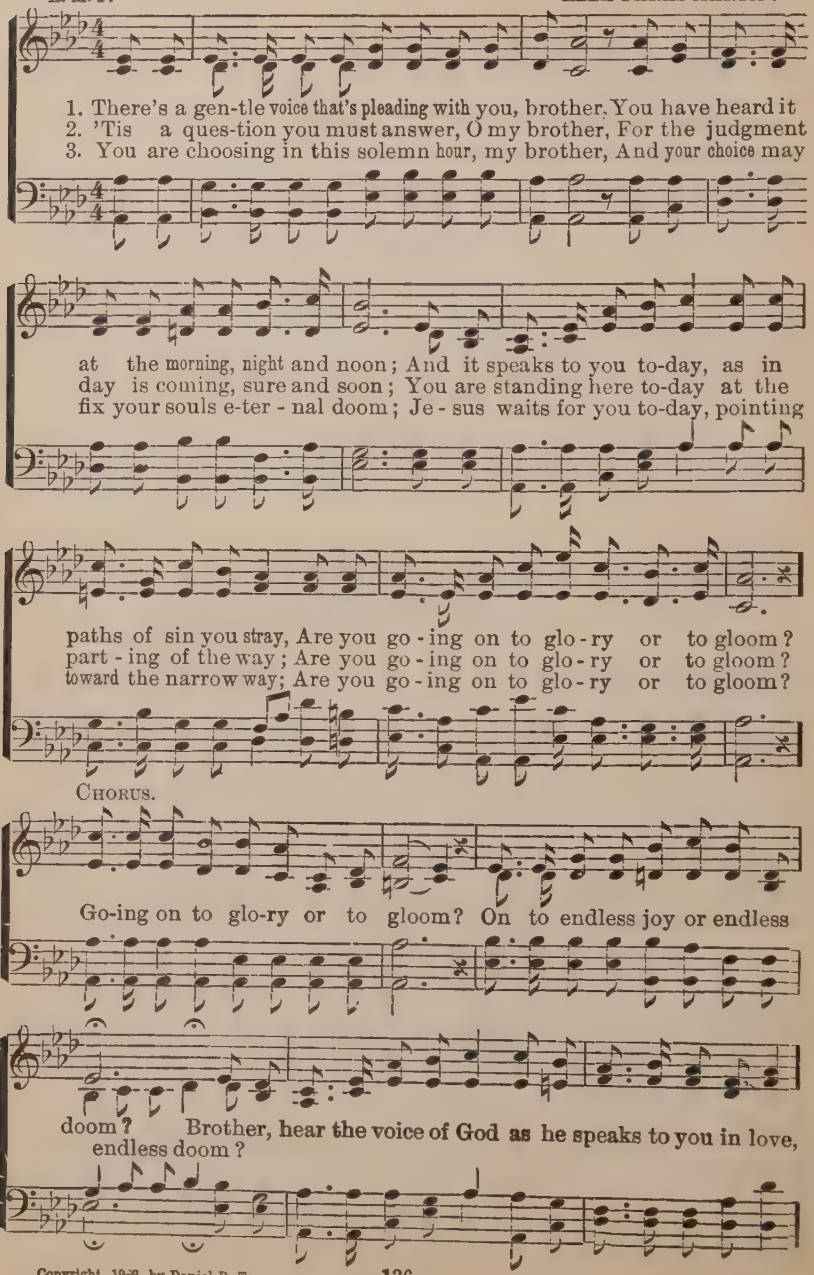
134. To Glory or to Gloom.

E. M. P. ELLA PARKS MARTIN.


1. There's a gen-tle voice that's pleading with you, brother, You have heard it
2. 'Tis a ques-tion you must answer, O my brother, For the judgment
3. You are choosing in this solemn hour, my brother, And your choice may
at the morning, night and noon; And it speaks to you to-day, as in
day is coming, sure and soon; You are standing here to-day at the
fix your souls e-ter - nal doom; Je - sus waits for you to-day, pointing
paths of sin you stray, Are you go - ing on to glo - ry or to gloom?
part - ing of the way; Are you go - ing on to glo - ry or to gloom?
toward the narrow way; Are you go - ing on to glo - ry or to gloom?
CHORUS.
Go-ing on to glo-ry or to gloom? On to endless joy or endless
doom? Brother, hear the voice of God as he speaks to you in love,
endless doom?

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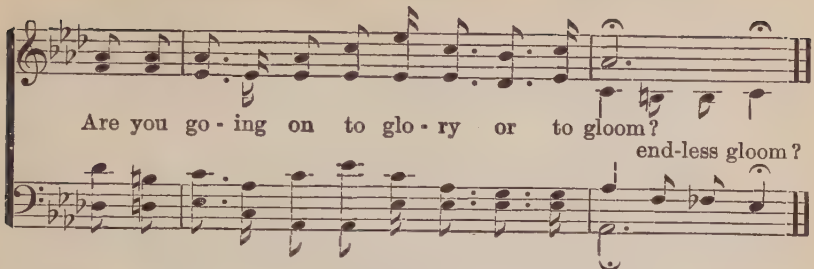
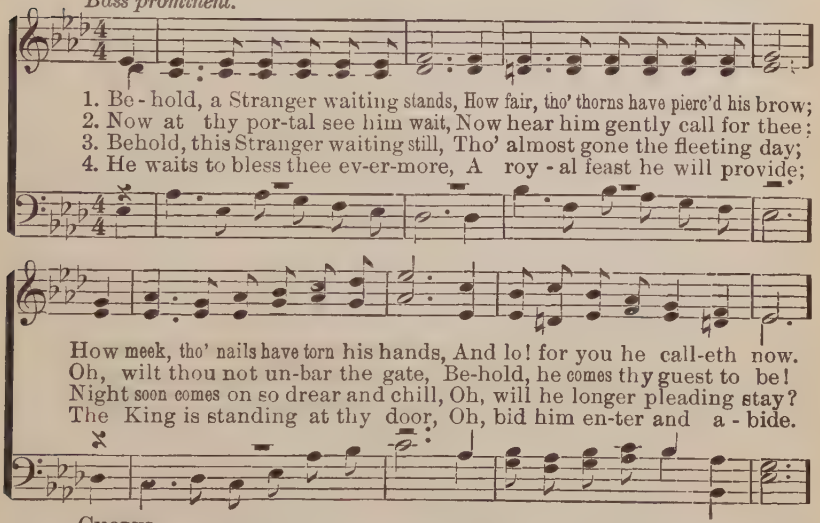
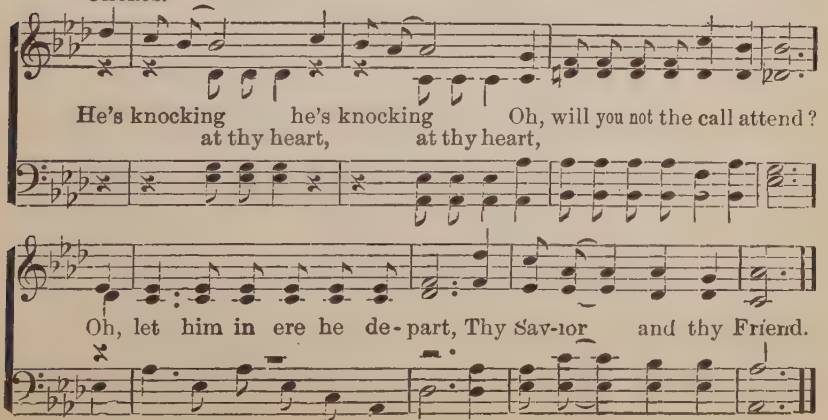


135. He's Knocking at Thy Heart.

P. HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Bass prominent.


1. Be - hold, a Stranger waiting stands, How fair, tho' thorns have pierc'd his brow;
2. Now at thy por-tal see him wait, Now hear him gently call for thee;
3. Behold, this Stranger waiting still, Tho' almost gone the fleeting day;
4. He waits to bless thee ev-er-more, A roy - al feast he will provide;
How meek, tho' nails have torn his hands, And lo! for you he call-eth now.
Oh, wilt thou not un-bar the gate, Be-hold, he comes thy guest to be!
Night soon comes on so drear and chill, Oh, will he longer pleading stay?
The King is standing at thy door, Oh, bid him en-ter and a - bide.

CHORUS.

He's knocking he's knocking Oh, will you not the call attend?
at thy heart, at thy heart,
Oh, let him in ere he de - part, Thy Sav-ior and thy Friend.

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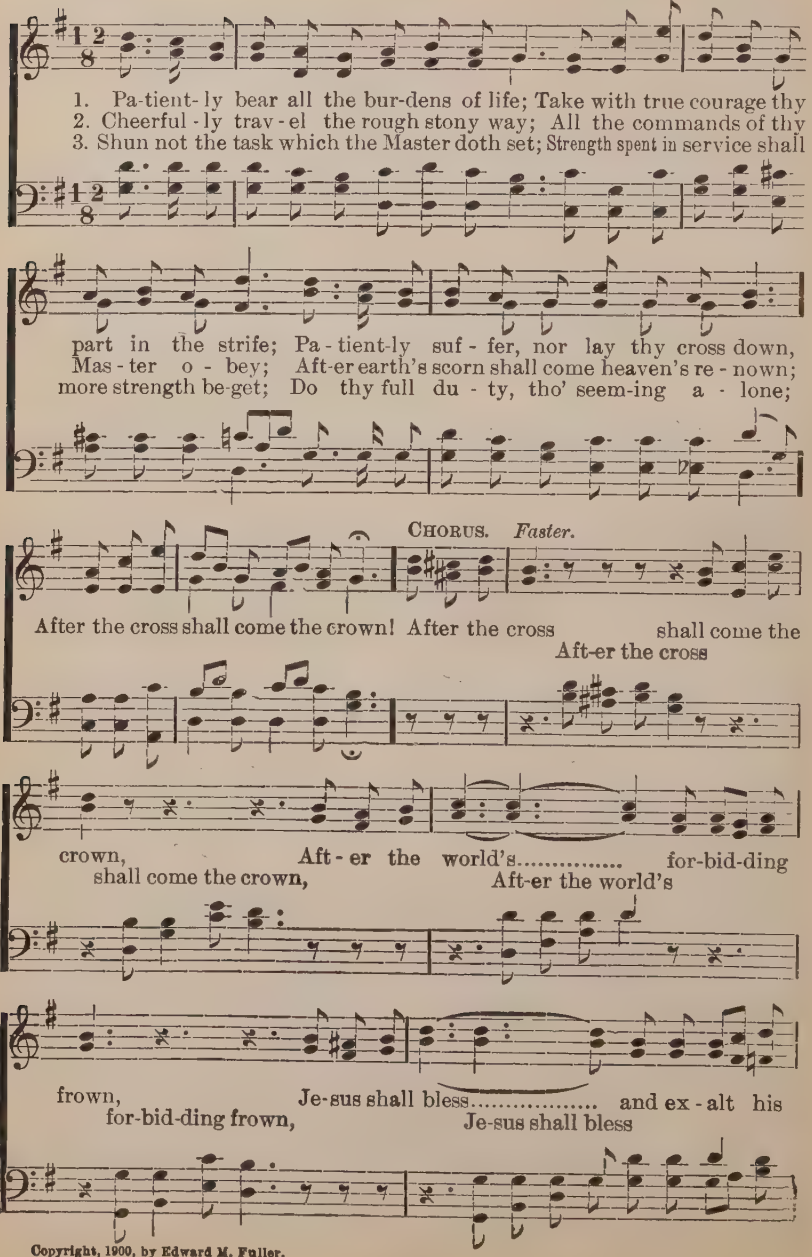
136. After the Cross the Crown.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Pa-tient-ly bear all the bur-dens of life; Take with true courage thy
2. Cheerful-ly trav-el the rough stony way; All the commands of thy
3. Shun not the task which the Master doth set; Strength spent in service shall
part in the strife; Pa-tient-ly suf-fer, nor lay thy cross down,
Mas-ter o-bey; Aft-er earth's scorn shall come heaven's re-nown;
more strength be-get; Do thy full du-ty, tho' seem-ing a-lone;
CHORUS. Faster.
After the cross shall come the crown! After the cross shall come the
Aft-er the cross
crown, Aft-er the world's..... for-bid-ding
shall come the crown, Aft-er the world's
frown, Je-sus shall bless..... and ex-alt his
for-bid-ding frown, Je-sus shall bless

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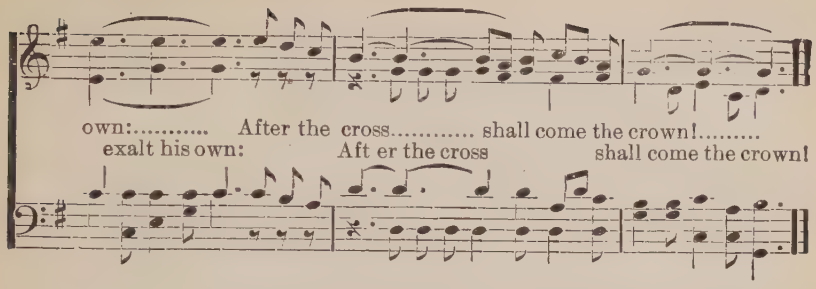
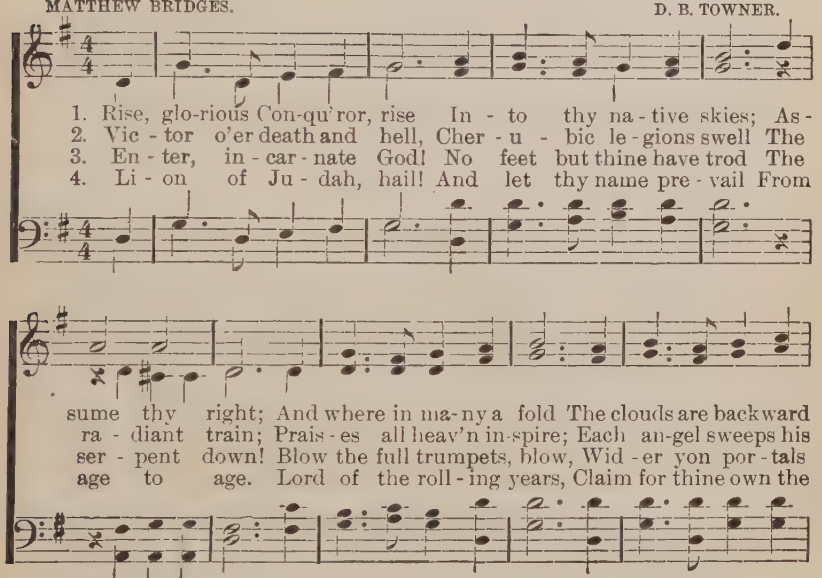


137. Rise, Glorious Conqueror!

MATTHEW BRIDGES. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Rise, glo-rious Con-qu'ror, rise In - to thy na - tive skies; As -
2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic le - gions swell The
3. En - ter, in - car - nate God! No feet but thine have trod The
4. Li - on of Ju - dah, hail! And let thy name pre - vail From
sume thy right; And where in ma-ny a fold The clouds are backward
ra - diant train; Prais - es all heav'n in-spire; Each an-gel sweeps his
ser - pent down! Blow the full trumpets, blow, Wid - er yon por - tals
age to age. Lord of the roll - ing years, Claim for thine own the
1. Assume thy right;
rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!
lyre, And claps his wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain!
throw, Sav - ior, tri-umph-ant, go And take thy crown!
spheres, For thou hast bought with tears Thy her - i - tage.
1. And reign in light!

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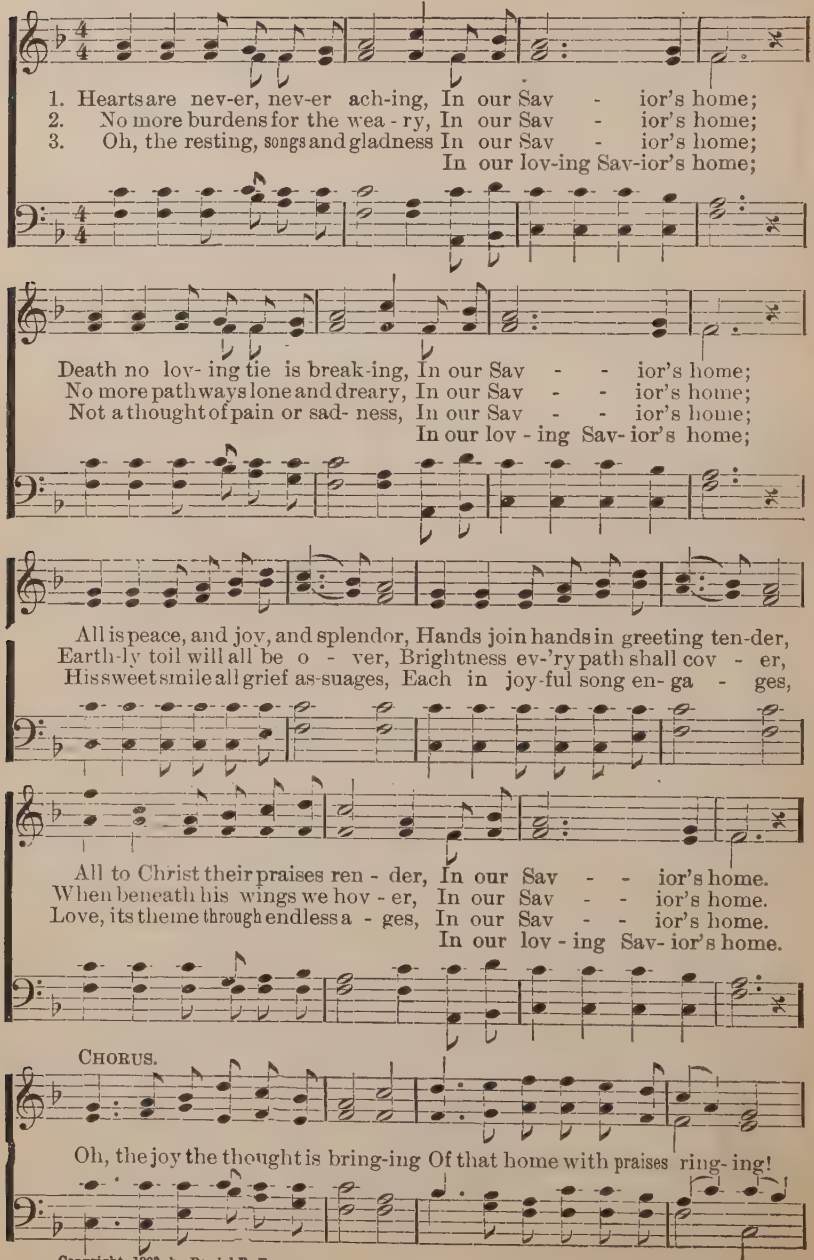
138. In Our Savior's Home.

HARRIET E. JONES. B. T. WORDEN.

1. Hearts are nev-er, nev-er ach-ing, In our Sav - ior's home;
2. No more burdens for the wea - ry, In our Sav - ior's home;
3. Oh, the resting, songs and gladness In our Sav - ior's home;
In our lov-ing Sav-ior's home;
Death no lov- ing tie is break-ing, In our Sav - - ior's home;
No more pathways lone and dreary, In our Sav - - ior's home;
Not a thought of pain or sad- ness, In our Sav - - ior's home;
In our lov - ing Sav- ior's home;
All is peace, and joy, and splendor, Hands join hands in greeting ten-der,
Earth-ly toil will all be o - ver, Brightness ev-'ry path shall cov - er,
His sweet smile all grief as-suages, Each in joy-ful song en- ga - ges,
All to Christ their praises ren - der, In our Sav - - ior's home.
When beneath his wings we hov - er, In our Sav - - ior's home.
Love, its theme through endless a - ges, In our Sav - - ior's home.
In our lov - ing Sav- ior's home.
CHORUS.
Oh, the joy the thought is bring-ing Of that home with praises ring- ing!

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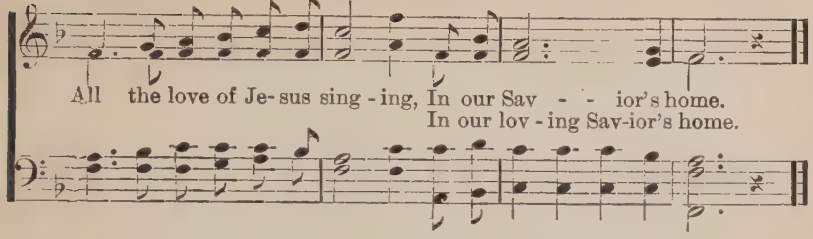
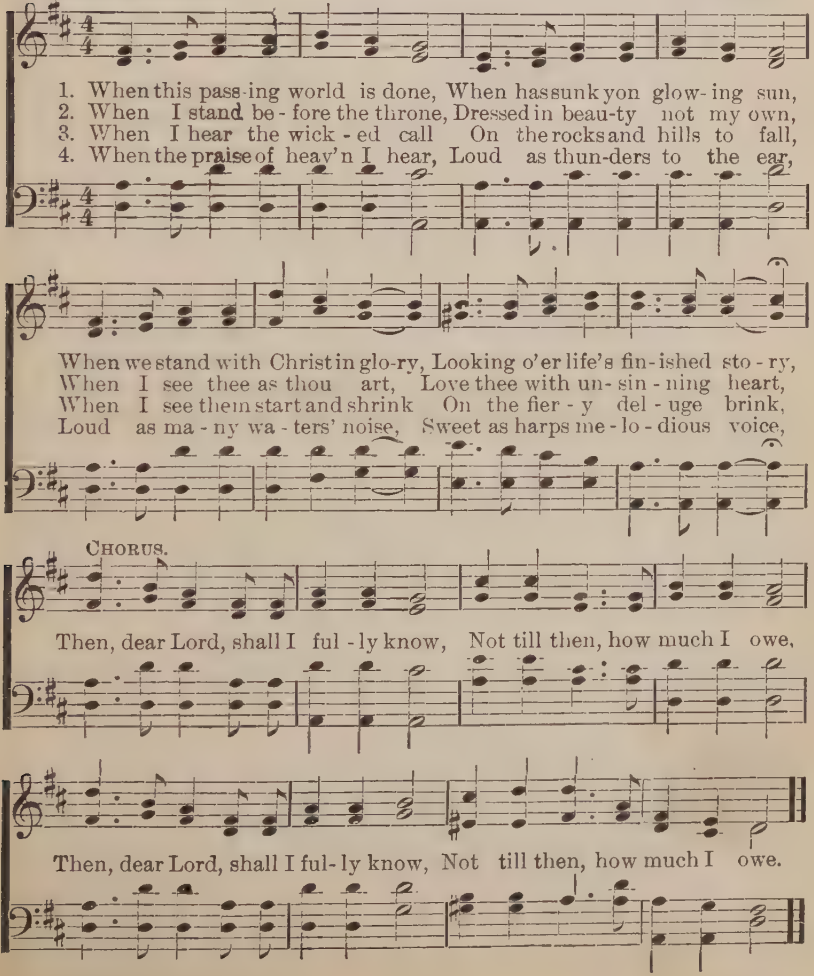


139. The Debt Unknown.

ROBERT McCHEYNE. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When this pass-ing world is done, When has sunk yon glow-ing sun,
2. When I stand be - fore the throne, Dressed in beau-ty not my own,
3. When I hear the wick - ed call On the rocks and hills to fall,
4. When the praise of heav'n I hear, Loud as thun-ders to the ear,
When we stand with Christ in glo-ry, Looking o'er life's fin-ished sto - ry,
When I see thee as thou art, Love thee with un- sin - ning heart,
When I see them start and shrink On the fier - y del - uge brink,
Loud as ma - ny wa - ters' noise, Sweet as harps me - lo - dious voice,
CHORUS.
Then, dear Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe,
Then, dear Lord, shall I ful-ly know, Not till then, how much I owe.

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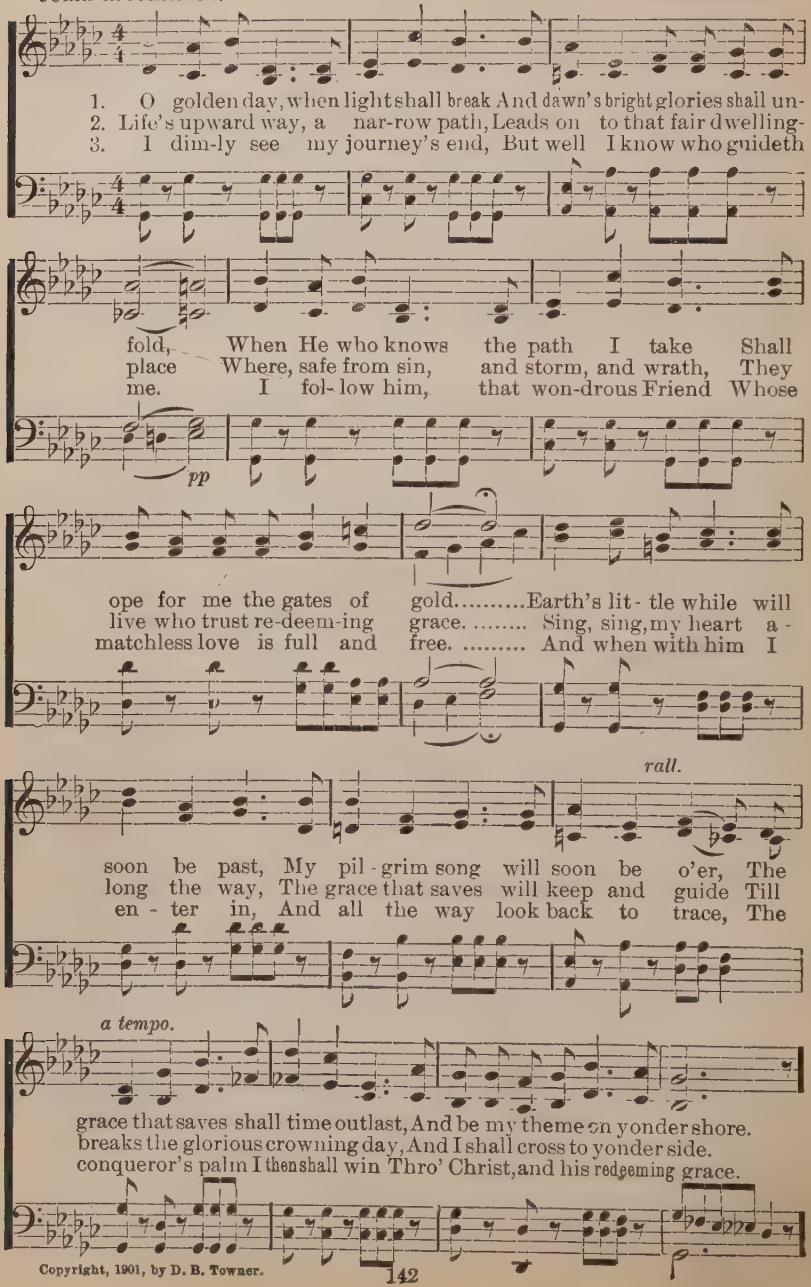
140. Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. O golden day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guideth
fold, When He who knows the path I take Shall
place Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
me. I fol-low him, that won-drous Friend Whose
pp
ope for me the gates of gold.....Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace. ..... Sing, sing, my heart a-
matchless love is full and free. ..... And when with him I
rall.
soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er, The
long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide Till
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The
a tempo.
grace that saves shall time outlast, And be my theme on yonder shore.
breaks the glorious crowning day, And I shall cross to yonder side.
conqueror's palm I then shall win Thro' Christ, and his redeeming grace.

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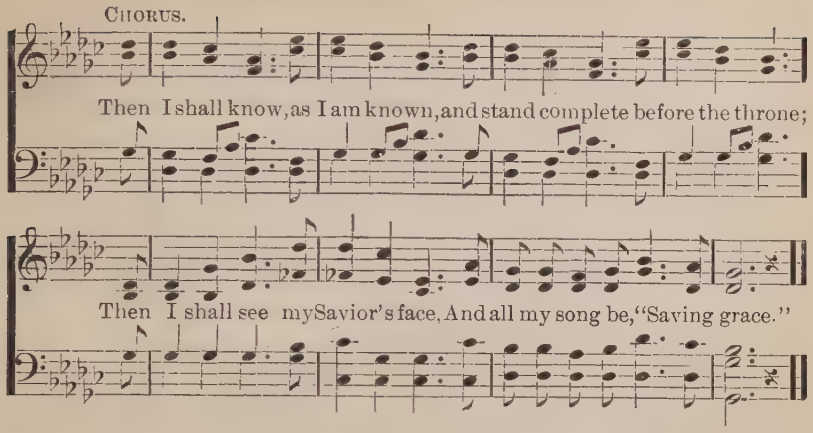
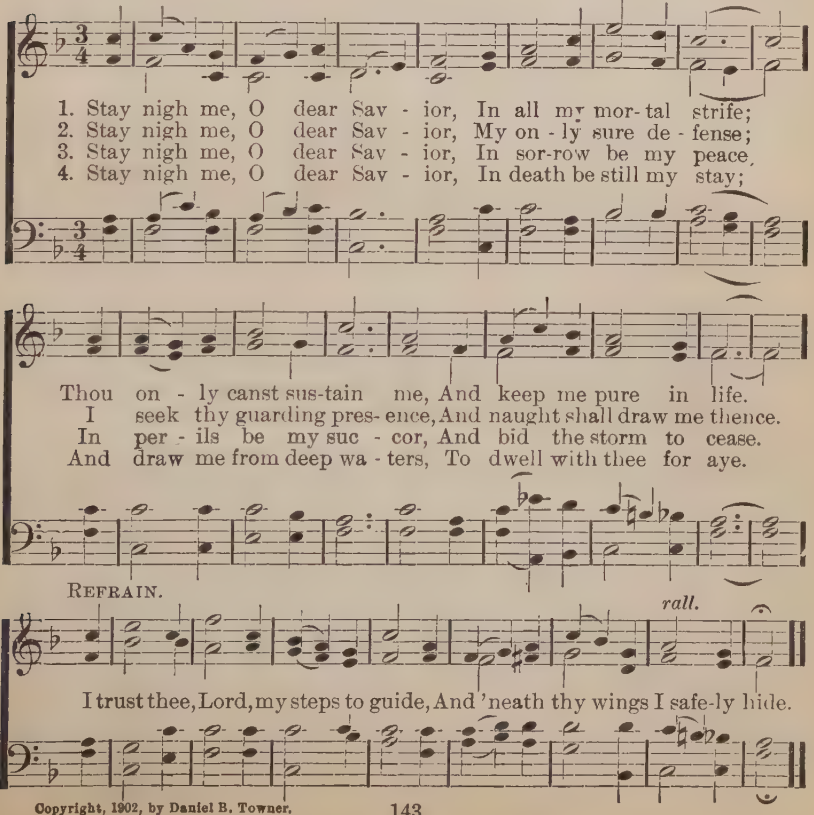

CHORUS.
Then I shall know, as I am known, and stand complete before the throne;
Then I shall see my Savior's face, And all my song be, "Saving grace."

141. Stay Nigh Me.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - ior, In all my mor-tal strife;
2. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - ior, My on - ly sure de - fense;
3. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - ior, In sor-row be my peace,
4. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - ior, In death be still my stay;
Thou on - ly canst sus-tain me, And keep me pure in life.
I seek thy guarding pres- ence, And naught shall draw me thence.
In per - ils be my suc - cor, And bid the storm to cease.
And draw me from deep wa - ters, To dwell with thee for aye.
REFRAIN.
rall.
I trust thee, Lord, my steps to guide, And 'neath thy wings I safe-ly hide.

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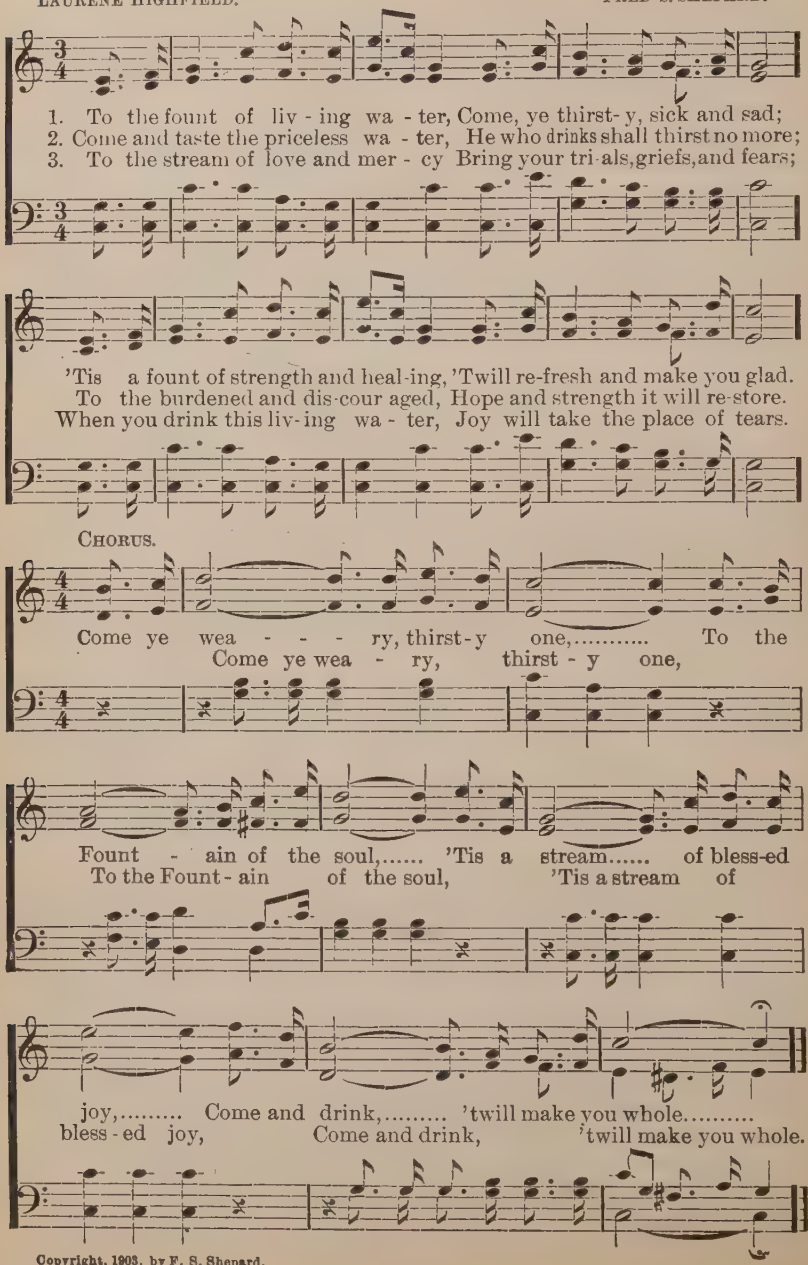
142. The Fountain of Healing.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. FRED S. SHEPARD.


1. To the fount of liv - ing wa - ter, Come, ye thirst- y, sick and sad;
2. Come and taste the priceless wa - ter, He who drinks shall thirst no more;
3. To the stream of love and mer - cy Bring your tri-als, griefs, and fears;
'Tis a fount of strength and heal-ing, 'Twill re-fresh and make you glad.
To the burdened and dis-cour aged, Hope and strength it will re-store.
When you drink this liv-ing wa - ter, Joy will take the place of tears.
CHORUS.
Come ye wea - - - ry, thirst-y one,..... To the
Come ye wea - ry, thirst - y one,
Fount - ain of the soul,..... 'Tis a stream..... of bless-ed
To the Fount - ain of the soul, 'Tis a stream of
joy,..... Come and drink,..... 'twill make you whole.....
bless - ed joy, Come and drink, 'twill make you whole.

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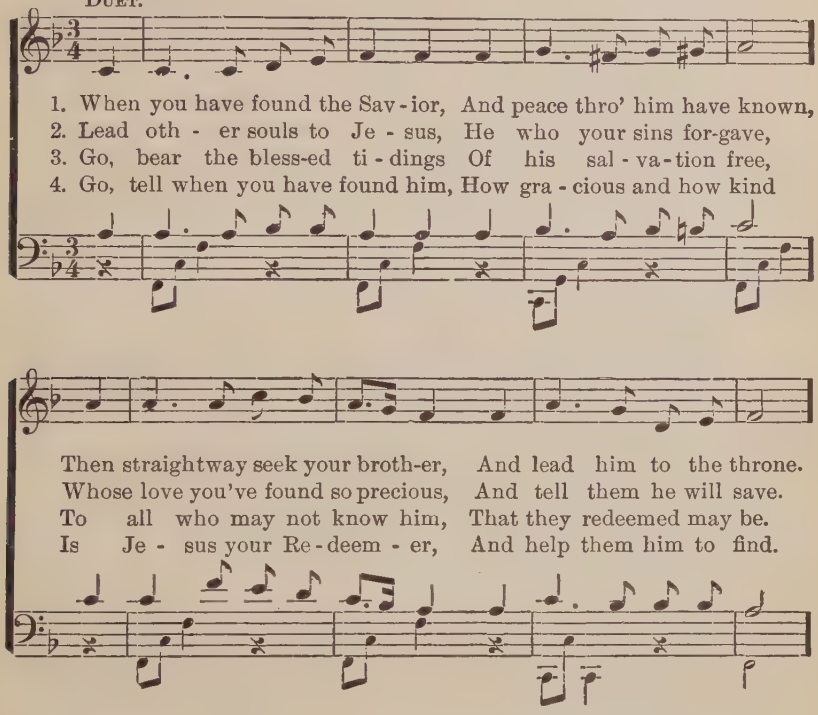
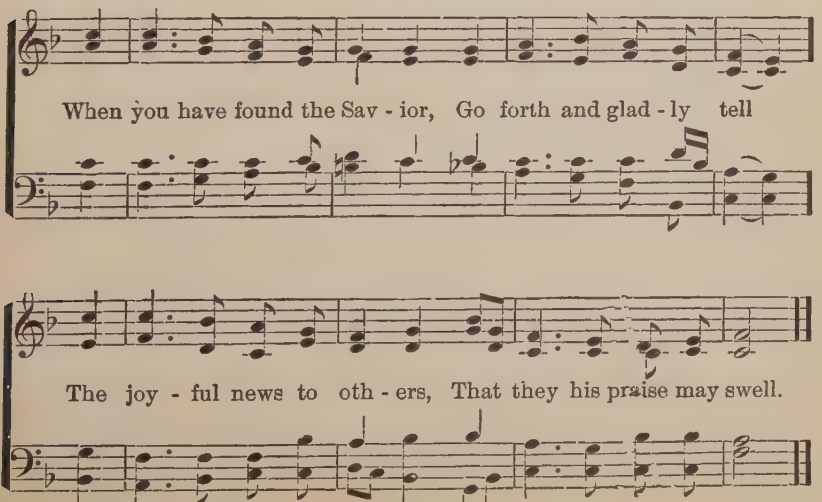
143. When You Have Found the Savior.

IDA L. REED. LEWIS S. CHAFER.

DUET.


1. When you have found the Sav - ior, And peace thro' him have known,
2. Lead oth - er souls to Je - sus, He who your sins for-gave,
3. Go, bear the bless-ed ti - dings Of his sal - va - tion free,
4. Go, tell when you have found him, How gra - cious and how kind
Then straightway seek your broth-er, And lead him to the throne.
Whose love you've found so precious, And tell them he will save.
To all who may not know him, That they redeemed may be.
Is Je - sus your Re - deem - er, And help them him to find.

CHORUS.



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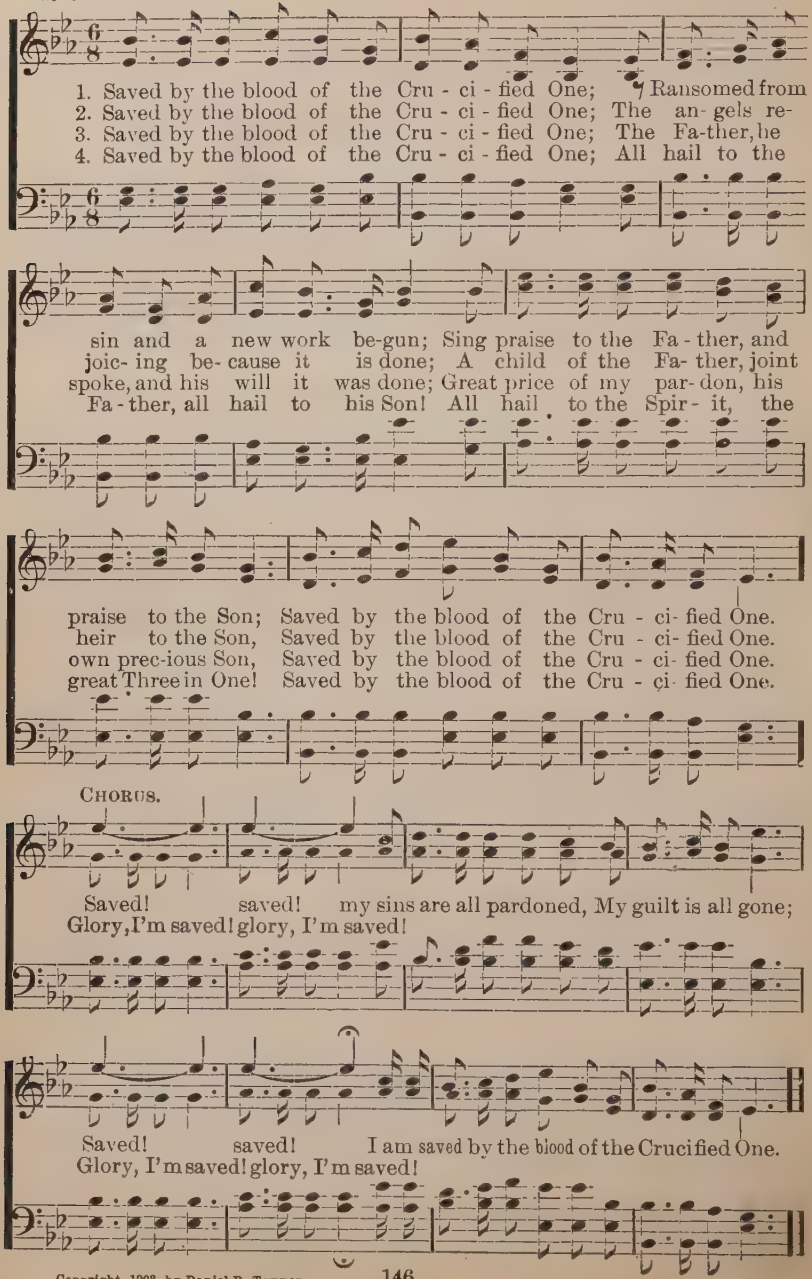
144. Saved by the Blood.

S. J. HENDERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; Ransomed from
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; The an - gels re-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; The Fa-ther, he
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; All hail to the
sin and a new work be-gun; Sing praise to the Fa - ther, and
joic- ing be- cause it is done; A child of the Fa- ther, joint
spoke, and his will it was done; Great price of my par- don, his
Fa - ther, all hail to his Son! All hail to the Spir - it, the
praise to the Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One.
heir to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One.
own prec-ious Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One.
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One.
CHORUS.
Saved! saved! my sins are all pardoned, My guilt is all gone;
Glory, I'm saved! glory, I'm saved!
Saved! saved! I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One.
Glory, I'm saved! glory, I'm saved!

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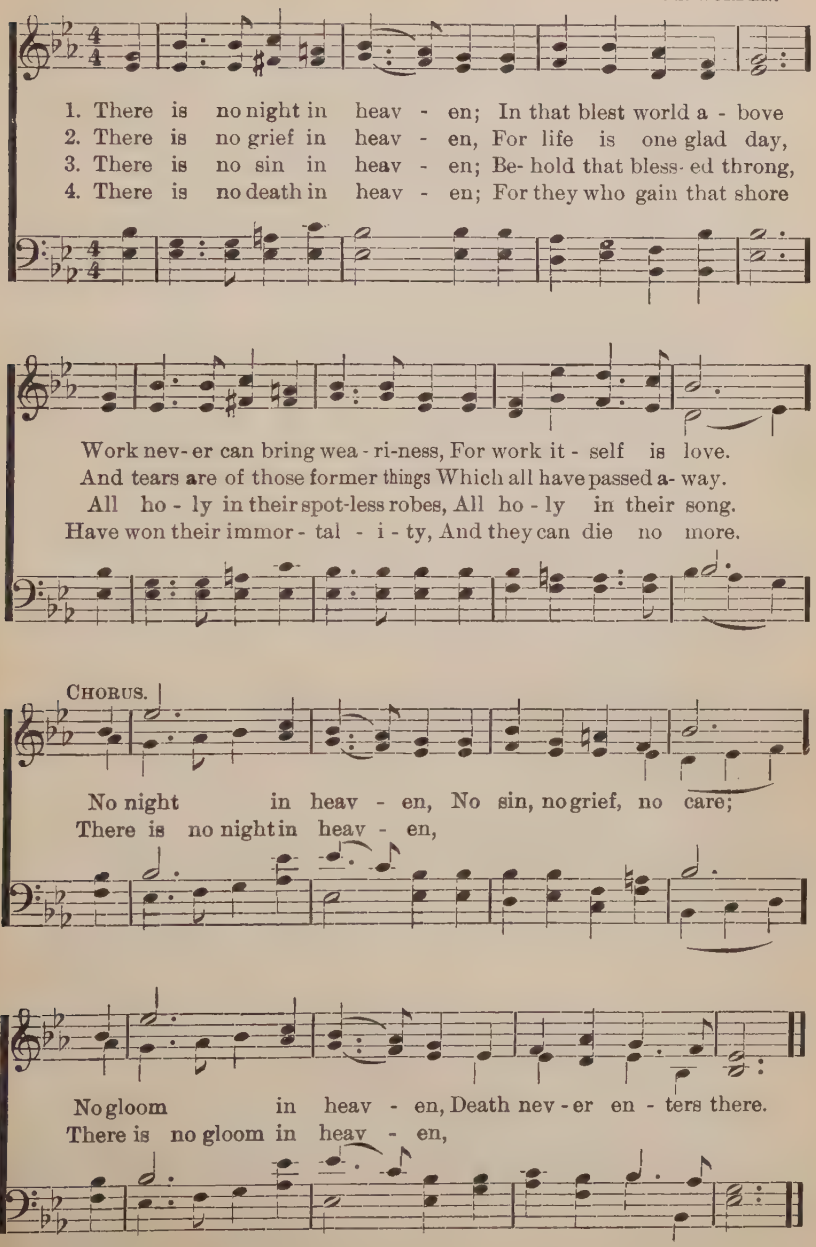
145. No Night in Heaven.

F. D. HUNTINGTON. B. T. WORDEN.


1. There is no night in heav - en; In that blest world a - bove
2. There is no grief in heav - en, For life is one glad day,
3. There is no sin in heav - en; Be- hold that bless- ed throng,
4. There is no death in heav - en; For they who gain that shore
Work nev- er can bring wea - ri-ness, For work it - self is love.
And tears are of those former things Which all have passed a- way.
All ho - ly in their spot-less robes, All ho - ly in their song.
Have won their immor - tal - i - ty, And they can die no more.
CHORUS.
No night in heav - en, No sin, no grief, no care;
There is no night in heav - en,
No gloom in heav - en, Death nev - er en - ters there.
There is no gloom in heav - en,

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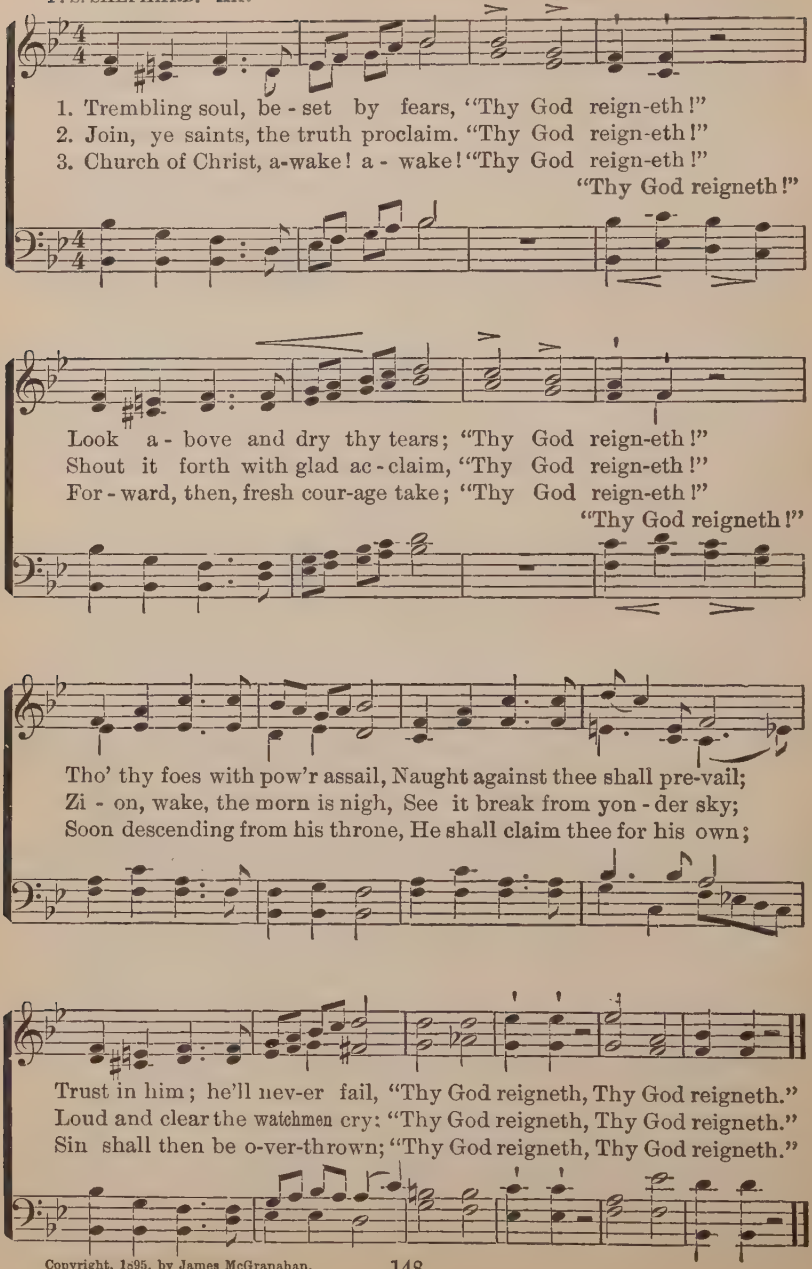
146. Thy God Reigneth.

F. S. SHEPHARD. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Trembling soul, be - set by fears, "Thy God reign-eth!"
2. Join, ye saints, the truth proclaim. "Thy God reign-eth!"
3. Church of Christ, a-wake! a - wake! "Thy God reign-eth!"
"Thy God reigneth!"
Look a - bove and dry thy tears; "Thy God reign-eth!"
Shout it forth with glad ac - claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
For - ward, then, fresh cour-age take; "Thy God reign-eth!"
"Thy God reigneth!"
Tho' thy foes with pow'r assail, Naught against thee shall pre-vail;
Zi - on, wake, the morn is nigh, See it break from yon - der sky;
Soon descending from his throne, He shall claim thee for his own;
Trust in him; he'll nev-er fail, "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
Loud and clear the watchmen cry: "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
Sin shall then be o-ver-thrown; "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."

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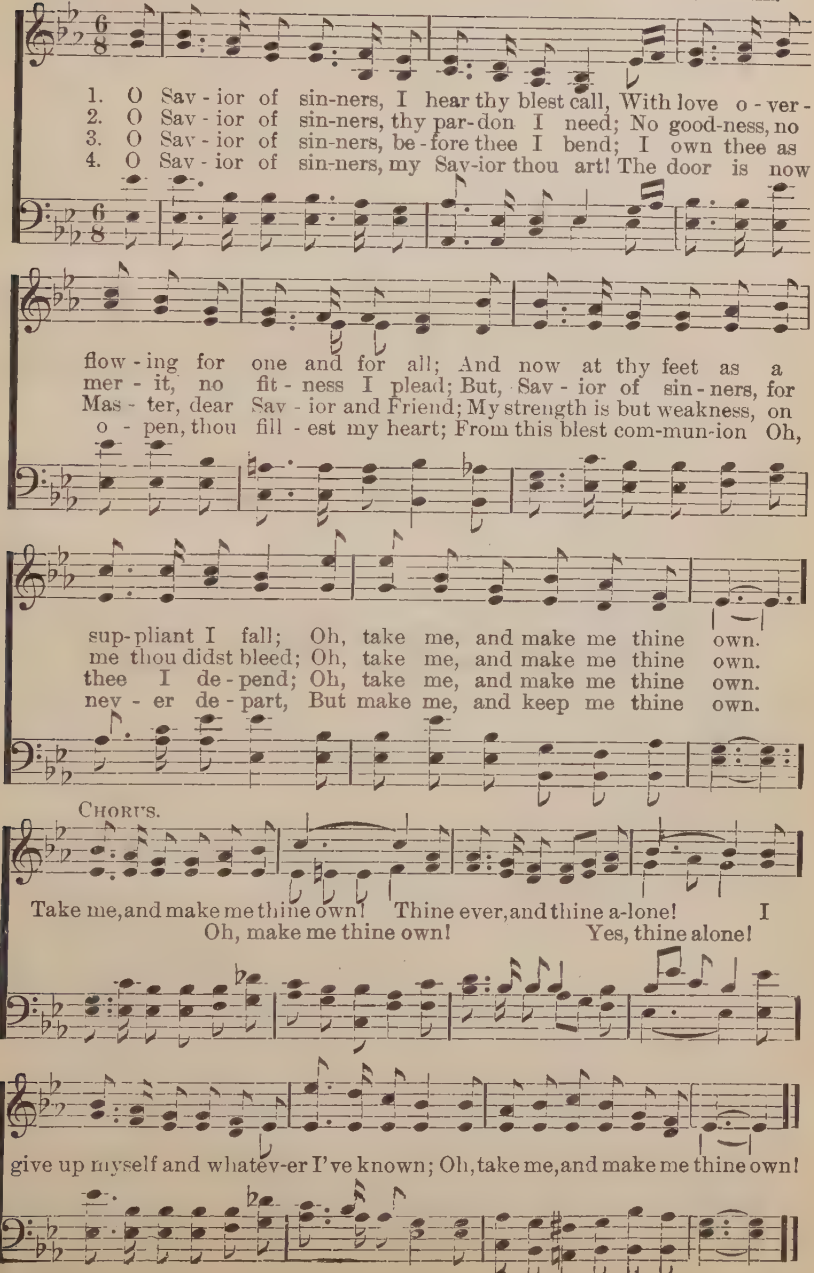
147. O Savior of Sinners.

BURTON H. WINSLOW. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. O Sav - ior of sin-ners, I hear thy blest call, With love o - ver -
2. O Sav - ior of sin-ners, thy par-don I need; No good-ness, no
3. O Sav - ior of sin-ners, be - fore thee I bend; I own thee as
4. O Sav - ior of sin-ners, my Sav-ior thou art! The door is now
flow - ing for one and for all; And now at thy feet as a
mer - it, no fit - ness I plead; But, Sav - ior of sin - ners, for
Mas - ter, dear Sav - ior and Friend; My strength is but weakness, on
o - pen, thou fill - est my heart; From this blest com-mun-ion Oh,
sup-pliant I fall; Oh, take me, and make me thine own.
me thou didst bleed; Oh, take me, and make me thine own.
thee I de - pend; Oh, take me, and make me thine own.
nev - er de - part, But make me, and keep me thine own.
CHORUS.
Take me, and make me thine own! Thine ever, and thine a-lone! I
Oh, make me thine own! Yes, thine alone!
give up myself and whatev-er I've known; Oh, take me, and make me thine own!

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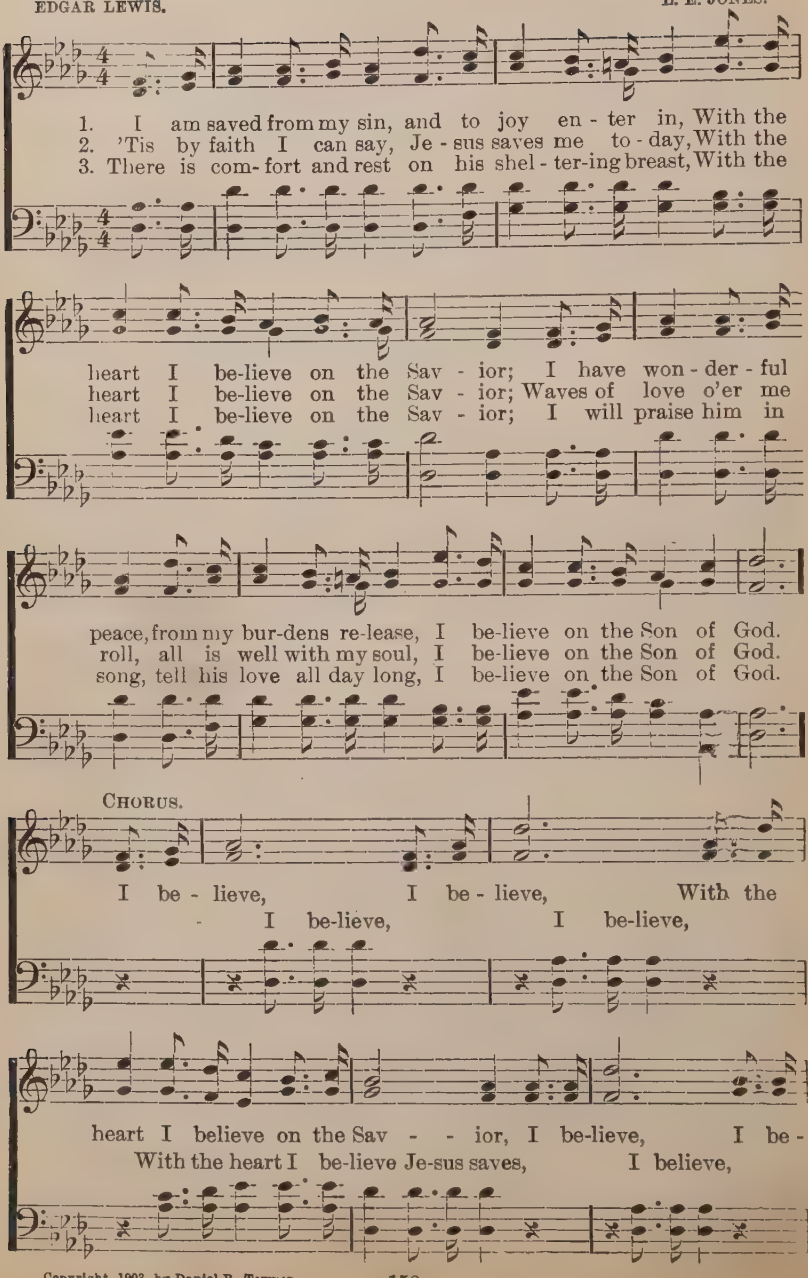
148. # I Believe.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. I am saved from my sin, and to joy en - ter in, With the
2. 'Tis by faith I can say, Je - sus saves me to - day, With the
3. There is com- fort and rest on his shel - ter-ing breast, With the
heart I be-lieve on the Sav - ior; I have won - der - ful
heart I be-lieve on the Sav - ior; Waves of love o'er me
heart I be-lieve on the Sav - ior; I will praise him in
peace, from my bur-dens re-lease, I be-lieve on the Son of God.
roll, all is well with my soul, I be-lieve on the Son of God.
song, tell his love all day long, I be-lieve on the Son of God.
CHORUS.
I be - lieve, I be - lieve, With the
I be-lieve, I be-lieve,
heart I believe on the Sav - - ior, I be-lieve, I be -
With the heart I be-lieve Je-sus saves, I believe,

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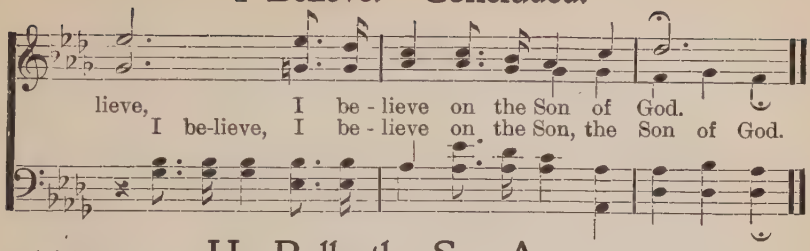
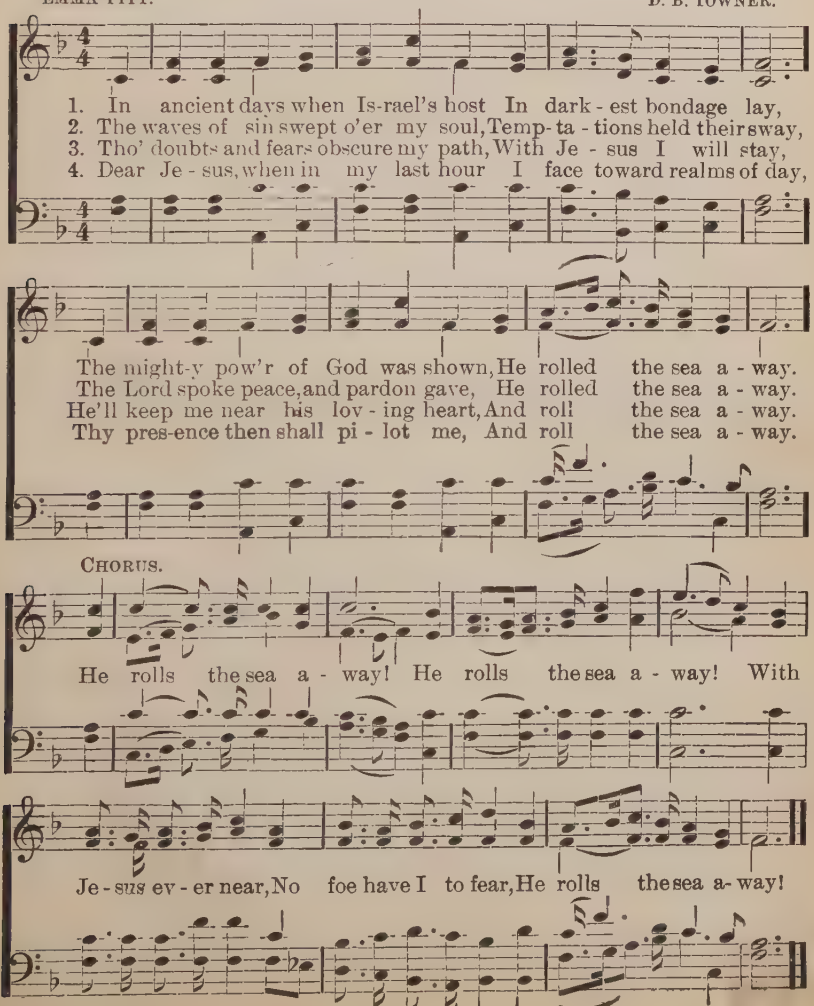
I Believe. Concluded.



149. He Rolls the Sea Away.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.


1. In ancient days when Is-rael's host In dark - est bondage lay,
2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp-ta - tions held their sway,
3. Tho' doubts and fears obscure my path, With Je - sus I will stay,
4. Dear Je - sus, when in my last hour I face toward realms of day,
The might-y pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a - way.
The Lord spoke peace, and pardon gave, He rolled the sea a - way.
He'll keep me near his lov - ing heart, And roll the sea a - way.
Thy pres-ence then shall pi - lot me, And roll the sea a - way.
CHORUS.
He rolls the sea a - way! He rolls the sea a - way! With
Je - sus ev - er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a-way!

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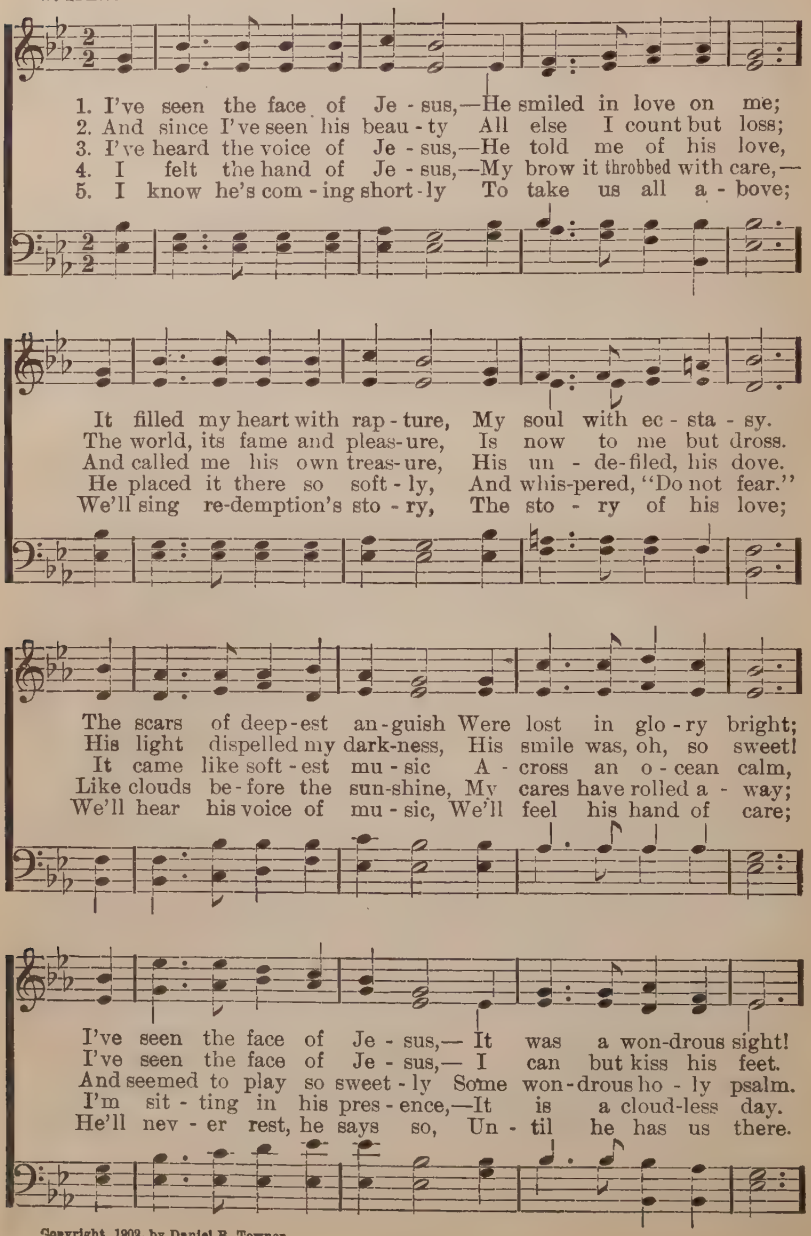
150. I've Seen the Face of Jesus.

W. SPENCER WALTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I've seen the face of Je - sus,—He smiled in love on me;
2. And since I've seen his beau - ty All else I count but loss;
3. I've heard the voice of Je - sus,—He told me of his love,
4. I felt the hand of Je - sus,—My brow it throbbed with care,—
5. I know he's com - ing short - ly To take us all a - bove;
It filled my heart with rap - ture, My soul with ec - sta - sy.
The world, its fame and pleas - ure, Is now to me but dross.
And called me his own treas - ure, His un - de - filed, his dove.
He placed it there so soft - ly, And whis-pered, "Do not fear."
We'll sing re-demption's sto - ry, The sto - ry of his love;
The scars of deep - est an - guish Were lost in glo - ry bright;
His light dispelled my dark-ness, His smile was, oh, so sweet!
It came like soft - est mu - sic A - cross an o - cean calm,
Like clouds be - fore the sun-shine, My cares have rolled a - way;
We'll hear his voice of mu - sic, We'll feel his hand of care;
I've seen the face of Je - sus,— It was a won-drous sight!
I've seen the face of Je - sus,— I can but kiss his feet.
And seemed to play so sweet - ly Some won - drous ho - ly psalm.
I'm sit - ting in his pres - ence,—It is a cloud-less day.
He'll nev - er rest, he says so, Un - til he has us there.

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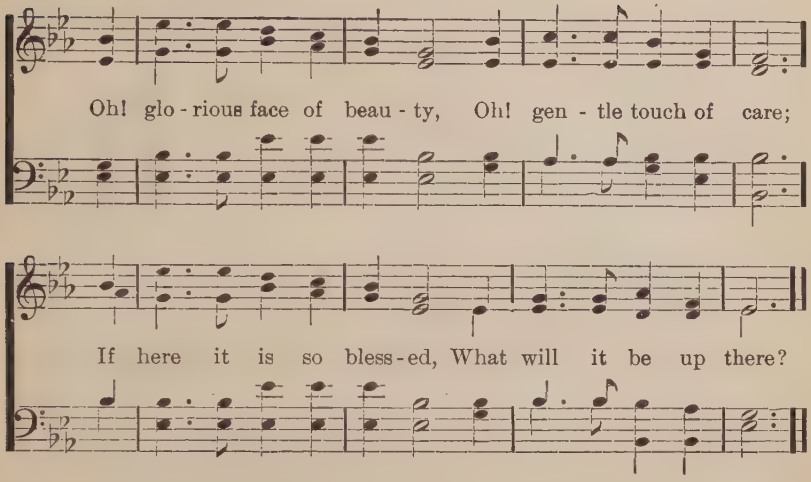
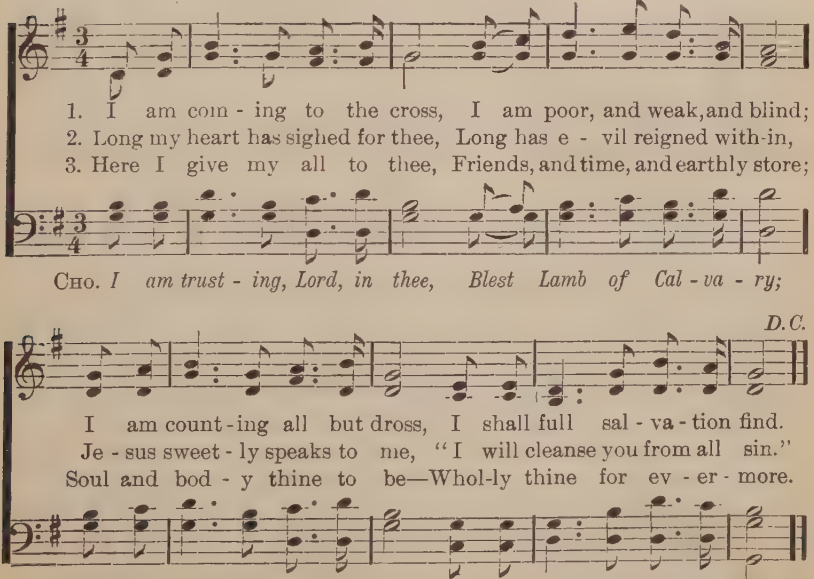
I've Seen the Face of Jesus. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



151. I am Coming to the Cross.

REV. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in,
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D.C.
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y thine to be—Whol-ly thine for ev - er - more.
Hum - bly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now

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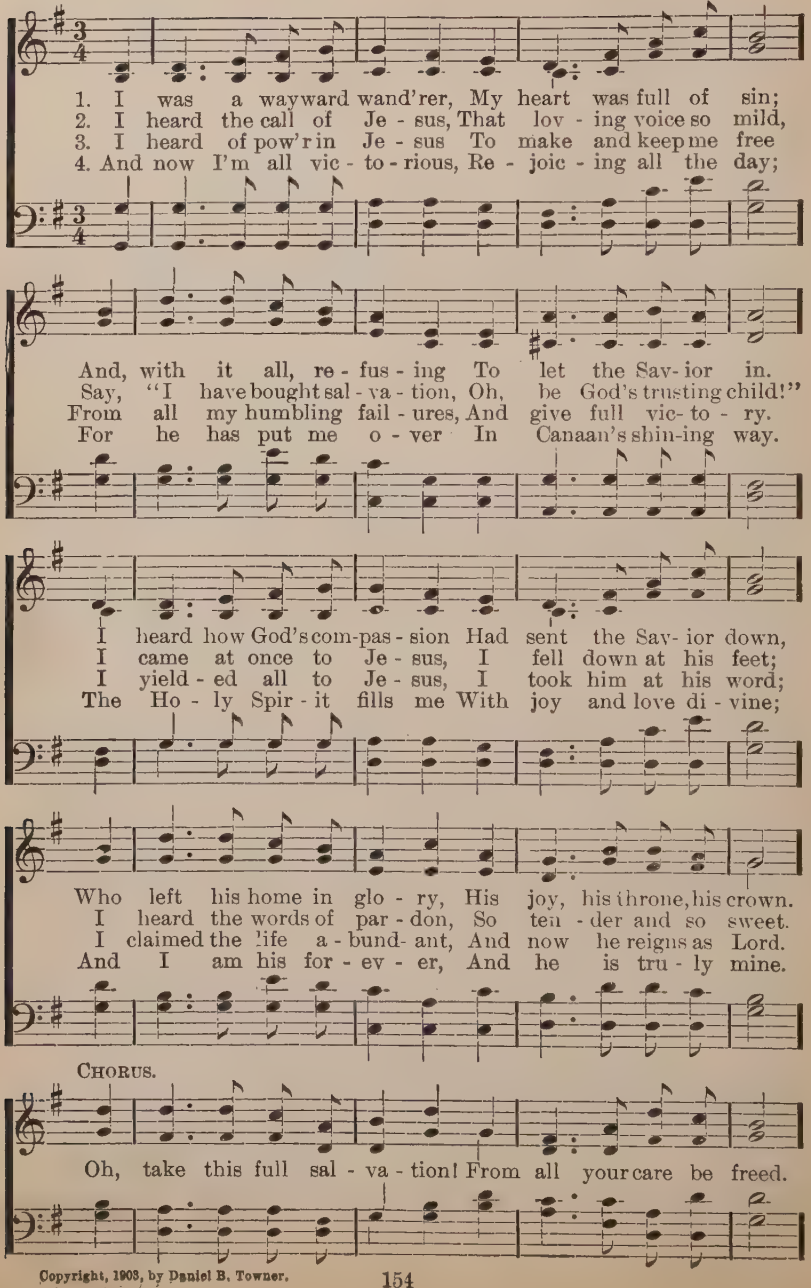
152. Full Salvation.

H. S. MILLER. SAMUEL D. SMITH.

1. I was a wayward wand'rer, My heart was full of sin;
2. I heard the call of Je - sus, That lov - ing voice so mild,
3. I heard of pow'r in Je - sus To make and keep me free
4. And now I'm all vic - to - rious, Re - joic - ing all the day;
And, with it all, re - fus - ing To let the Sav - ior in.
Say, "I have bought sal - va - tion, Oh, be God's trusting child!"
From all my humbling fail - ures, And give full vic - to - ry.
For he has put me o - ver In Canaan's shin-ing way.
I heard how God's com-pas - sion Had sent the Sav - ior down,
I came at once to Je - sus, I fell down at his feet;
I yield - ed all to Je - sus, I took him at his word;
The Ho - ly Spir - it fills me With joy and love di - vine;
Who left his home in glo - ry, His joy, his throne, his crown.
I heard the words of par - don, So ten - der and so sweet.
I claimed the life a - bund- ant, And now he reigns as Lord.
And I am his for - ev - er, And he is tru - ly mine.
CHORUS.
Oh, take this full sal - va - tion! From all your care be freed.

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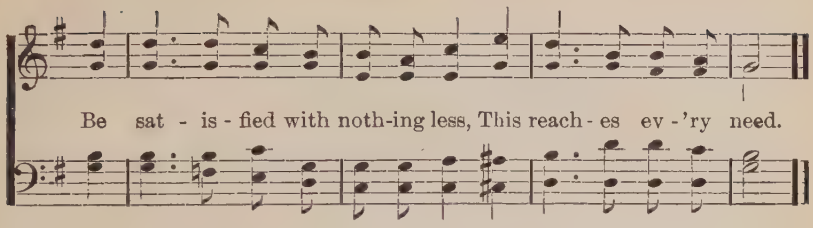
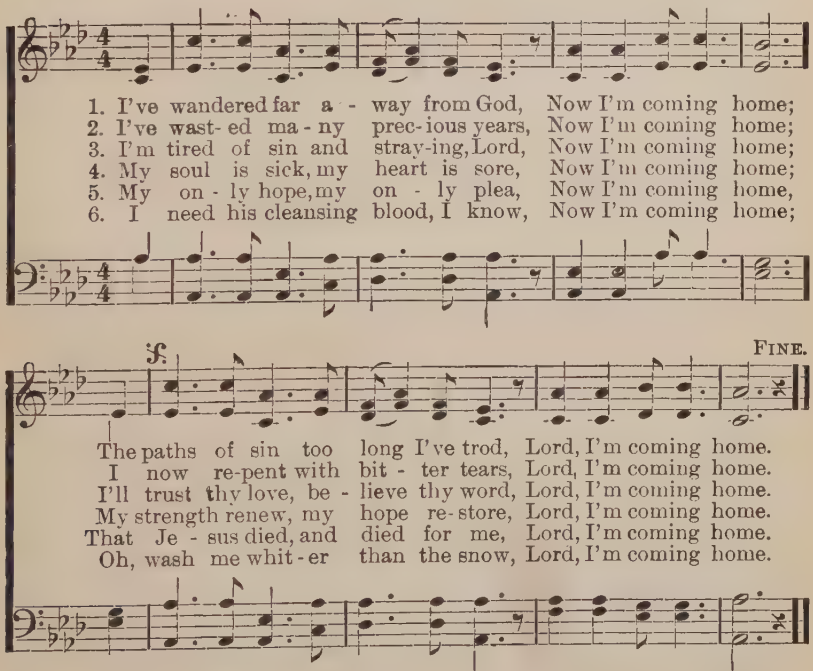
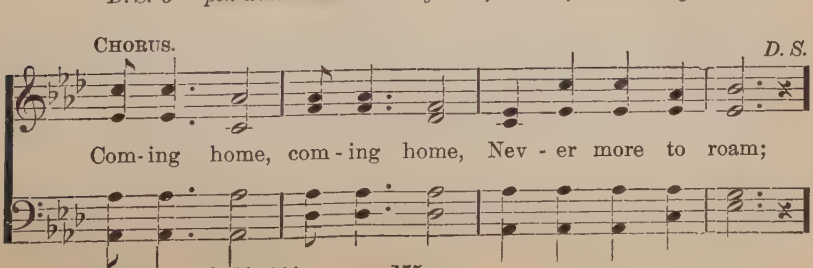


153. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

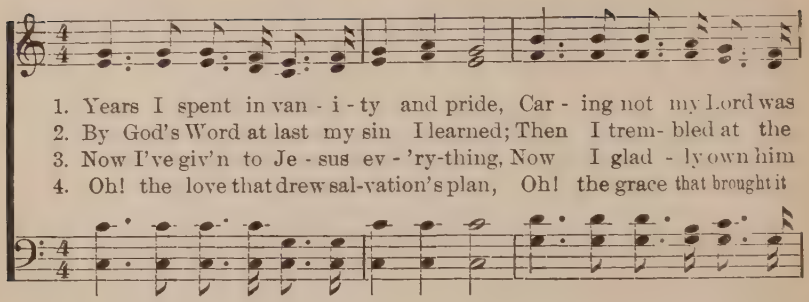

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast- ed ma - ny prec - ious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home,
6. I need his cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home;
f.
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.
D. S. O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

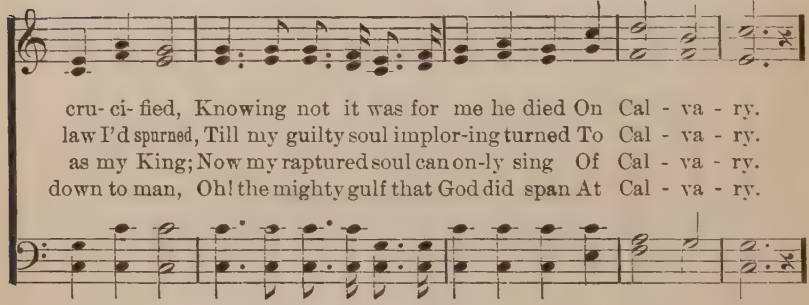


Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

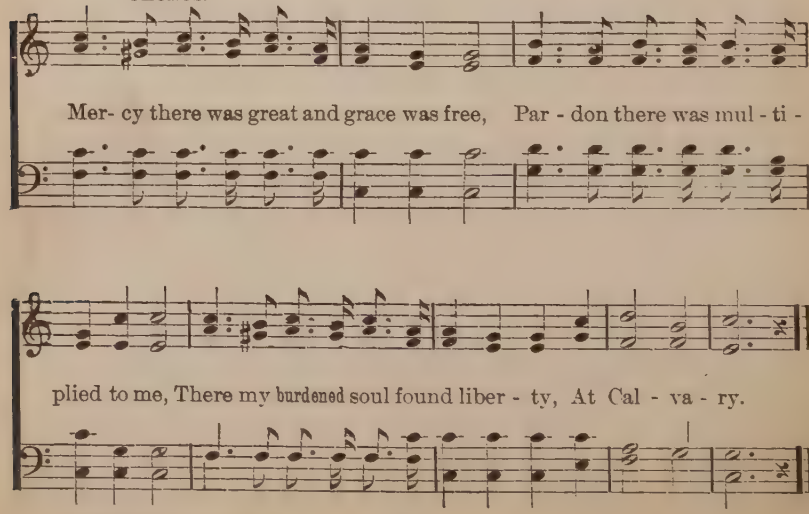
154. At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem- bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry-thing, Now I glad - ly own him
4. Oh! the love that drew sal-vation's plan, Oh! the grace that brought it


cru- ci- fied, Knowing not it was for me he died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilty soul implor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King; Now my raptured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man, Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.


Mer- cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti -
plied to me, There my burdened soul found liber - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

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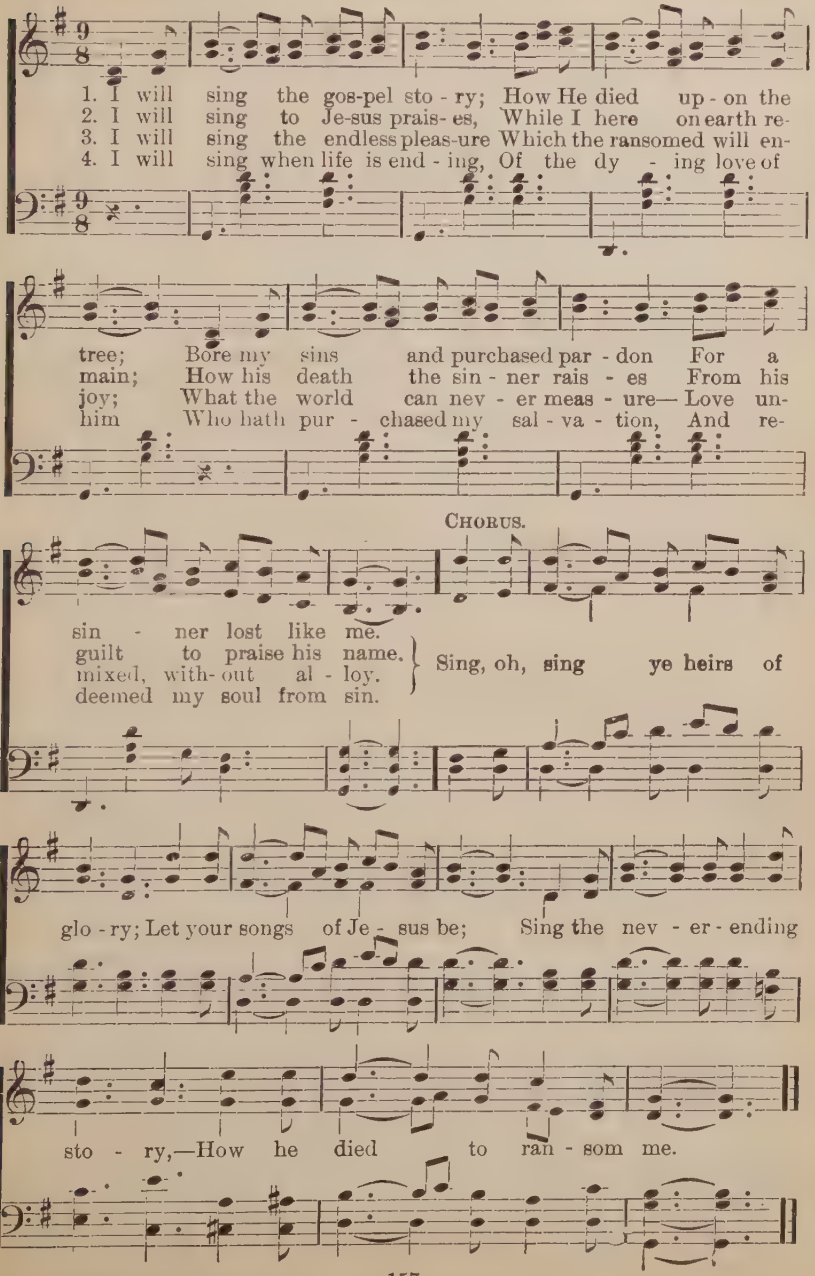
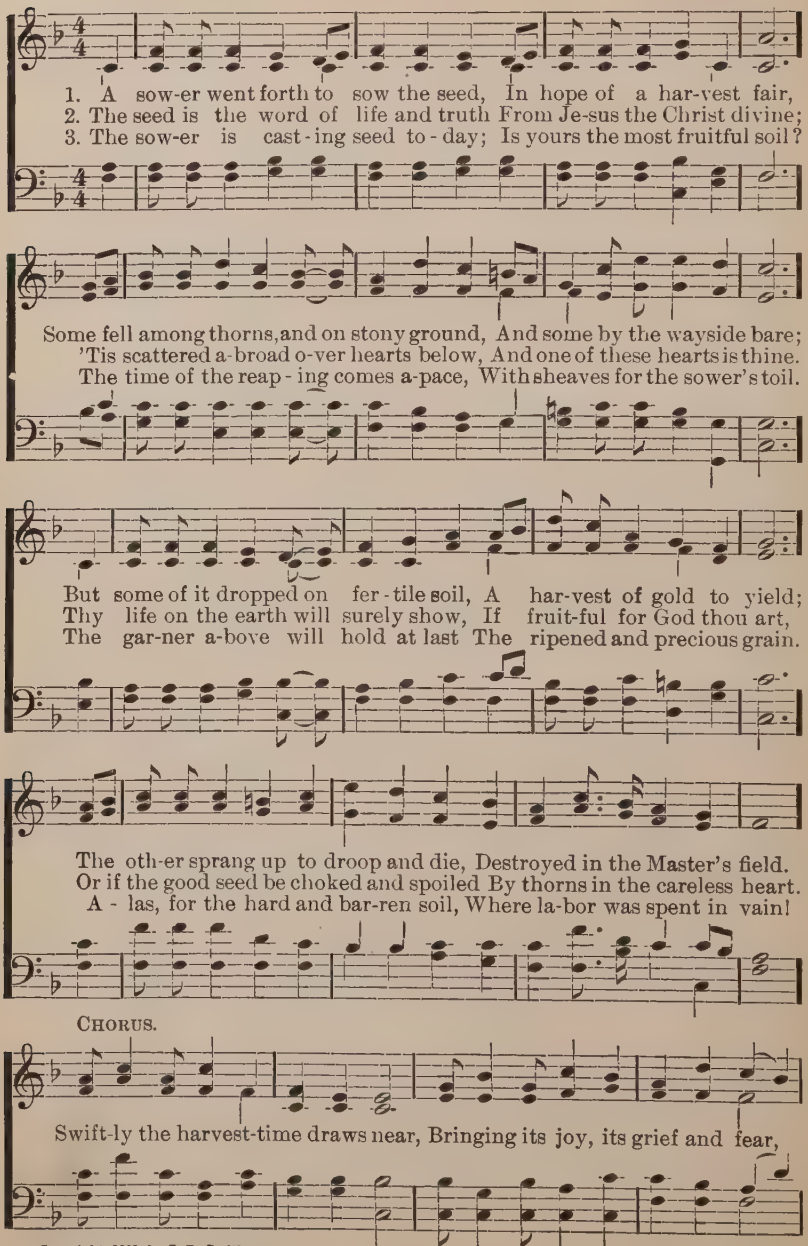
155. I Will Sing the Gospel Story.

THOMAS ATWOOD. EDWARD M. FULLER.


1. I will sing the gos-pel sto - ry; How He died up - on the
2. I will sing to Je-sus prais- es, While I here on earth re-
3. I will sing the endless pleas-ure Which the ransomed will en-
4. I will sing when life is end - ing, Of the dy - ing love of
tree; Bore my sins and purchased par - don For a
main; How his death the sin - ner rais - es From his
joy; What the world can nev - er meas - ure— Love un-
him Who hath pur - chased my sal - va - tion, And re-
CHORUS.
sin - ner lost like me.
guilt to praise his name.
mixed, with- out al - loy.
deemed my soul from sin.
Sing, oh, sing ye heirs of
glo - ry; Let your songs of Je - sus be; Sing the nev - er - ending
sto - ry,—How he died to ran - som me.

Copyright, 1903, by Edward M. Fuller.

156. The Sower and the Seed.

S. D. S. ARR. SAMUEL D. SMITH.

1. A sow-er went forth to sow the seed, In hope of a har-vest fair,
2. The seed is the word of life and truth From Je-sus the Christ divine;
3. The sow-er is cast-ing seed to-day; Is yours the most fruitful soil?
Some fell among thorns, and on stony ground, And some by the wayside bare;
'Tis scattered a-broad o-ver hearts below, And one of these hearts is thine.
The time of the reap-ing comes a-pace, With sheaves for the sower's toil.
But some of it dropped on fer-tile soil, A har-vest of gold to yield;
Thy life on the earth will surely show, If fruit-ful for God thou art,
The gar-ner a-bove will hold at last The ripened and precious grain.
The oth-er sprang up to droop and die, Destroyed in the Master's field.
Or if the good seed be choked and spoiled By thorns in the careless heart.
A-las, for the hard and bar-ren soil, Where la-bor was spent in vain!
CHORUS.
Swift-ly the harvest-time draws near, Bringing its joy, its grief and fear,

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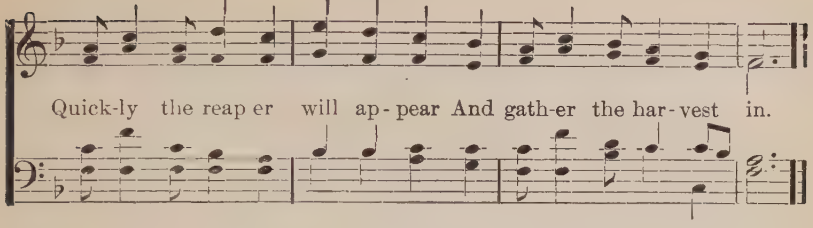
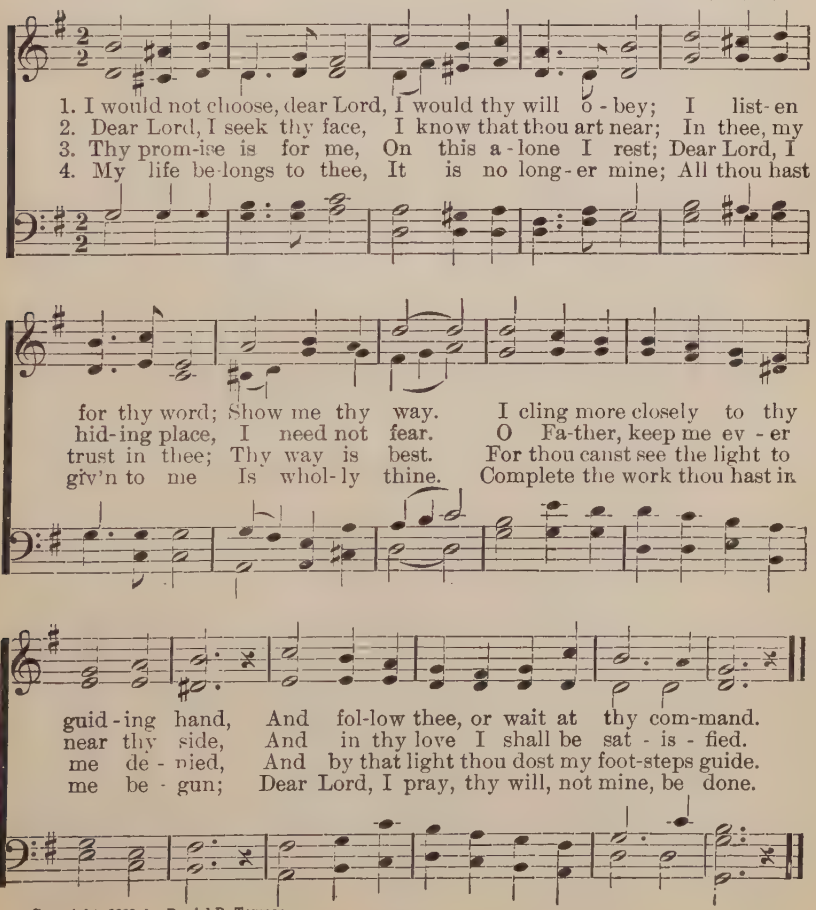


157. Thy Way is Best.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I would not choose, dear Lord, I would thy will o-bey; I list-en
2. Dear Lord, I seek thy face, I know that thou art near; In thee, my
3. Thy prom-ise is for me, On this a-lone I rest; Dear Lord, I
4. My life be-longs to thee, It is no long-er mine; All thou hast
for thy word; Show me thy way. I cling more closely to thy
hid-ing place, I need not fear. O Fa-ther, keep me ev-er
trust in thee; Thy way is best. For thou canst see the light to
giv'n to me Is whol-ly thine. Complete the work thou hast in
guid-ing hand, And fol-low thee, or wait at thy com-mand.
near thy side, And in thy love I shall be sat-is-fied.
me de-nied, And by that light thou dost my foot-steps guide.
me be-gun; Dear Lord, I pray, thy will, not mine, be done.

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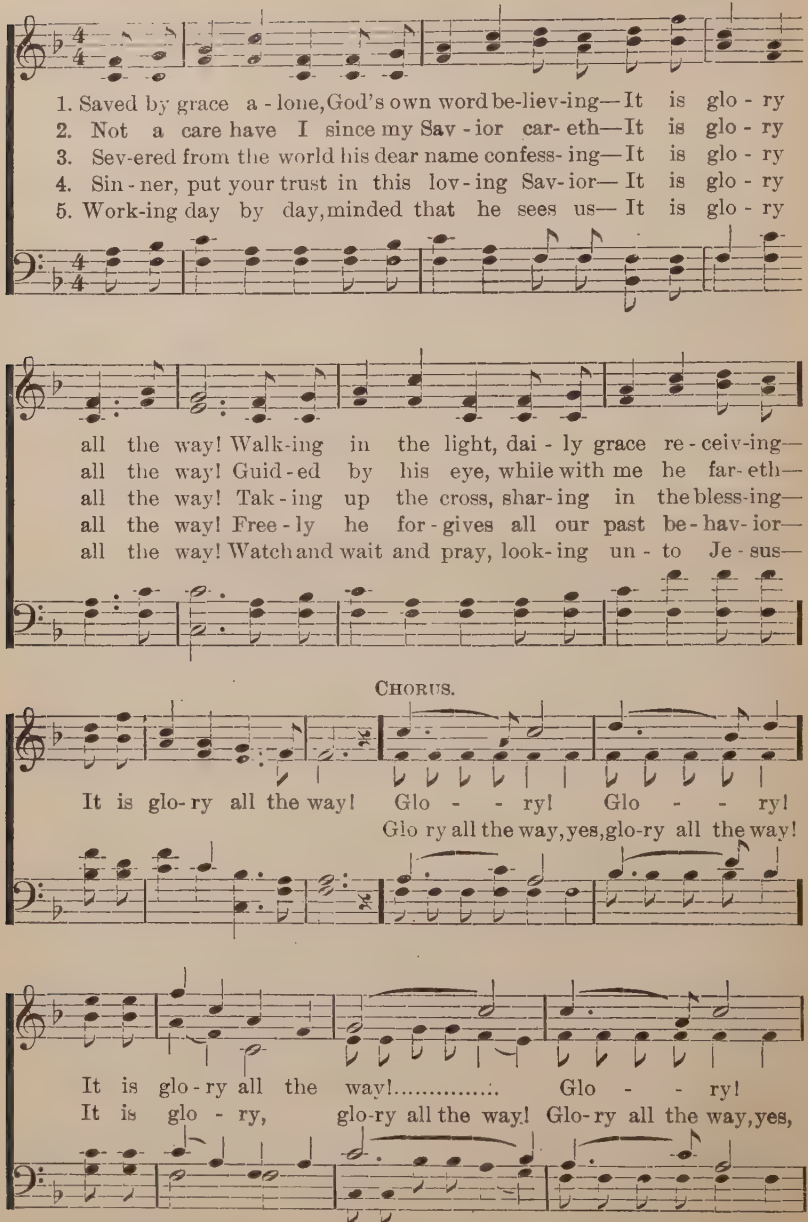
153. # Glory all the Way!

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Saved by grace a - lone, God's own word be-liev-ing—It is glo - ry
2. Not a care have I since my Sav - ior car-eth—It is glo - ry
3. Sev-ered from the world his dear name confess- ing—It is glo - ry
4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - ior— It is glo - ry
5. Work-ing day by day, minded that he sees us— It is glo - ry
all the way! Walk-ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv-ing—
all the way! Guid-ed by his eye, while with me he far-eth—
all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar-ing in the bless-ing—
all the way! Free - ly he for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
all the way! Watch and wait and pray, look-ing un - to Je - sus—
CHORUS.
It is glo-ry all the way! Glo - - ry! Glo - - ry!
Glo ry all the way, yes, glo-ry all the way!
It is glo-ry all the way!..... Glo - - ry!
It is glo - ry, glo-ry all the way! Glo-ry all the way, yes,

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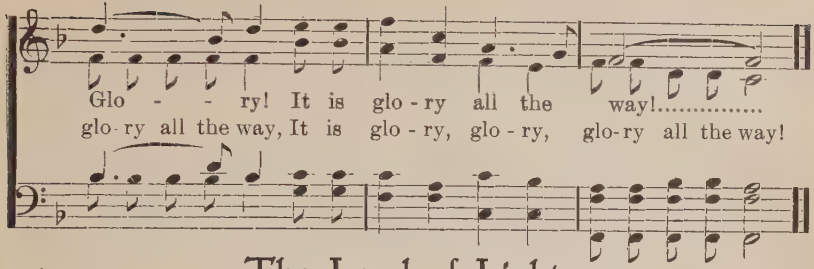
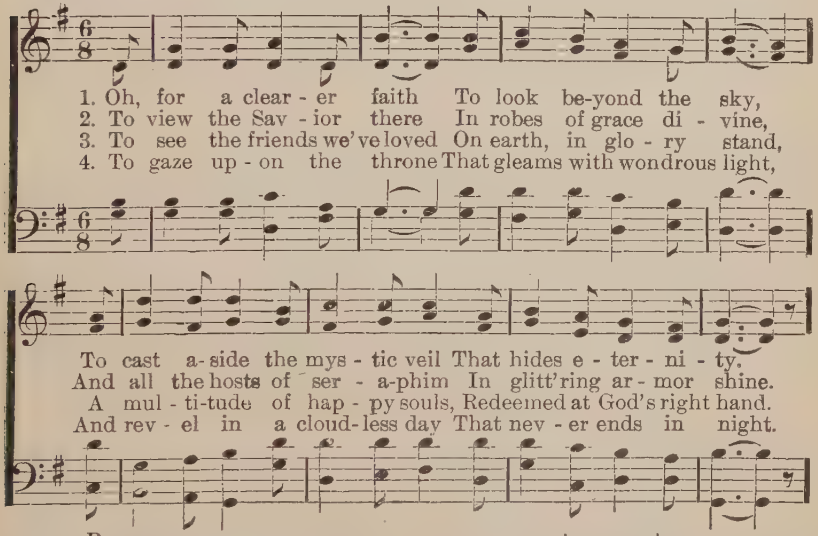
Glory all the Way. Concluded.

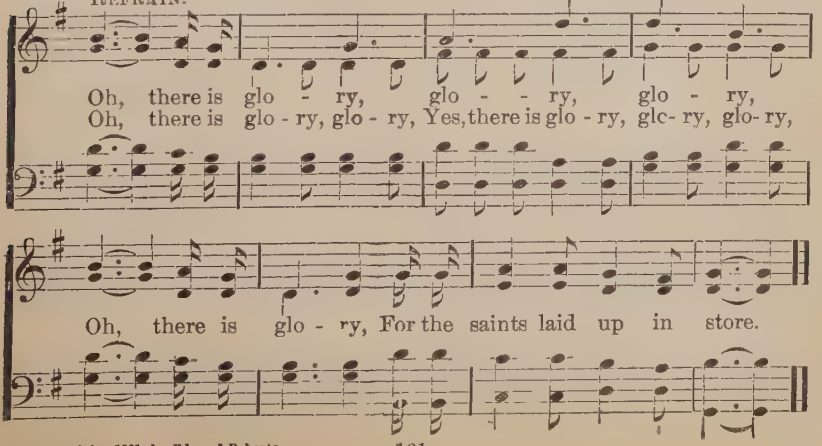


159. The Land of Light.

MARY M. LEIGHTON. E. ROBERTS.


1. Oh, for a clear - er faith To look be-yond the sky,
2. To view the Sav - ior there In robes of grace di - vine,
3. To see the friends we've loved On earth, in glo - ry stand,
4. To gaze up - on the throne That gleams with wondrous light,
To cast a - side the mys - tic veil That hides e - ter - ni - ty.
And all the hosts of ser - a-phim In glitt'ring ar - mor shine.
A mul - ti-tude of hap - py souls, Redeemed at God's right hand.
And rev - el in a cloud-less day That nev - er ends in night.

REFRAIN.


Oh, there is glo - ry, glo - - ry, glo - ry,
Oh, there is glo - ry, glo - ry, Yes, there is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
Oh, there is glo - ry, For the saints laid up in store.

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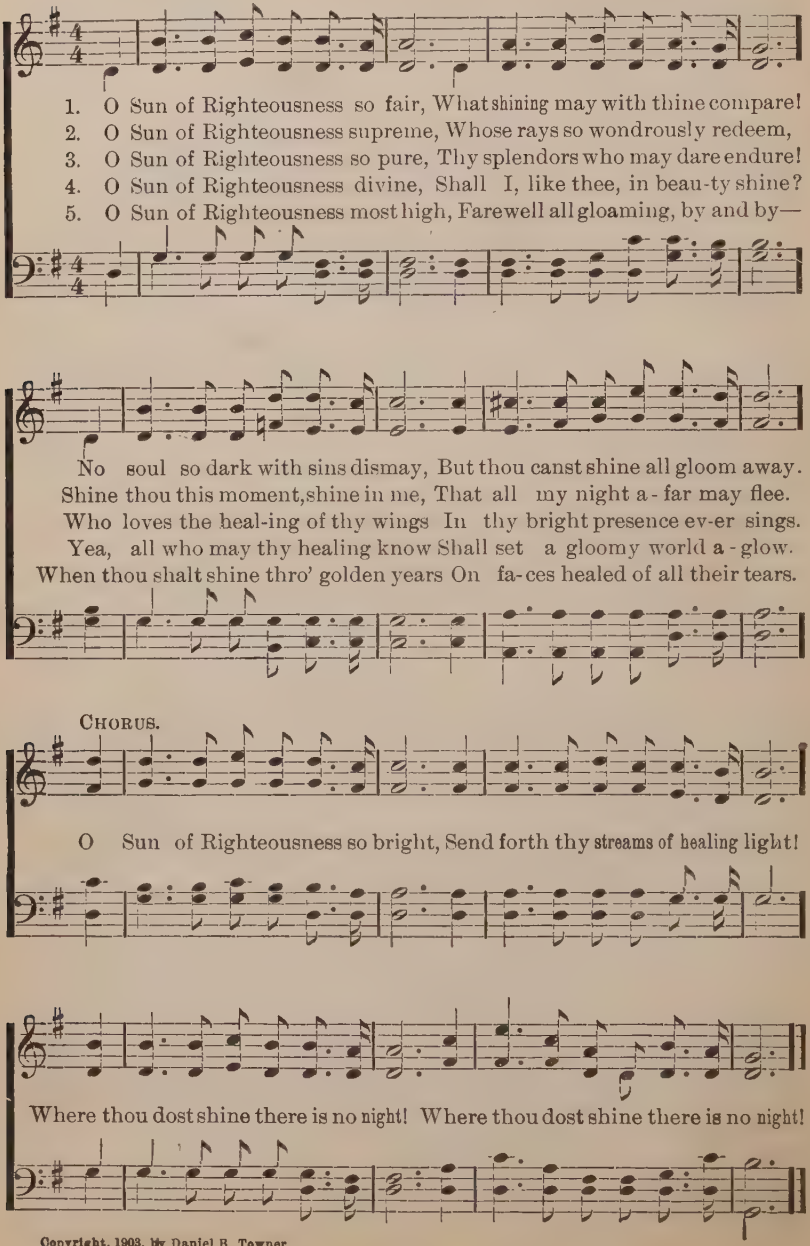
160. Where Thou Dost Shine.

LOUIS M. WATERMAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. O Sun of Righteousness so fair, What shining may with thine compare!
2. O Sun of Righteousness supreme, Whose rays so wondrously redeem,
3. O Sun of Righteousness so pure, Thy splendors who may dare endure!
4. O Sun of Righteousness divine, Shall I, like thee, in beau-ty shine?
5. O Sun of Righteousness most high, Farewell all gloaming, by and by—
No soul so dark with sins dismay, But thou canst shine all gloom away.
Shine thou this moment, shine in me, That all my night a-far may flee.
Who loves the heal-ing of thy wings In thy bright presence ev-er sings.
Yea, all who may thy healing know Shall set a gloomy world a-glow.
When thou shalt shine thro' golden years On fa-ces healed of all their tears.
CHORUS.
O Sun of Righteousness so bright, Send forth thy streams of healing light!
Where thou dost shine there is no night! Where thou dost shine there is no night!

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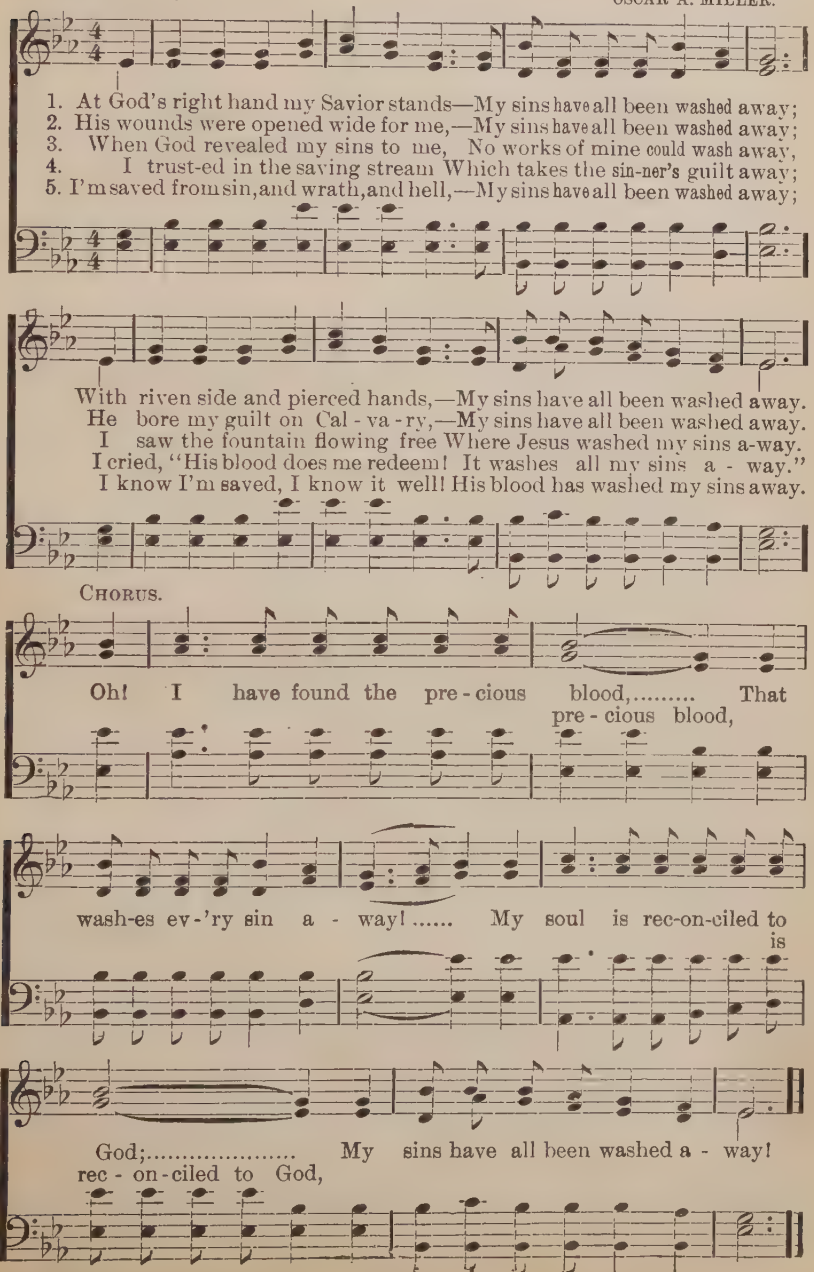
161. My Sins Have All Been Washed Away.

W. R. NEWELL. OSCAR A. MILLER.

1. At God's right hand my Savior stands—My sins have all been washed away;
2. His wounds were opened wide for me,—My sins have all been washed away;
3. When God revealed my sins to me, No works of mine could wash away,
4. I trust-ed in the saving stream Which takes the sin-ner's guilt away;
5. I'm saved from sin, and wrath, and hell,—My sins have all been washed away;
With riven side and pierced hands,—My sins have all been washed away.
He bore my guilt on Cal - va - ry,—My sins have all been washed away.
I saw the fountain flowing free Where Jesus washed my sins a-way.
I cried, "His blood does me redeem! It washes all my sins a - way."
I know I'm saved, I know it well! His blood has washed my sins away.
CHORUS.
Oh! I have found the pre - cious blood,..... That
pre - cious blood,
wash-es ev-'ry sin a - way!..... My soul is rec-on-ciled to
is
God;..... My sins have all been washed a - way!
rec - on - ciled to God,

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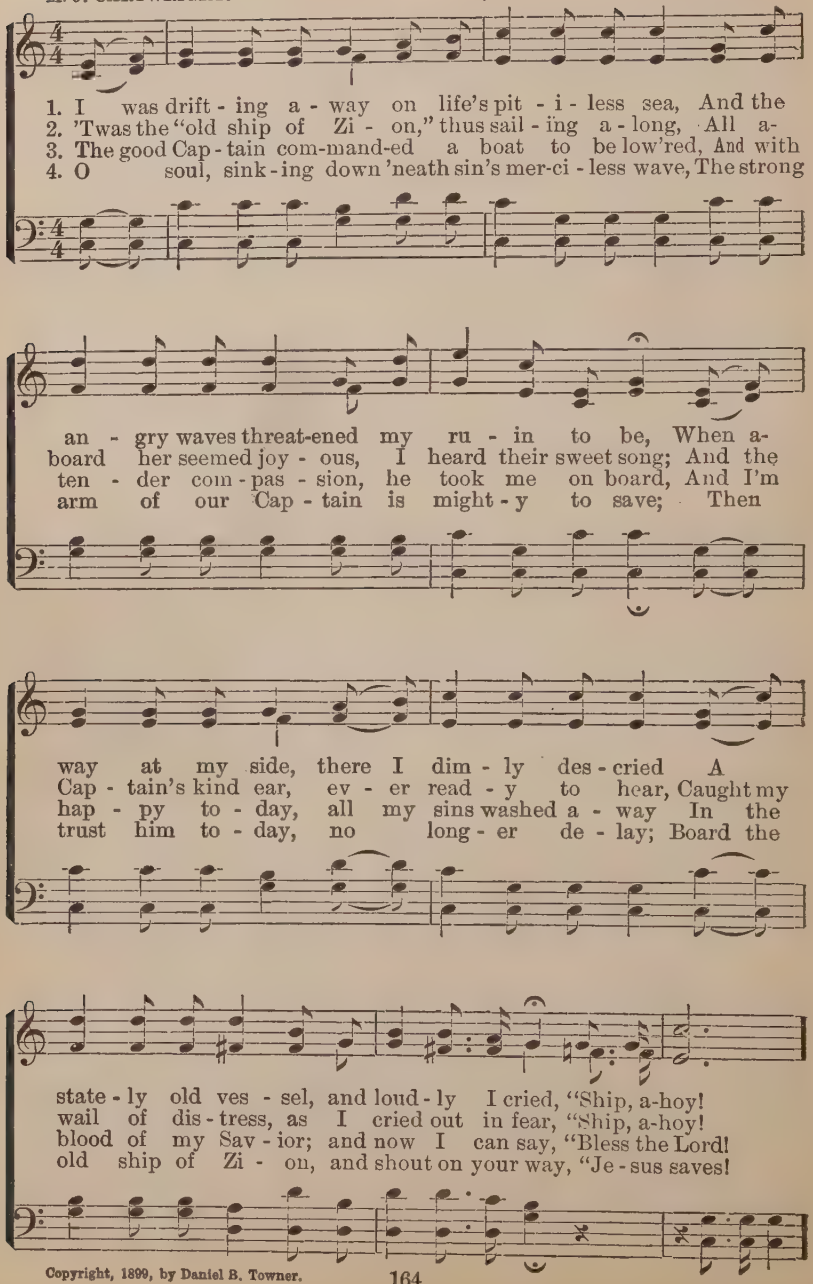
162. The Old Ship Zion.

M. J. CARTWRIGHT. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I was drift - ing a - way on life's pit - i - less sea, And the an - gry waves threat-ened my ru - in to be, When a-
2. 'Twas the "old ship of Zi - on," thus sail - ing a - long, All a- board her seemed joy - ous, I heard their sweet song; And the
3. The good Cap - tain com-mand-ed a boat to be low'red, And with ten - der com - pas - sion, he took me on board, And I'm
4. O soul, sink - ing down 'neath sin's mer-ci - less wave, The strong arm of our Cap - tain is might - y to save; Then
way at my side, there I dim - ly des - cried A state - ly old ves - sel, and loud - ly I cried, "Ship, a-hoy!
Cap - tain's kind ear, ev - er read - y to hear, Caught my wail of dis - tress, as I cried out in fear, "Ship, a-hoy!
hap - py to - day, all my sins washed a - way In the blood of my Sav - ior; and now I can say, "Bless the Lord!
trust him to - day, no long - er de - lay; Board the old ship of Zi - on, and shout on your way, "Je - sus saves!

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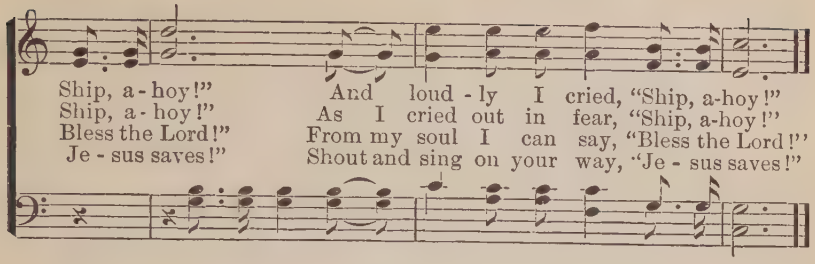
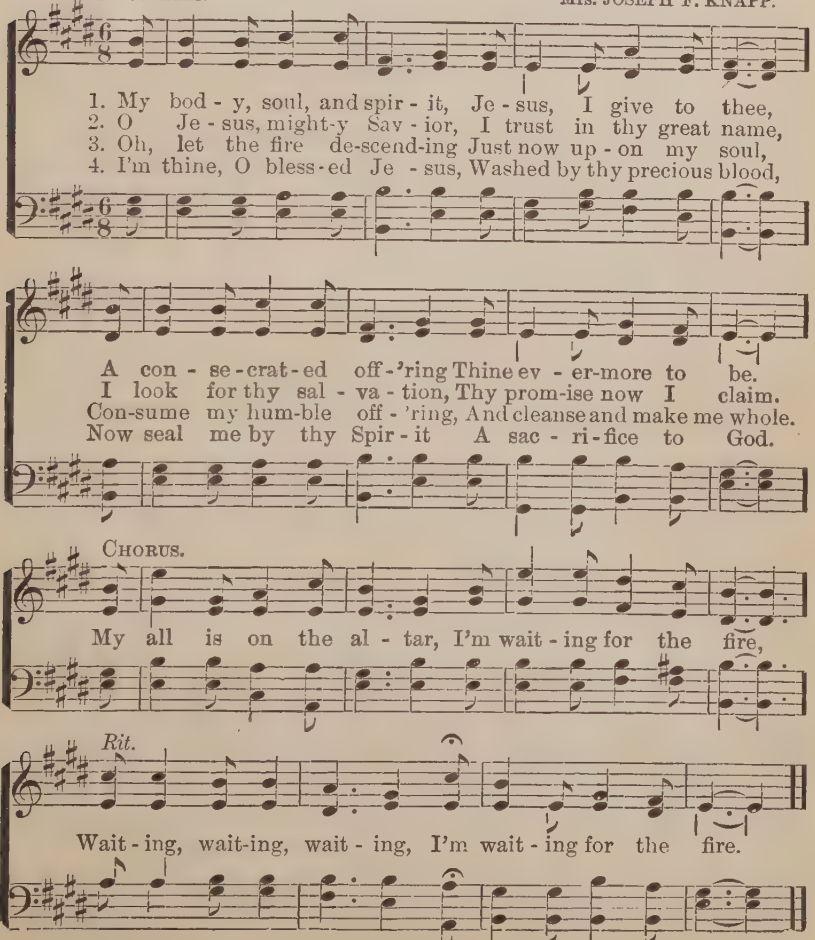

Ship, a - hoy!"
Ship, a - hoy!"
Bless the Lord!"
Je - sus saves!"
And loud - ly I cried, "Ship, a-hoy!"
As I cried out in fear, "Ship, a-hoy!"
From my soul I can say, "Bless the Lord!"
Shout and sing on your way, "Je - sus saves!"

163. My Body, Soul, and Spirit.

MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee,
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - ior, I trust in thy great name,
3. Oh, let the fire de-scend-ing Just now up - on my soul,
4. I'm thine, O bless-ed Je - sus, Washed by thy precious blood,
A con - se-crat-ed off-'ring Thine ev - er-more to be.
I look for thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
Con-sume my hum-ble off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Now seal me by thy Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.
CHORUS.
My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire,
Rit.
Wait - ing, wait-ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

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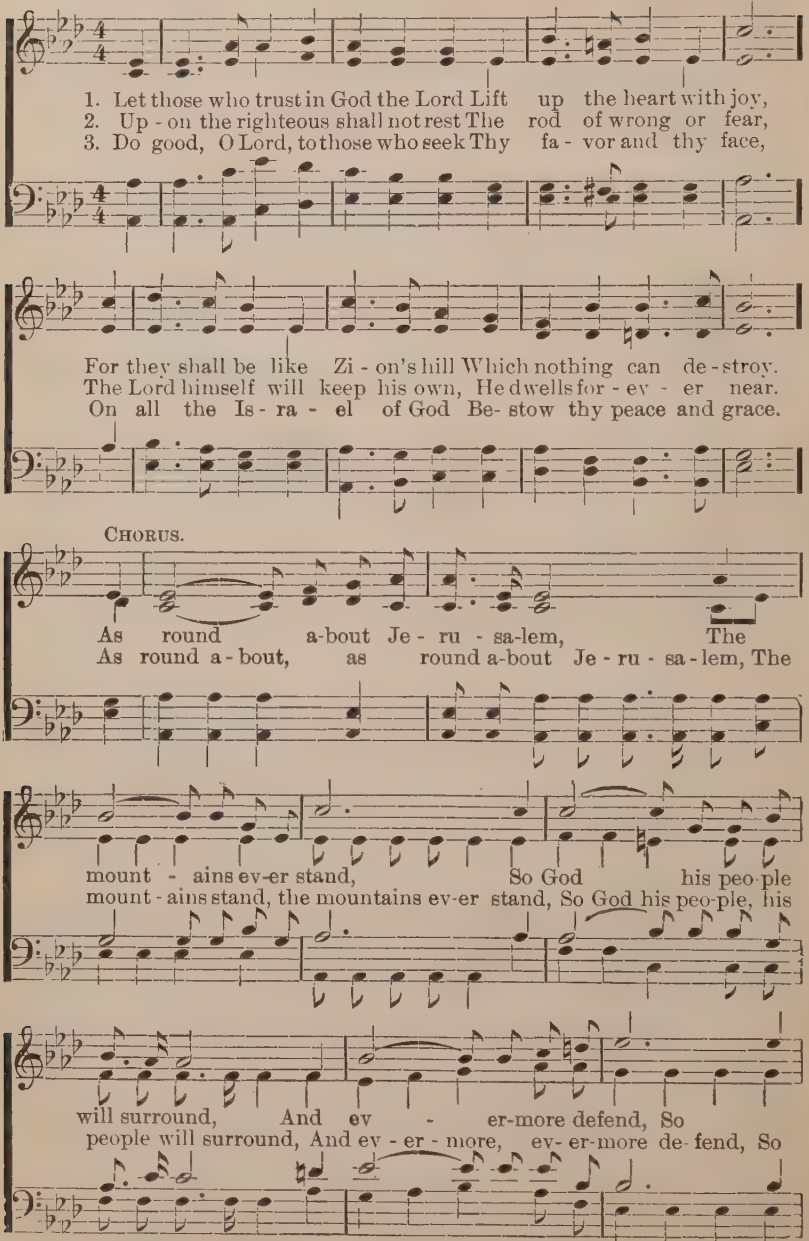
164. Our Sure Defense.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Let those who trust in God the Lord Lift up the heart with joy,
2. Up - on the righteous shall not rest The rod of wrong or fear,
3. Do good, O Lord, to those who seek Thy fa - vor and thy face,
For they shall be like Zi - on's hill Which nothing can de - stroy.
The Lord himself will keep his own, He dwells for - ev - er near.
On all the Is - ra - el of God Be- stow thy peace and grace.
CHORUS.
As round a-bout Je - ru - sa-lem, The
As round a - bout, as round a-bout Je - ru - sa - lem, The
mount - ains ev-er stand, So God his peo-ple
mount - ains stand, the mountains ev-er stand, So God his peo-ple, his
will surround, And ev - er-more defend, So
people will surround, And ev - er - more, ev- er-more de- fend, So

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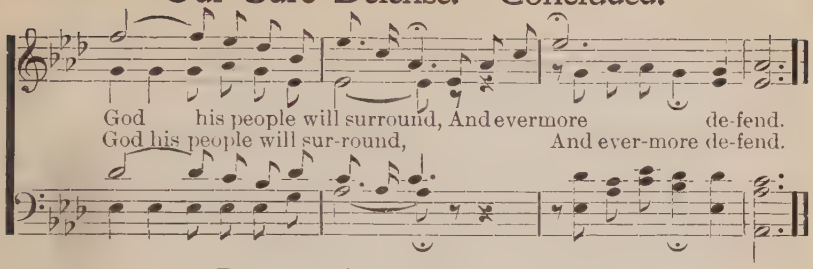
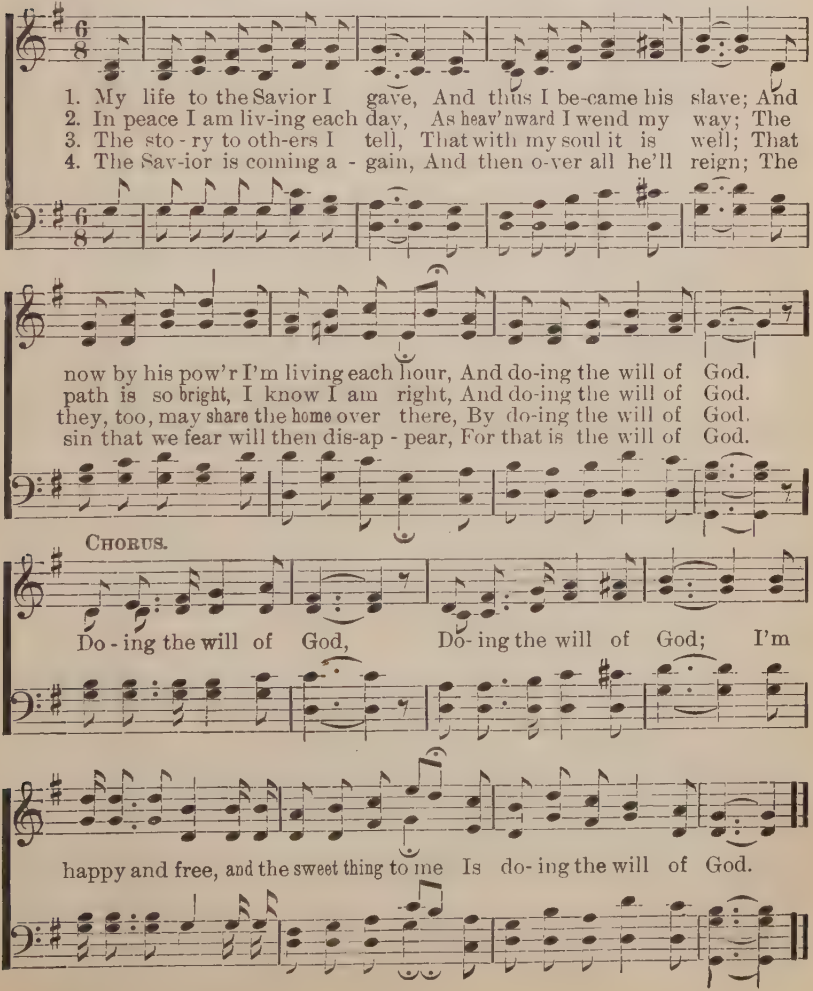
Our Sure Defense. Concluded.



165. Doing the Will of God.

E. T. ETHELWYN TAYLOR.


1. My life to the Savior I gave, And thus I be-came his slave; And
2. In peace I am liv-ing each day, As heav'nward I wend my way; The
3. The sto - ry to oth-ers I tell, That with my soul it is well; That
4. The Sav-ior is coming a - gain, And then o-ver all he'll reign; The
now by his pow'r I'm living each hour, And do-ing the will of God.
path is so bright, I know I am right, And do-ing the will of God.
they, too, may share the home over there, By do-ing the will of God.
sin that we fear will then dis-ap - pear, For that is the will of God.
CHORUS.
Do - ing the will of God, Do- ing the will of God; I'm
happy and free, and the sweet thing to me Is do- ing the will of God.

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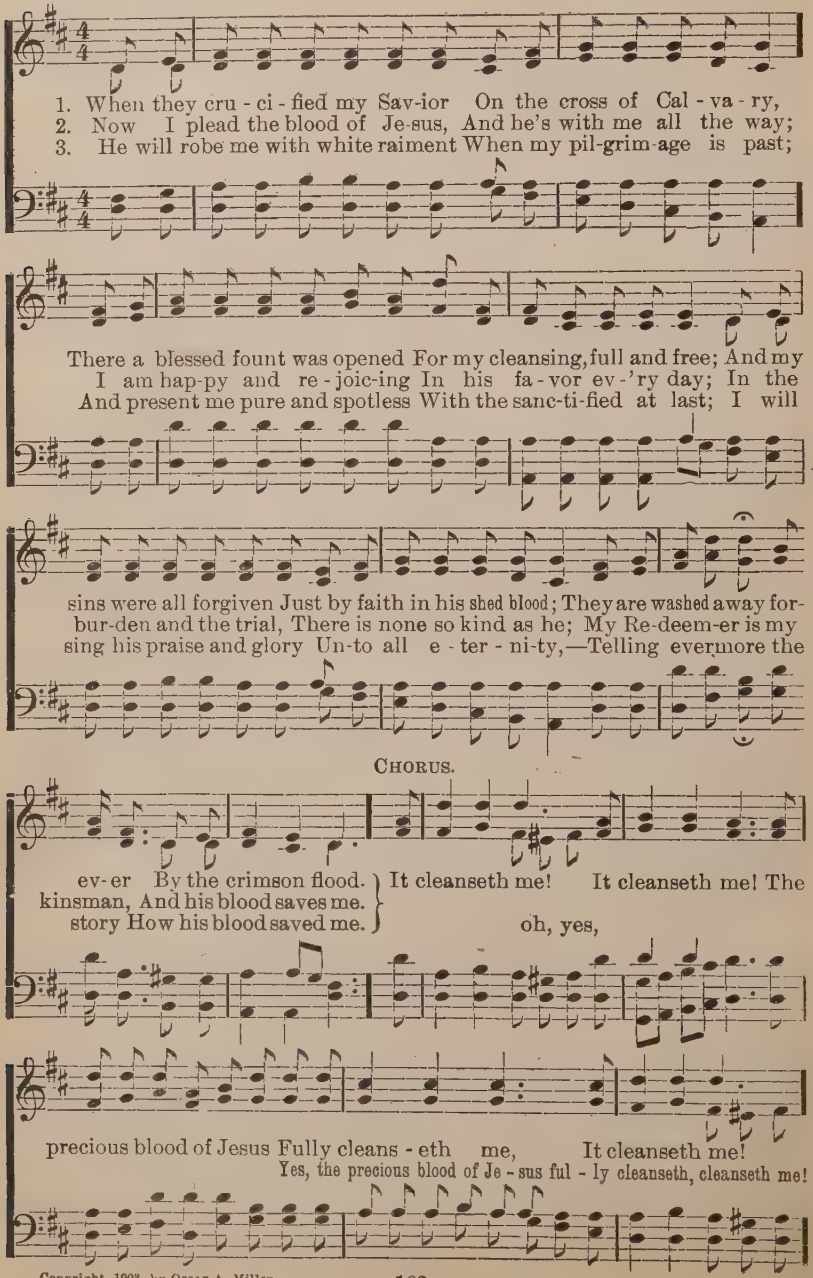
166. The Cleansing Blood.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLER. OSCAR A. MILLER.


1. When they cru - ci - fied my Sav-ior On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Now I plead the blood of Je-sus, And he's with me all the way;
3. He will robe me with white raiment When my pil-grim-age is past;
There a blessed fount was opened For my cleansing, full and free; And my
I am hap-py and re - joic-ing In his fa - vor ev - 'ry day; In the
And present me pure and spotless With the sanc-ti-fied at last; I will
sins were all forgiven Just by faith in his shed blood; They are washed away for-
bur-den and the trial, There is none so kind as he; My Re-deem-er is my
sing his praise and glory Un-to all e - ter - ni-ty,—Telling evermore the
CHORUS.
ev-er By the crimson flood.
kinsman, And his blood saves me.
story How his blood saved me.
It cleanseth me! It cleanseth me! The
oh, yes,
precious blood of Jesus Fully cleans - eth me, It cleanseth me!
Yes, the precious blood of Je - sus ful - ly cleanseth, cleanseth me!

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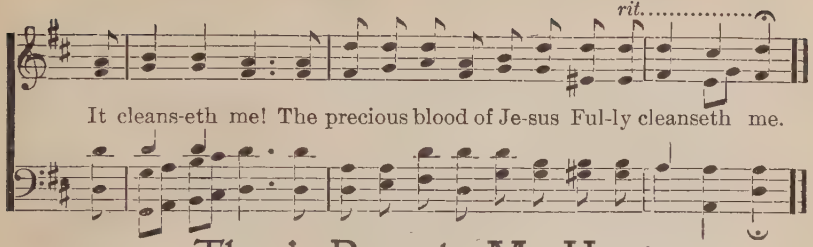
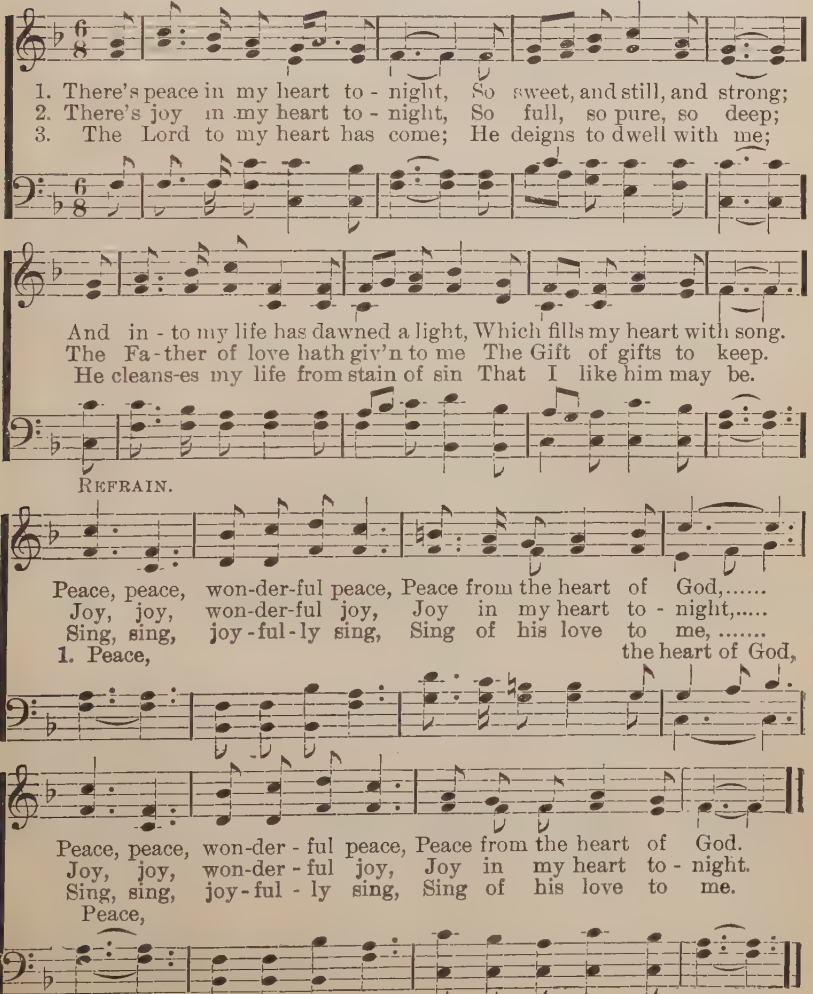


167. There's Peace in My Heart.

HELEN A. HIMES. D. B. TOWNER.


1. There's peace in my heart to - night, So sweet, and still, and strong;
2. There's joy in my heart to - night, So full, so pure, so deep;
3. The Lord to my heart has come; He deigns to dwell with me;
And in - to my life has dawned a light, Which fills my heart with song.
The Fa-ther of love hath giv'n to me The Gift of gifts to keep.
He cleans-es my life from stain of sin That I like him may be.
REFRAIN.
Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, Peace from the heart of God,.....
Joy, joy, won-der-ful joy, Joy in my heart to - night,.....
Sing, sing, joy-ful-ly sing, Sing of his love to me, ...
1. Peace, the heart of God,
Peace, peace, won-der - ful peace, Peace from the heart of God.
Joy, joy, won-der - ful joy, Joy in my heart to - night.
Sing, sing, joy-ful - ly sing, Sing of his love to me.
Peace,

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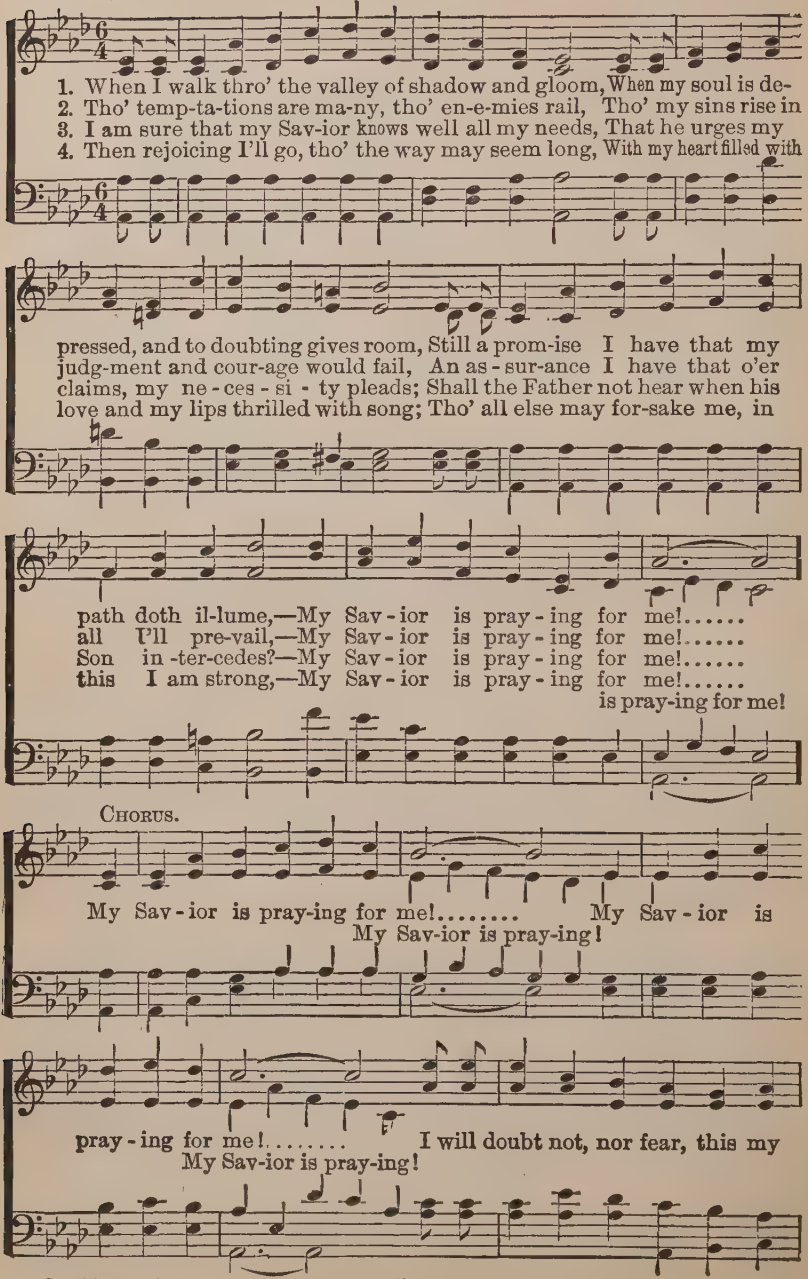
168. My Savior is Praying for Me.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When I walk thro' the valley of shadow and gloom, When my soul is de-
2. Tho' temp-ta-tions are ma-ny, tho' en-e-mies rail, Tho' my sins rise in
3. I am sure that my Sav-ior knows well all my needs, That he urges my
4. Then rejoicing I'll go, tho' the way may seem long, With my heart filled with
pressed, and to doubting gives room, Still a prom-ise I have that my
judg-ment and cour-age would fail, An as-sur-ance I have that o'er
claims, my ne-ces-si-ty pleads; Shall the Father not hear when his
love and my lips thrilled with song; Tho' all else may for-sake me, in
path doth il-lume,—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
all I'll pre-vail,—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
Son in-ter-cedes?—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
this I am strong,—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
is pray-ing for me!
Chorus.
My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!..... My Sav-ior is
My Sav-ior is pray-ing!
pray-ing for me!..... I will doubt not, nor fear, this my
My Sav-ior is pray-ing!

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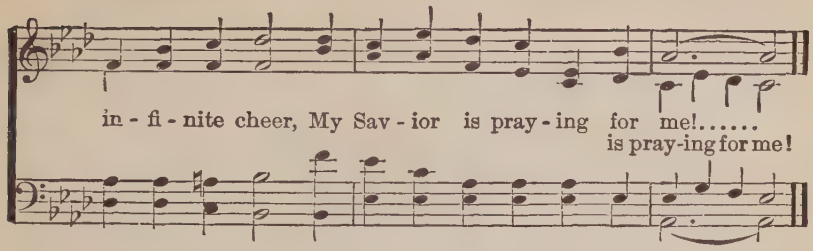
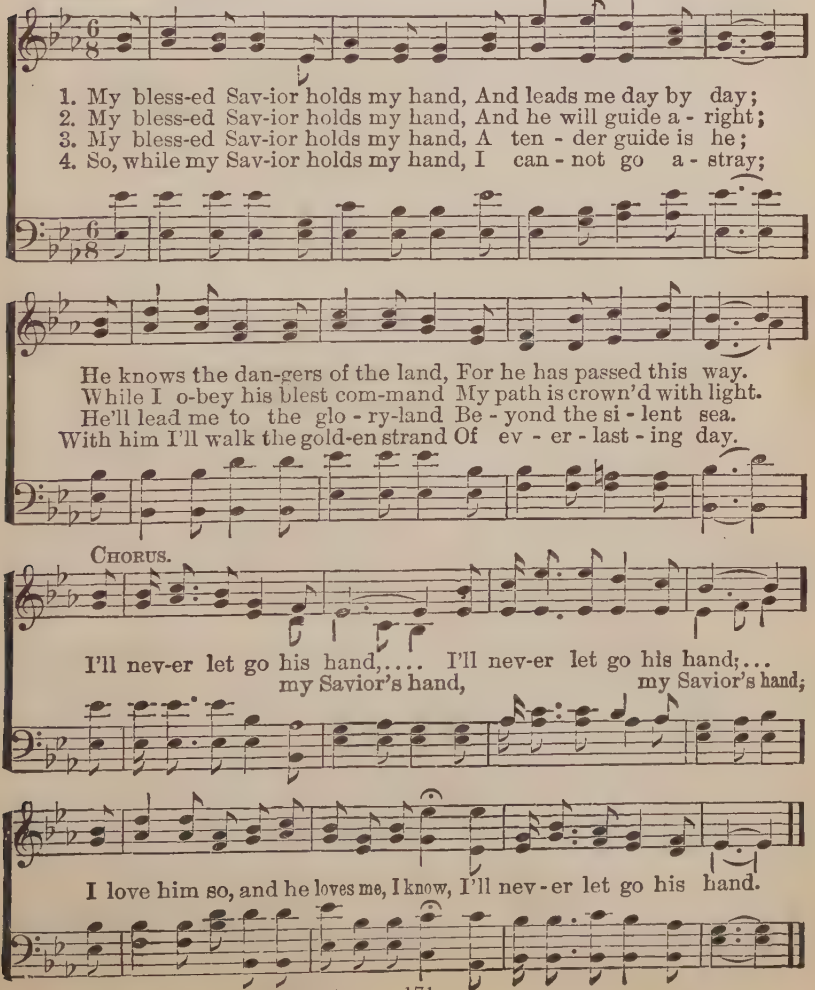


169. I'll Never Let Go His Hand.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. My bless-ed Sav-ior holds my hand, And leads me day by day;
2. My bless-ed Sav-ior holds my hand, And he will guide a - right;
3. My bless-ed Sav-ior holds my hand, A ten - der guide is he;
4. So, while my Sav-ior holds my hand, I can - not go a - stray;
He knows the dan-gers of the land, For he has passed this way.
While I o-bey his blest com-mand My path is crown'd with light.
He'll lead me to the glo - ry-land Be - yond the si - lent sea.
With him I'll walk the gold-en strand Of ev - er - last - ing day.
Chorus.
I'll nev-er let go his hand,.... I'll nev-er let go his hand;...
my Savior's hand, my Savior's hand;
I love him so, and he loves me, I know, I'll nev - er let go his hand.

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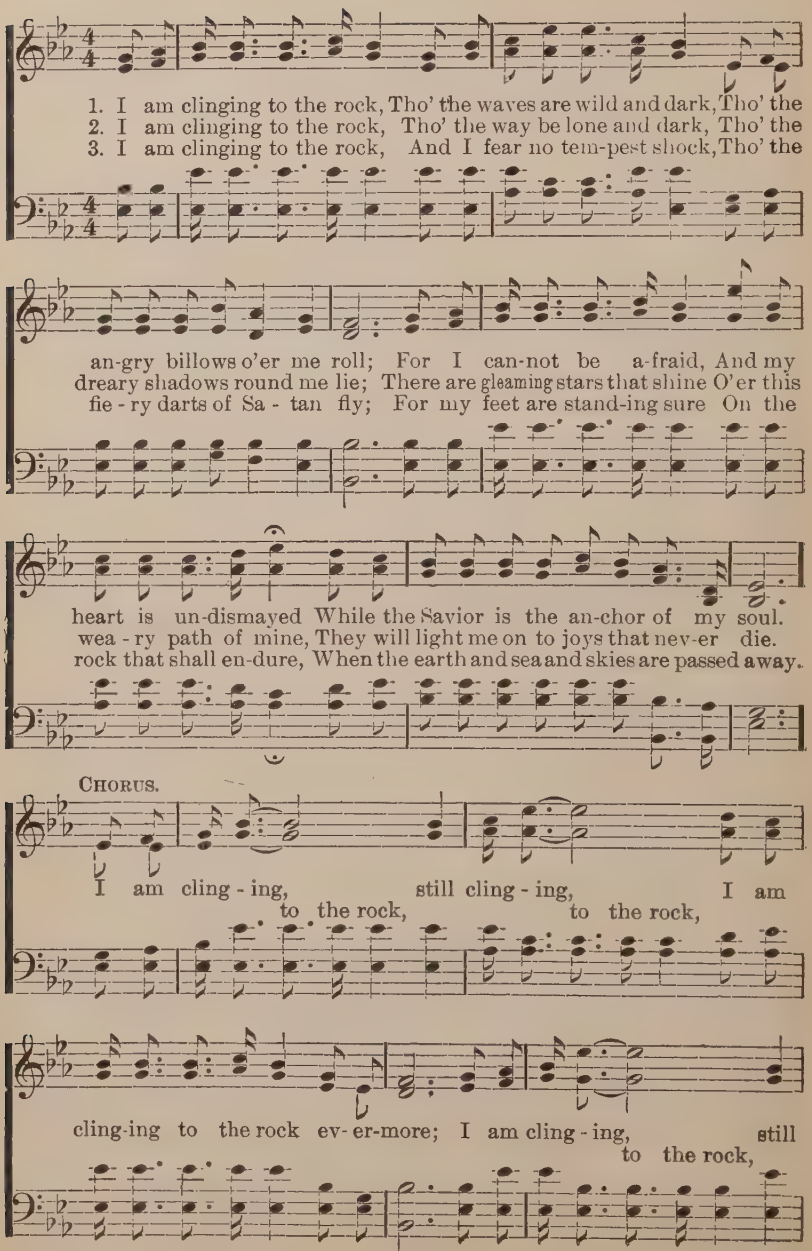
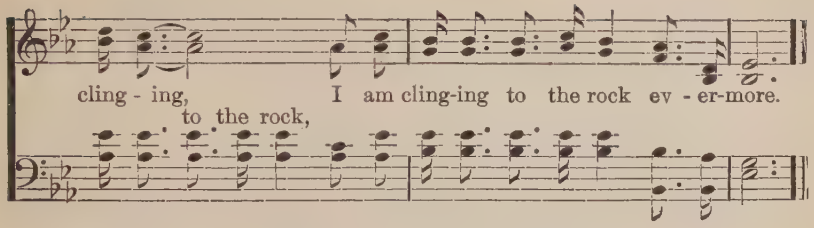
170. I am Clinging to the Rock.

W. O. CUSHING. S. D. GOODALE.


1. I am clinging to the rock, Tho' the waves are wild and dark, Tho' the
2. I am clinging to the rock, Tho' the way be lone and dark, Tho' the
3. I am clinging to the rock, And I fear no tem-pest shock, Tho' the
an-gry billows o'er me roll; For I can-not be a-fraid, And my
dreary shadows round me lie; There are gleaming stars that shine O'er this
fie - ry darts of Sa - tan fly; For my feet are stand-ing sure On the
heart is un-dismayed While the Savior is the an-chor of my soul.
wea - ry path of mine, They will light me on to joys that nev-er die.
rock that shall en-dure, When the earth and sea and skies are passed away.
CHORUS.
I am cling - ing, still cling - ing, I am
to the rock, to the rock,
cling-ing to the rock ev- er-more; I am cling - ing, still
to the rock,

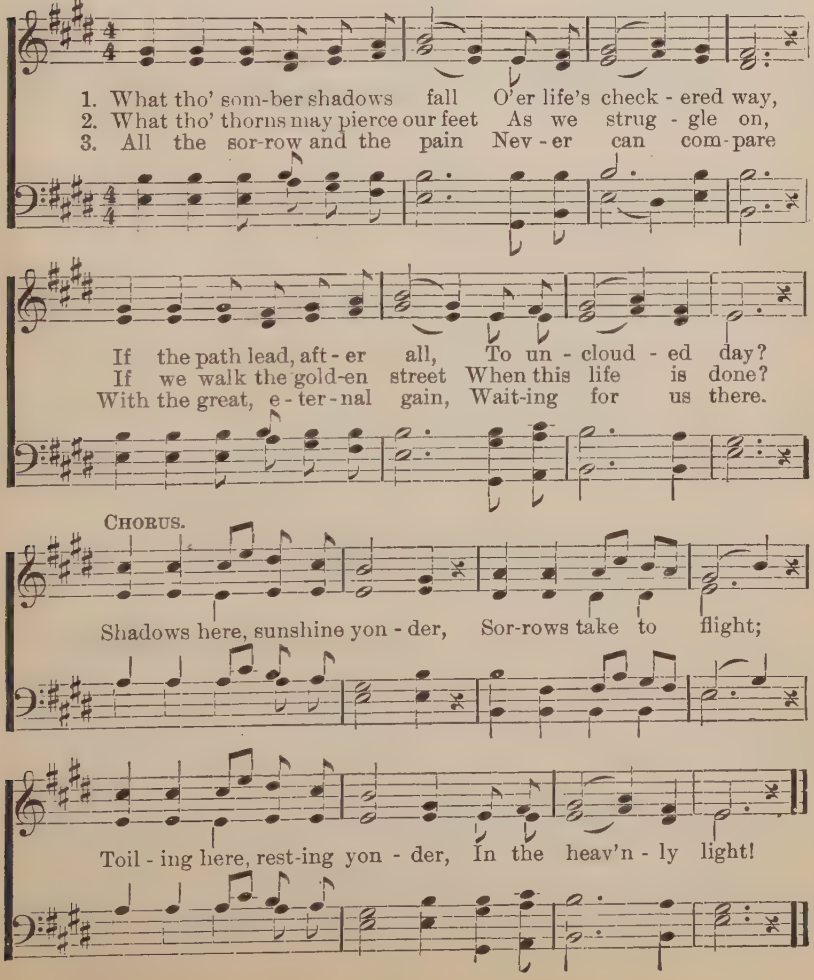
Copyright, 1903, by S. D. Goodale.

I am Clinging to the Rock. Concluded.



171. Shadows and Sunshine.

HELEN S. PIERCE. B. T. WORDEN.


1. What tho' som-ber shadows fall O'er life's check - ered way,
2. What tho' thorns may pierce our feet As we strug - gle on,
3. All the sor-row and the pain Nev - er can com-pare
If the path lead, aft - er all, To un - cloud - ed day?
If we walk the gold-en street When this life is done?
With the great, e - ter - nal gain, Wait-ing for us there.
CHORUS.
Shadows here, sunshine yon - der, Sor-rows take to flight;
Toil - ing here, rest-ing yon - der, In the heav'n - ly light!

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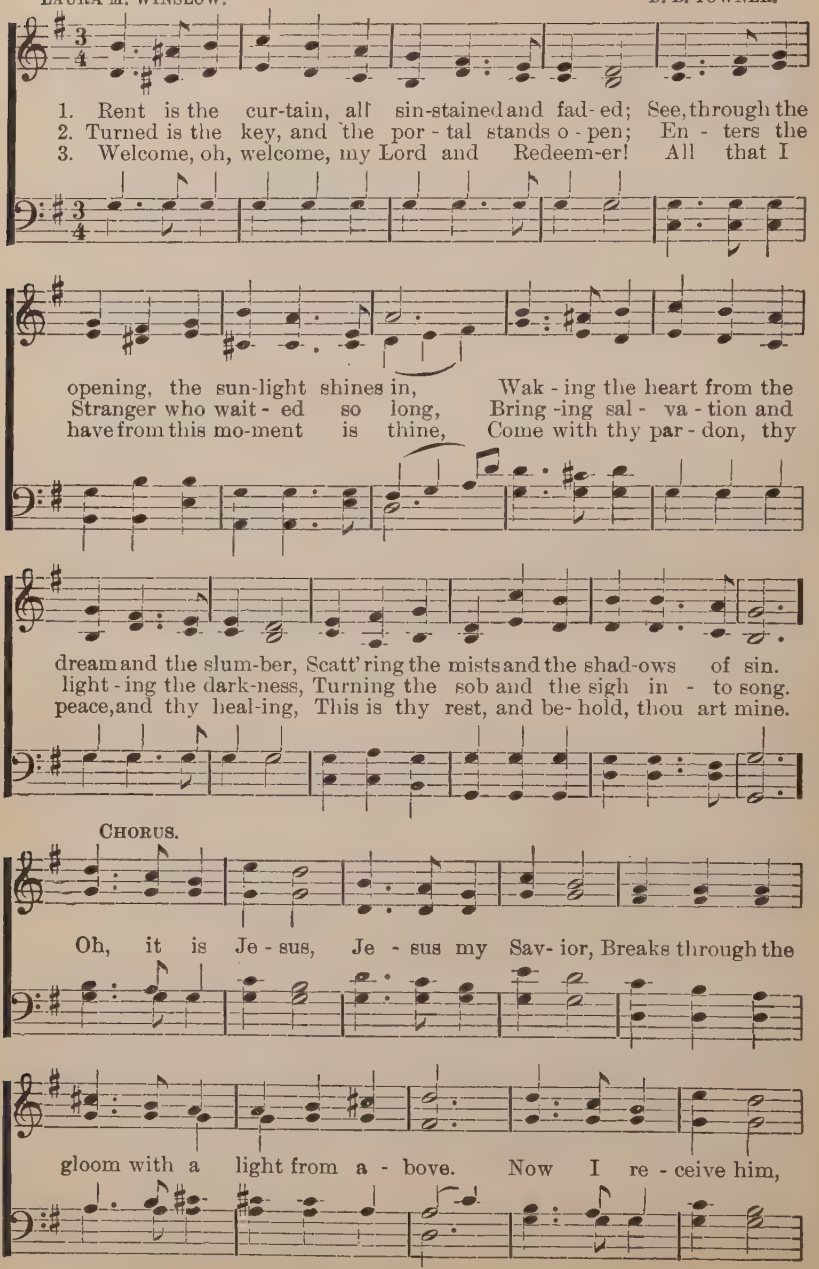
172. Rent is the Curtain.

LAURA M. WINSLOW. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Rent is the cur-tain, all sin-stained and fad-ed; See, through the
2. Turned is the key, and the por-tal stands o-pen; En-ters the
3. Welcome, oh, welcome, my Lord and Redeem-er! All that I
opening, the sun-light shines in, Wak-ing the heart from the
Stranger who wait-ed so long, Bring-ing sal-va-tion and
have from this mo-ment is thine, Come with thy par-don, thy
dream and the slum-ber, Scatt'ring the mists and the shad-ows of sin.
light-ing the dark-ness, Turning the sob and the sigh in-to song.
peace, and thy heal-ing, This is thy rest, and be-hold, thou art mine.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is Je-sus, Je-sus my Sav-ior, Breaks through the
gloom with a light from a-bove. Now I re-ceive him,

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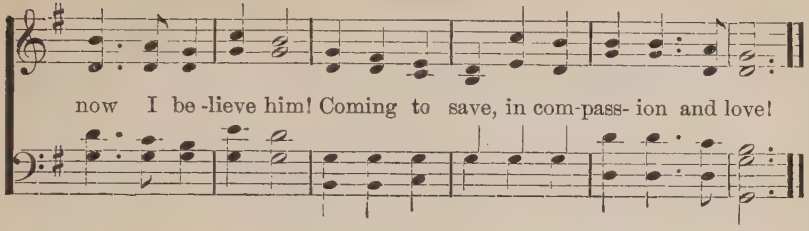
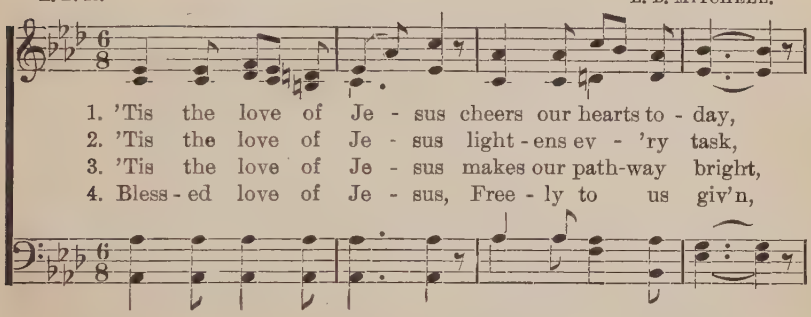
Rent is the Curtain. Concluded.

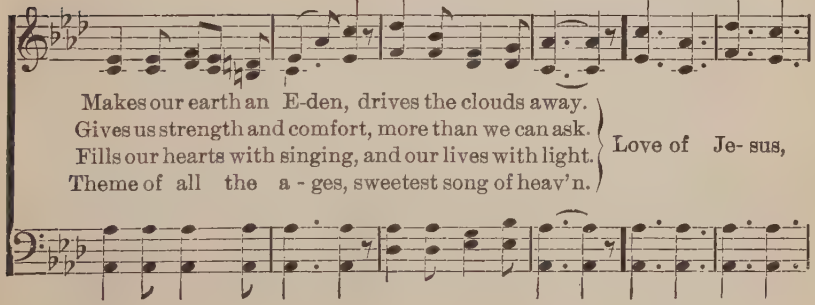


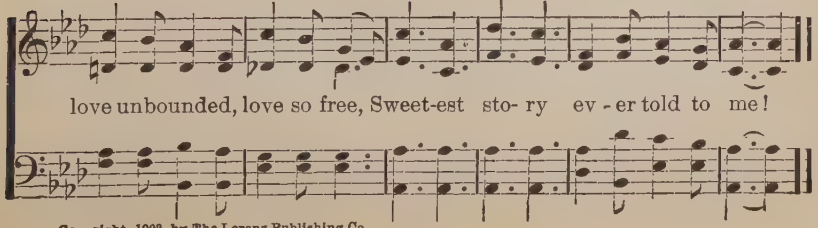
173. The Love of Jesus.

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.


1. 'Tis the love of Je - sus cheers our hearts to - day,
2. 'Tis the love of Je - sus light-ens ev - 'ry task,
3. 'Tis the love of Je - sus makes our path-way bright,
4. Bless-ed love of Je - sus, Free - ly to us giv'n,

CHORUS.


Makes our earth an E-den, drives the clouds away.
Gives us strength and comfort, more than we can ask.
Fills our hearts with singing, and our lives with light.
Theme of all the a - ges, sweetest song of heav'n.
Love of Je- sus,



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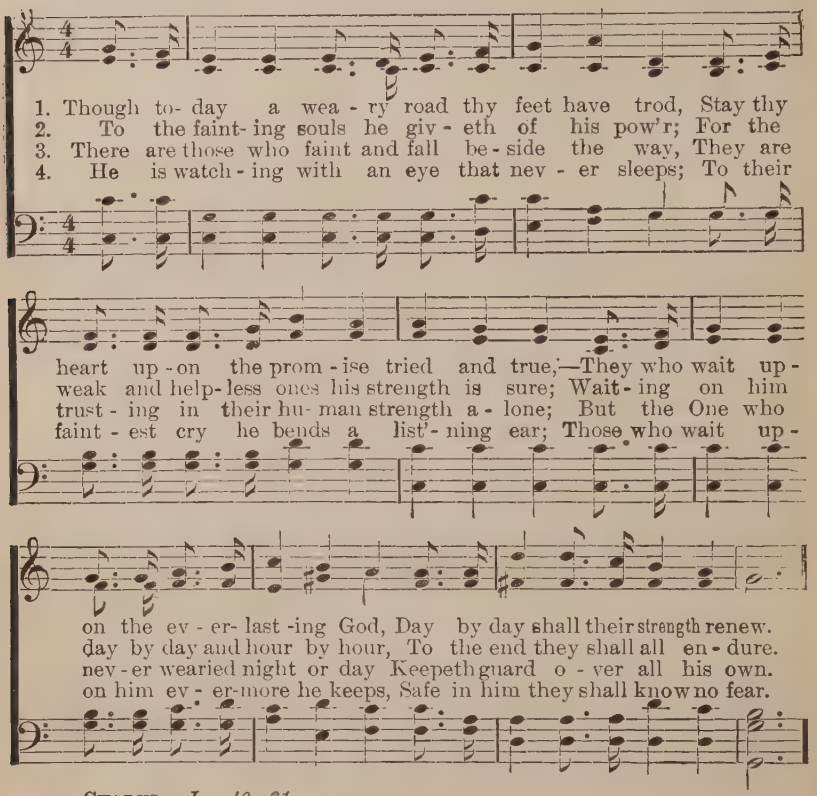
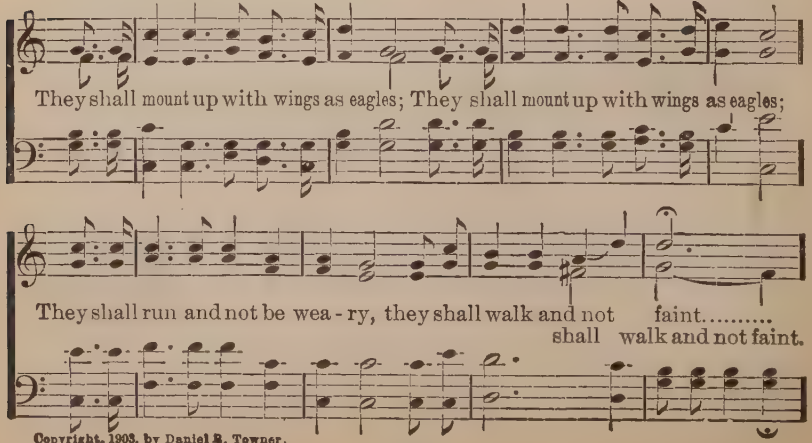
174. They Shall Mount up with Wings.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Though to- day a wea - ry road thy feet have trod, Stay thy
2. To the faint- ing souls he giv - eth of his pow'r; For the
3. There are those who faint and fall be - side the way, They are
4. He is watch - ing with an eye that nev - er sleeps; To their
heart up - on the prom - ise tried and true,—They who wait up -
weak and help- less ones his strength is sure; Wait - ing on him
trust - ing in their hu- man strength a - lone; But the One who
faint - est cry he bends a list'- ning ear; Those who wait up -
on the ev - er- last -ing God, Day by day shall their strength renew.
day by day and hour by hour, To the end they shall all en - dure.
nev - er wearied night or day Keepeth guard o - ver all his own.
on him ev - er-more he keeps, Safe in him they shall know no fear.

CHORUS. *Isa. 40. 31.*


They shall mount up with wings as eagles; They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run and not be wea - ry, they shall walk and not faint.....
shall walk and not faint.

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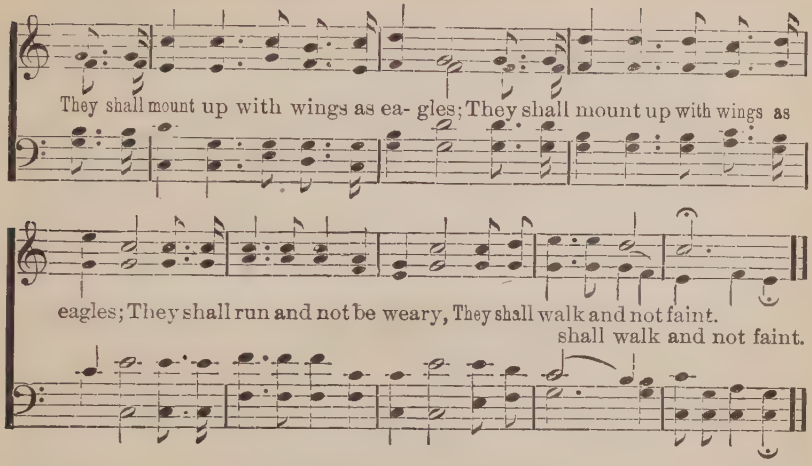
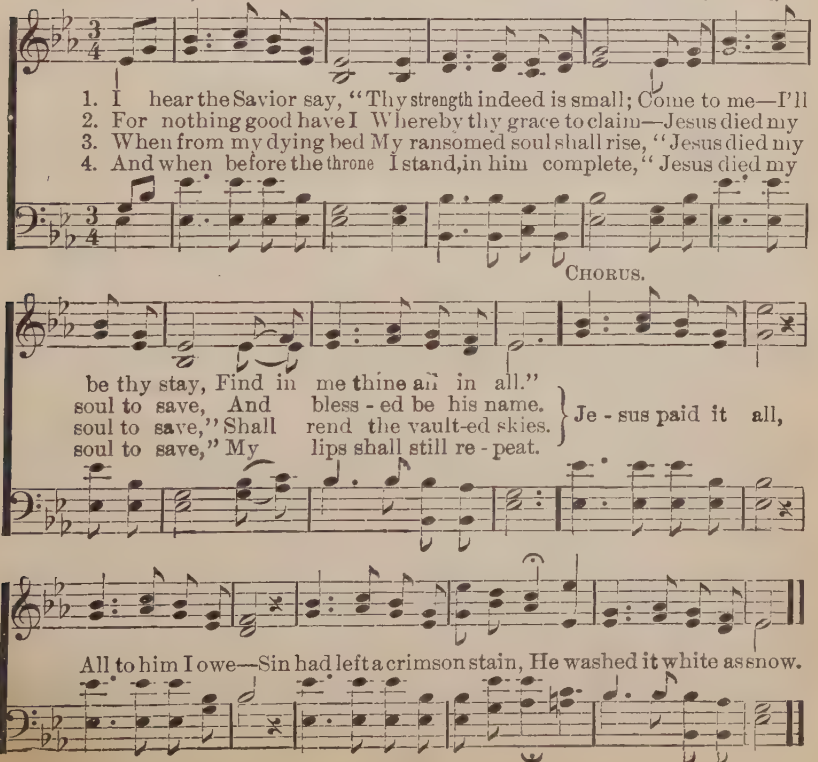
They Shall Mount up with Wings. Concluded.


They shall mount up with wings as ea- gles; They shall mount up with wings as
eagles; They shall run and not be weary, They shall walk and not faint.
shall walk and not faint.

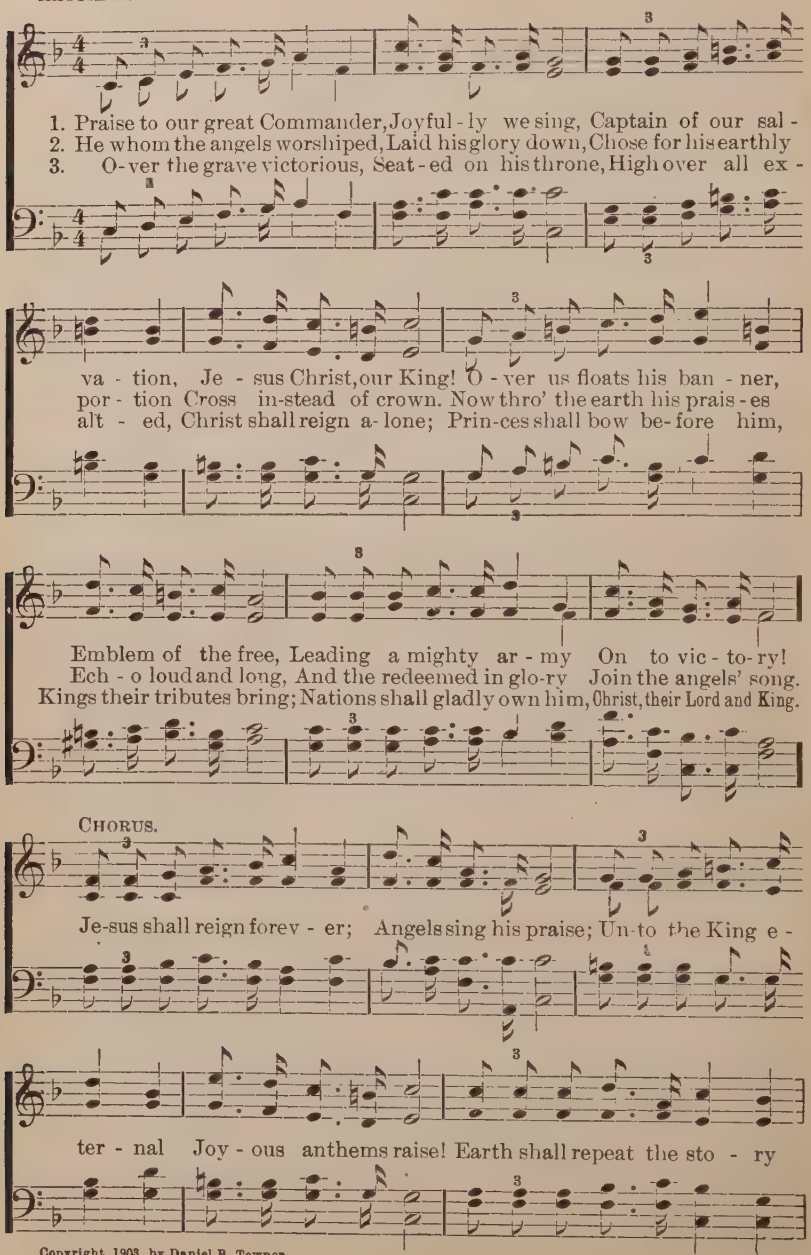
175. All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. E. M. HALL, Alt. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Come to me—I'll
2. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—Jesus died my
3. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my
4. And when before the throne I stand, in him complete, "Jesus died my
CHORUS.
be thy stay, Find in me thine all in all."
soul to save, And bless - ed be his name.
soul to save," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.
Je - sus paid it all,
All to him I owe—Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

176. Jesus Christ, Our King.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Praise to our great Commander, Joyful-ly we sing, Captain of our sal-
2. He whom the angels worshiped, Laid his glory down, Chose for his earthly
3. O-ver the grave victorious, Seat-ed on his throne, High over all ex-
va-tion, Je-sus Christ, our King! O-ver us floats his ban-ner,
por-tion Cross in-stead of crown. Now thro' the earth his prais-es
alt-ed, Christ shall reign a-lone; Prin-ces shall bow be-fore him,
Emblem of the free, Leading a mighty ar-my On to vic-to-ry!
Ech-o loud and long, And the redeemed in glo-ry Join the angels' song.
Kings their tributes bring; Nations shall gladly own him, Christ, their Lord and King.
CHORUS.
Je-sus shall reign forev-er; Angels sing his praise; Un-to the King e-
ter-nal Joy-ous anthems raise! Earth shall repeat the sto-ry

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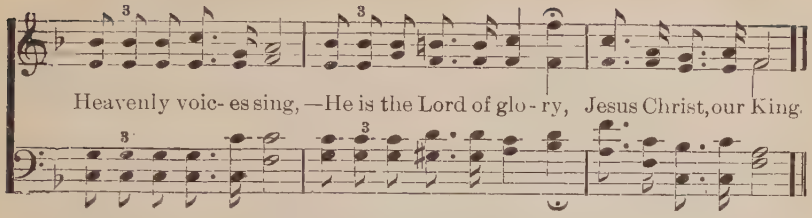
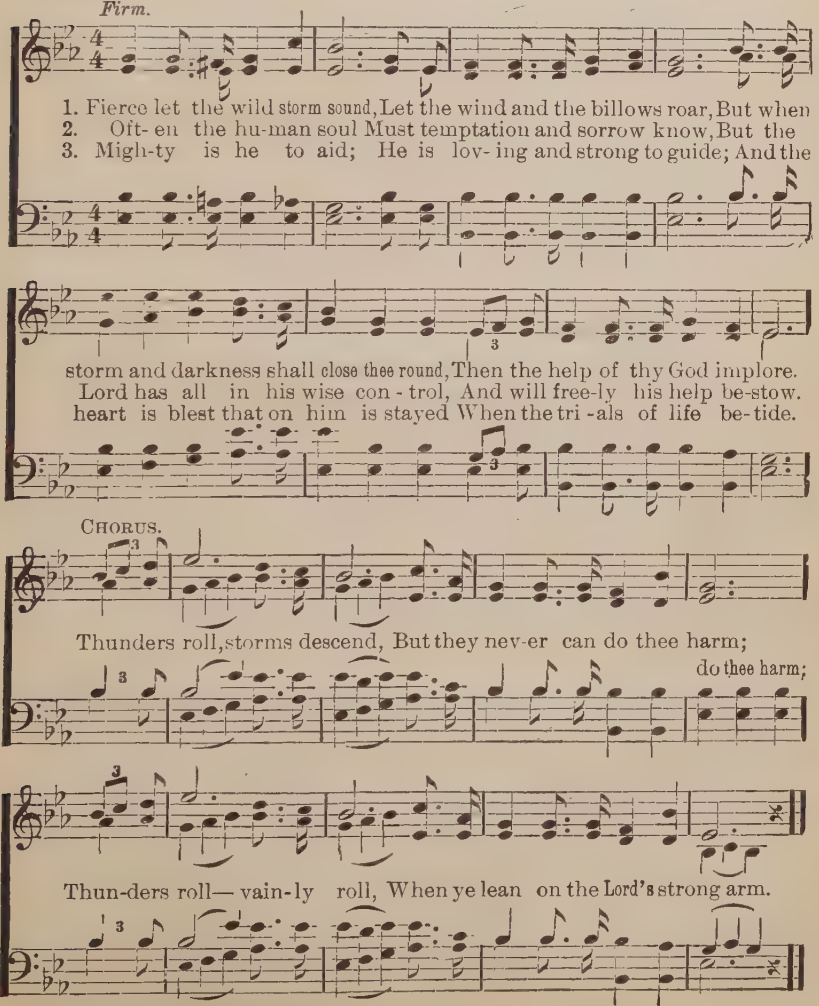


177. Help in Trouble.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. J. HARVEY ANDERSON.

Firm.


1. Fierce let the wild storm sound, Let the wind and the billows roar, But when
2. Oft- en the hu-man soul Must temptation and sorrow know, But the
3. Migh-ty is he to aid; He is lov- ing and strong to guide; And the
storm and darkness shall close thee round, Then the help of thy God implore.
Lord has all in his wise con - trol, And will free-ly his help be-stow.
heart is blest that on him is stayed When the tri - als of life be-tide.
Chorus.
Thunders roll, storms descend, But they nev-er can do thee harm;
do thee harm;
Thun-ders roll— vain-ly roll, When ye lean on the Lord's strong arm.

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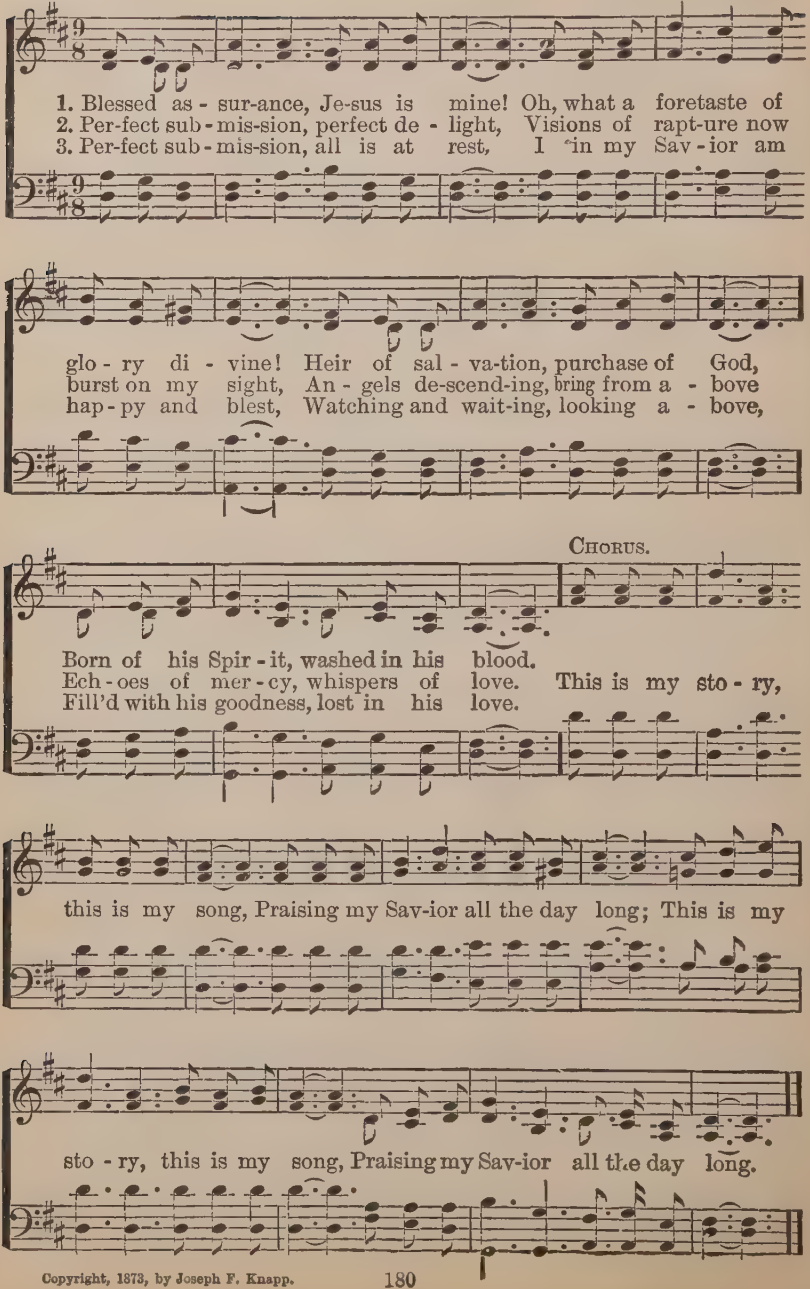
178. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rapt-ure now
3. Per-fect sub - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God,
burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, looking a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry,
Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.
this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

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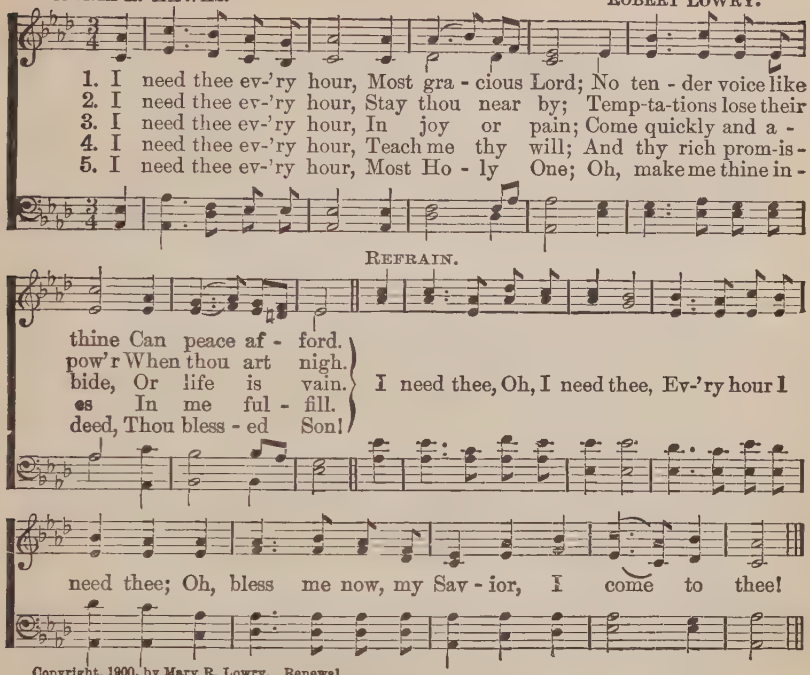
179. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Stay thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
4. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich prom-is -
5. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me thine in -
REFRAIN.
thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!
I need thee, Oh, I need thee, Ev-'ry hour I
need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to thee!

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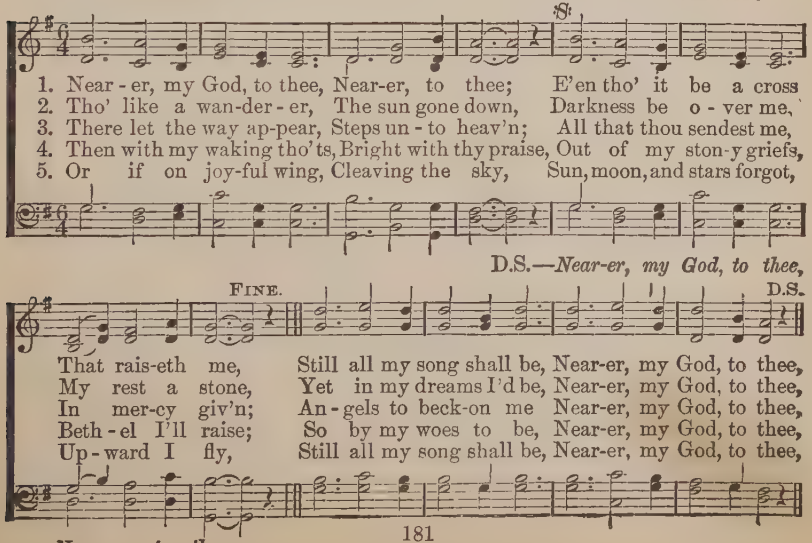
180. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

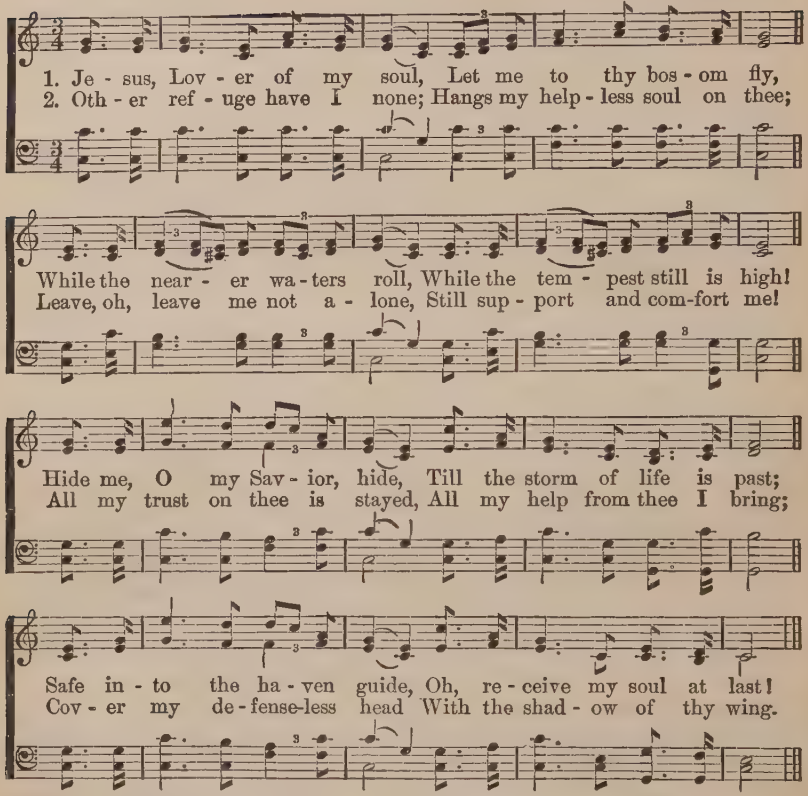
SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er, to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,
5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,
FINE.
D.S.
That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
Near - er to thee.

181. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(REFUGE.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me!
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

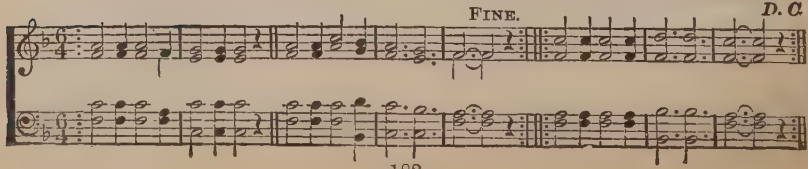
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

182. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

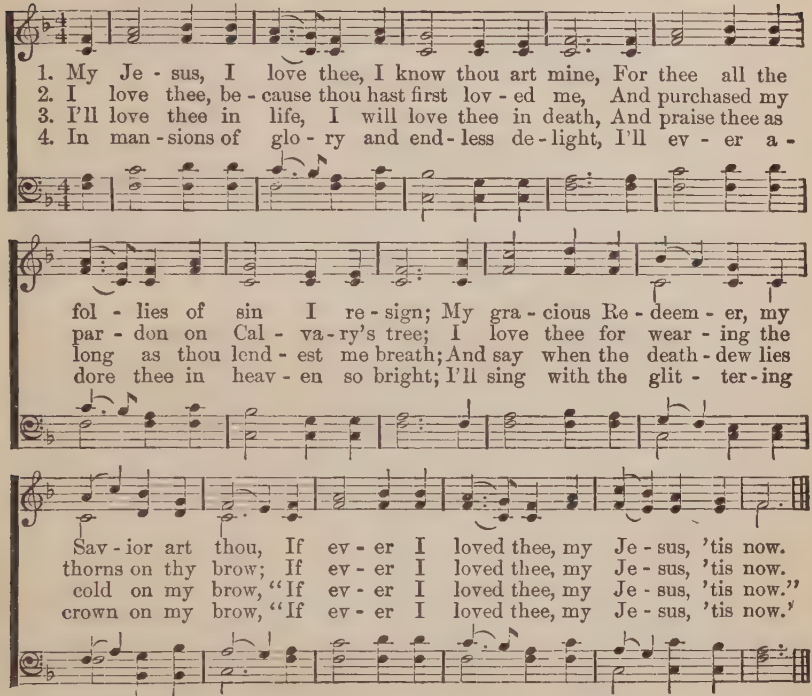
(MARTYN.)

S. B. MARSH.



183. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

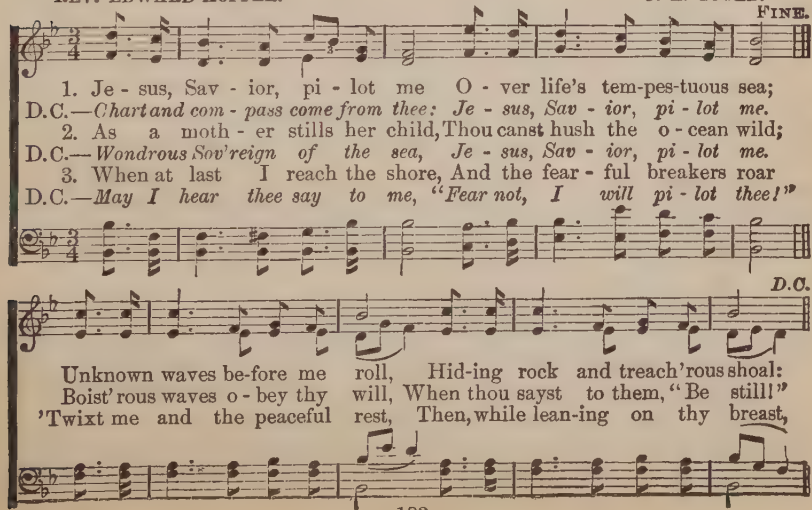
London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow, "If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

By permission.

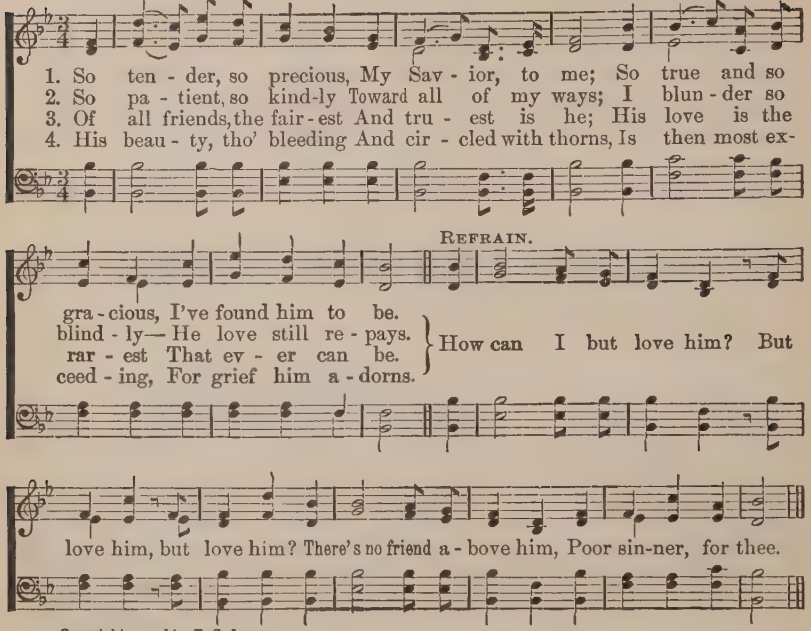
184. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D.C.
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

185. How Can I But Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.


1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - ior, to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind-ly Toward all of my ways; I blun - der so
3. Of all friends, the fair - est And tru - est is he; His love is the
4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex-
REFRAIN.
gra - cious, I've found him to be.
blind - ly—He love still re - pays.
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed - ing, For grief him a - dorns.
How can I but love him? But
love him, but love him? There's no friend a - bove him, Poor sin-ner, for thee.

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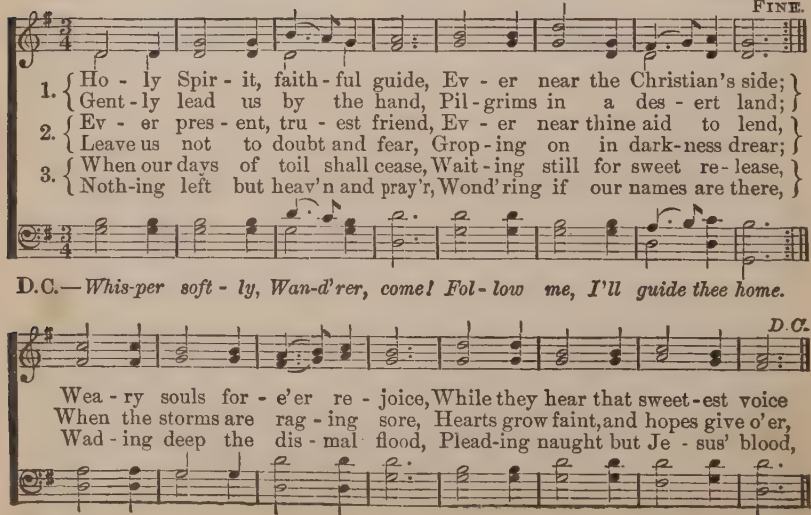
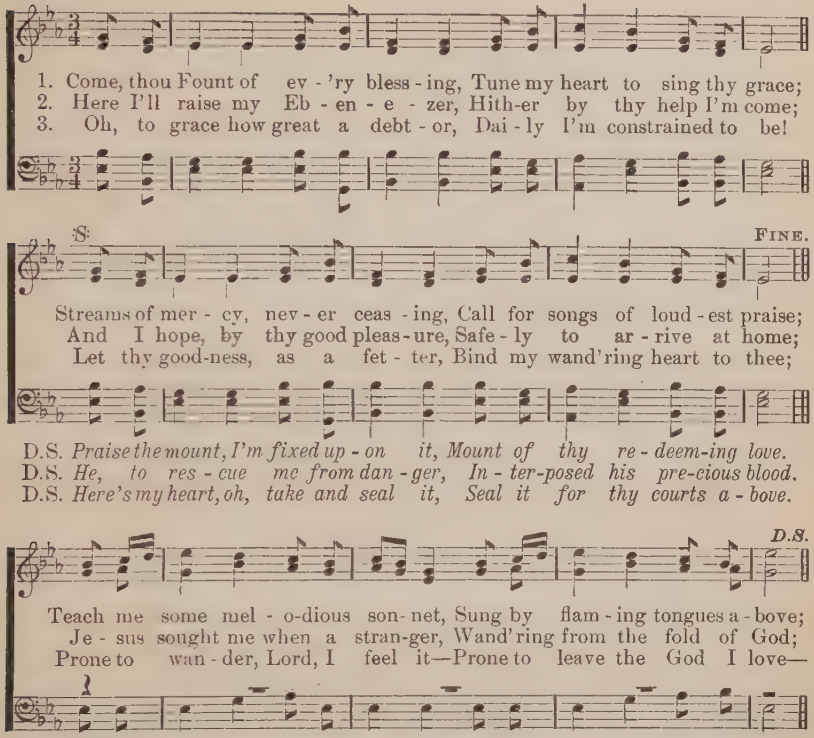
186. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.


FINE.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there,
D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

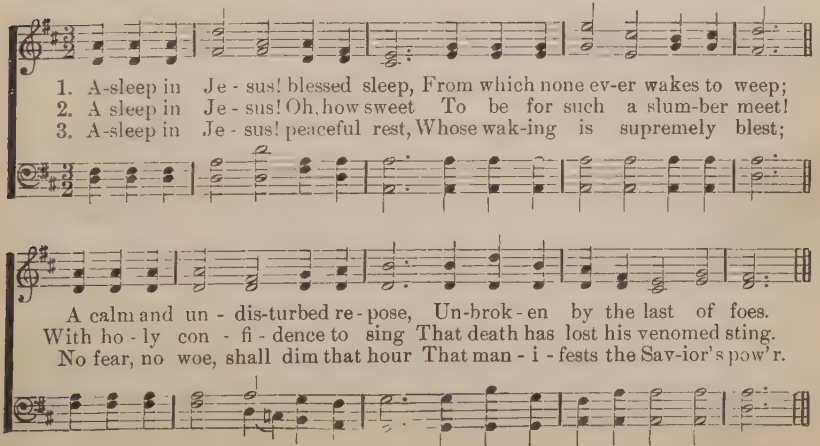
187. Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON. J. J. ROSSEAU.


1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
S.
FINE.
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
And I hope, by thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home;
Let thy good-ness, as a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
D.S. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem-ing love.
D.S. He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
D.S. Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.
D.S.
Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

188. Asleep in Jesus.

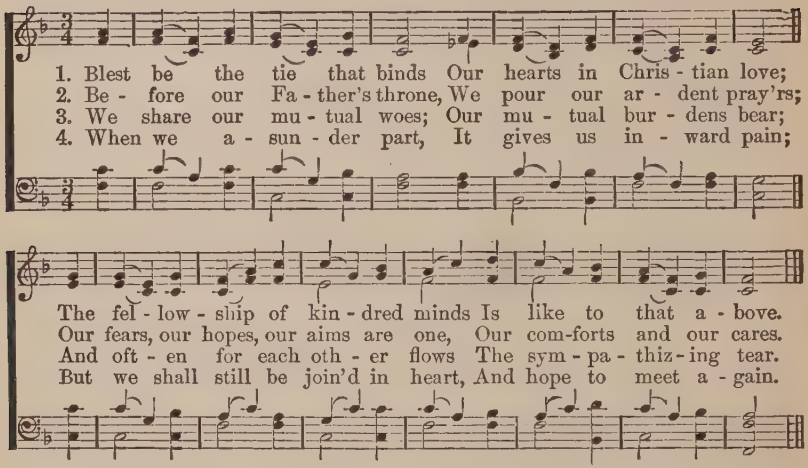
W. B. BRADBURY.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
2. A sleep in Je - sus! Oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose wak-ing is supremely blest;
A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un-brok - en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav-ior's pow'r.

189. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

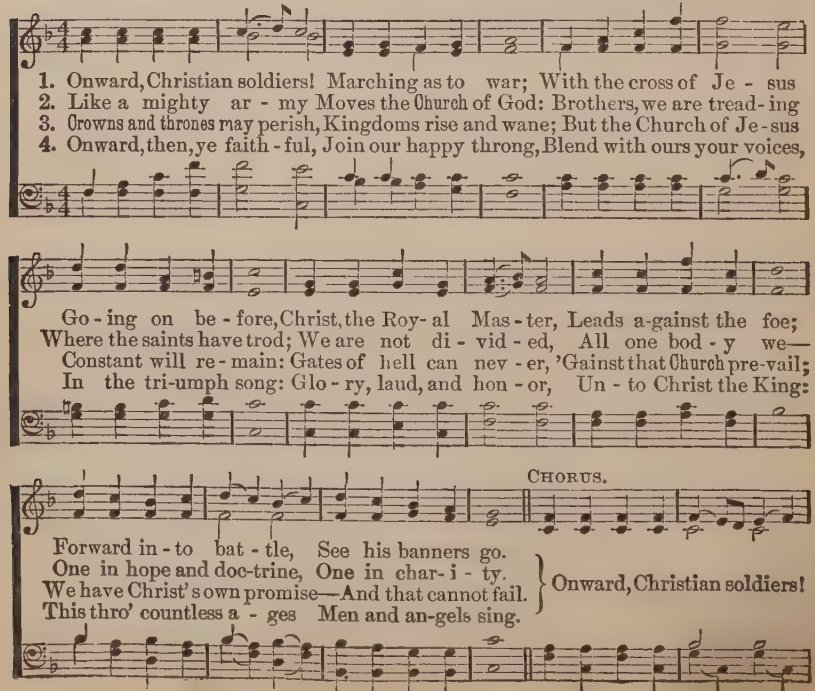
(DENNIS. S. M.)

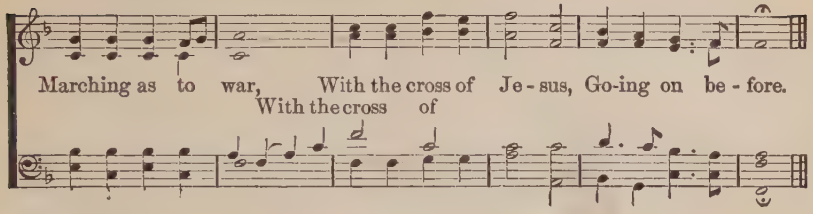
REV. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NÄGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

190. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

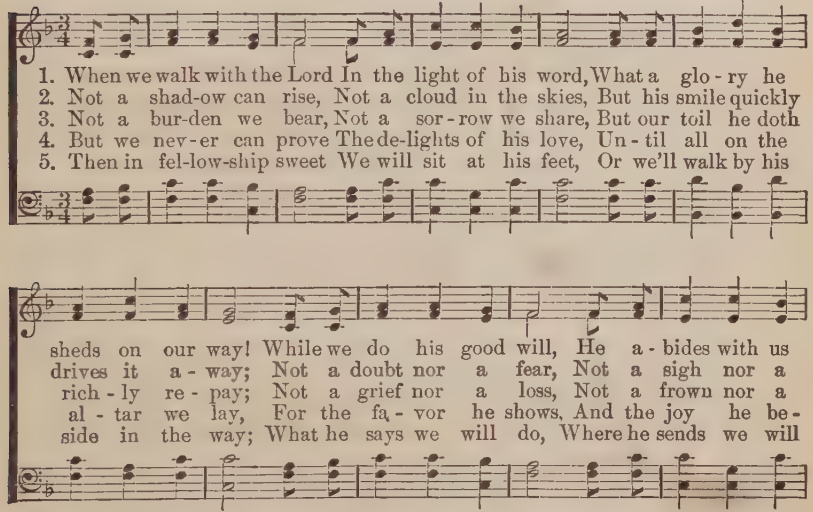
S. BARING GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

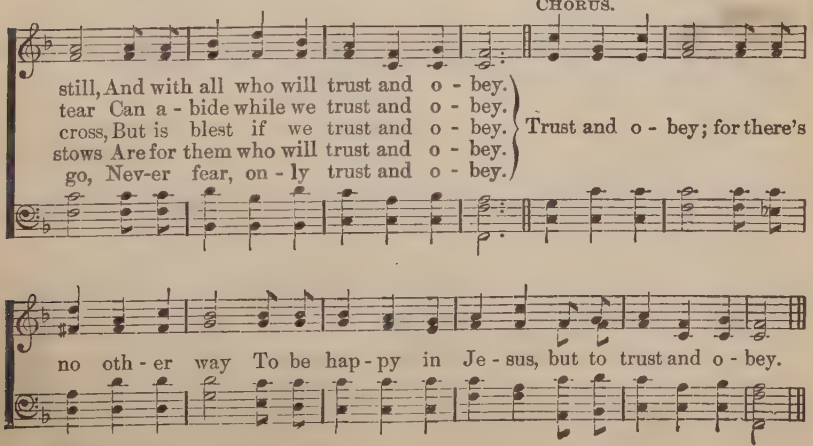

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices,
Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we—
Constant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:
CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise—And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers!



191. Trust and Obey.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of his love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be -
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will


CHORUS.
still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
stows Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
Trust and o - bey; for there's
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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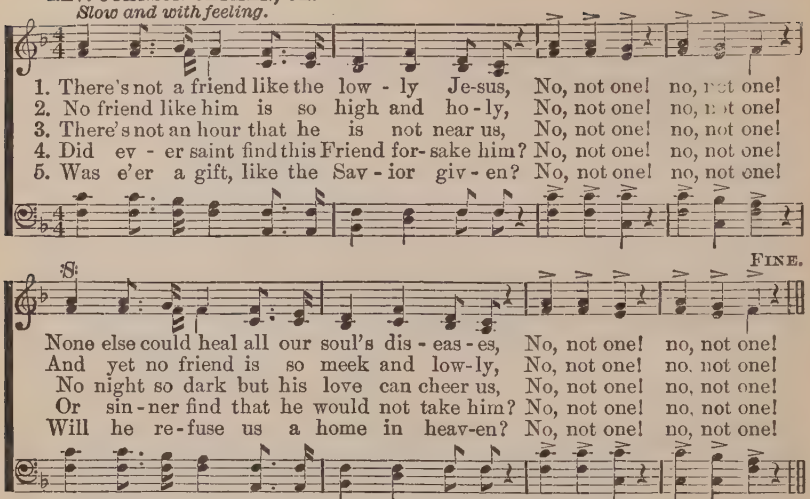
192. No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift, like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!
S.
FINE.
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!
D.S.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*
CHORUS.
D.S.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

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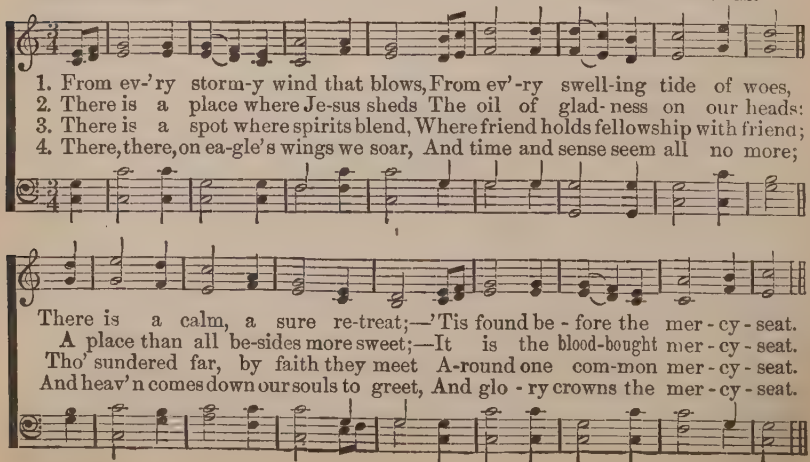
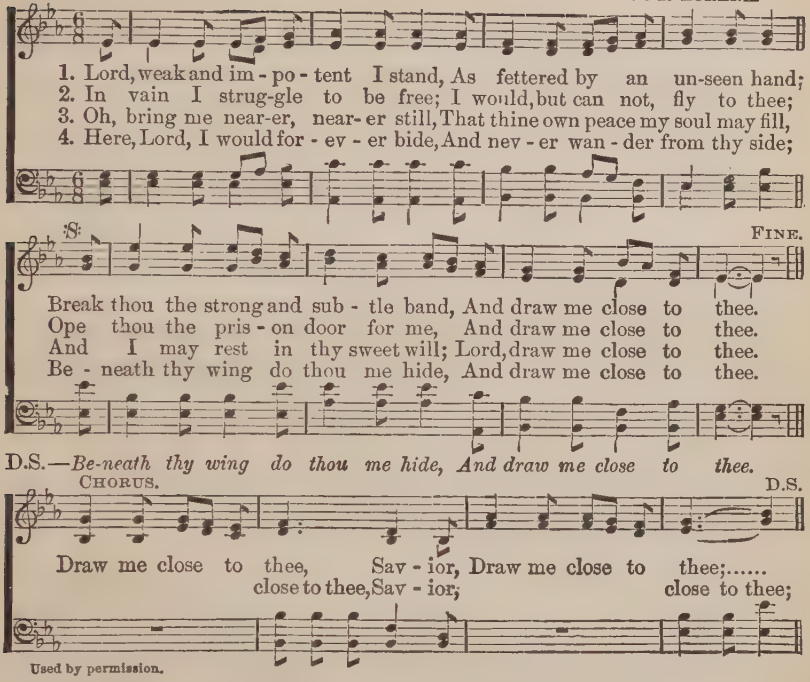
193. The Mercy Seat.

HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads:
3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle's wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more;
There is a calm, a sure re-treat;—'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet;—It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

194. Draw Me to Thee.

M. A. W. COOK. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Lord, weak and im - po - tent I stand, As fettered by an un-seen hand;
2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;
3. Oh, bring me near-er, near- er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
4. Here, Lord, I would for - ev - er bide, And nev - er wan - der from thy side;
Break thou the strong and sub - tle band, And draw me close to thee.
Ope thou the pris - on door for me, And draw me close to thee.
And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.
FINE.
D.S.—Be-neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Draw me close to thee, Sav - ior, Draw me close to thee;.....
close to thee, Sav - ior; close to thee;

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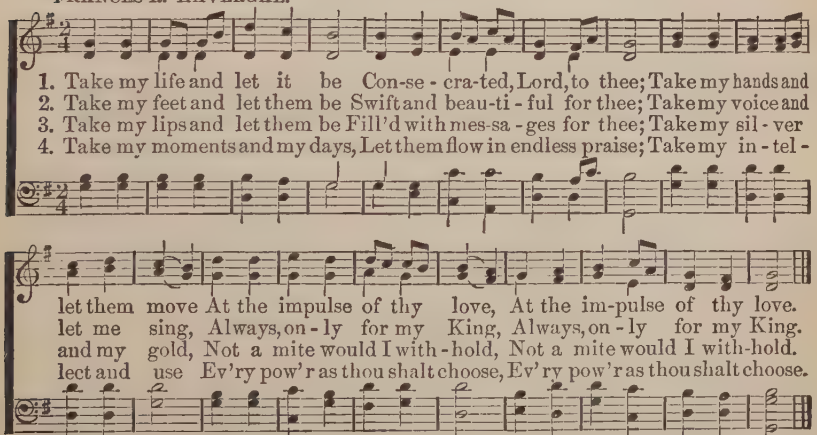
195. Take My Life and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

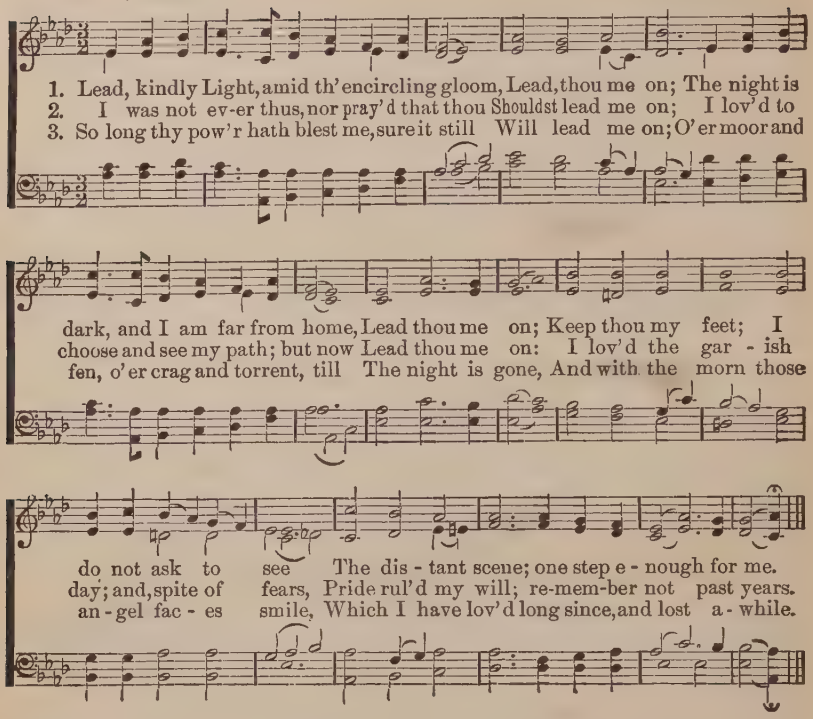

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - cra-ted, Lord, to thee; Take my hands and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee; Take my voice and
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa - ges for thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in - tel -
let them move At the impulse of thy love, At the im-pulse of thy love.
let me sing, Always, on - ly for my King, Always, on - ly for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
‖: It shall be thy royal throne. :‖

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
‖: Ever, only, all for thee. :‖

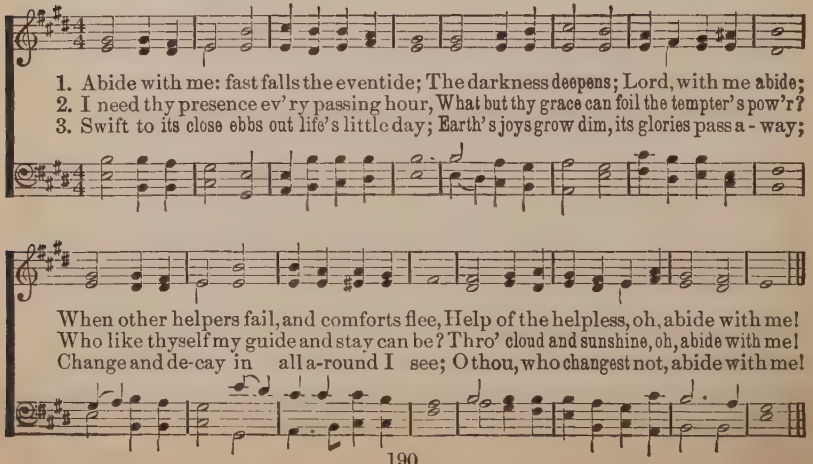
196. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead, thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on: I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

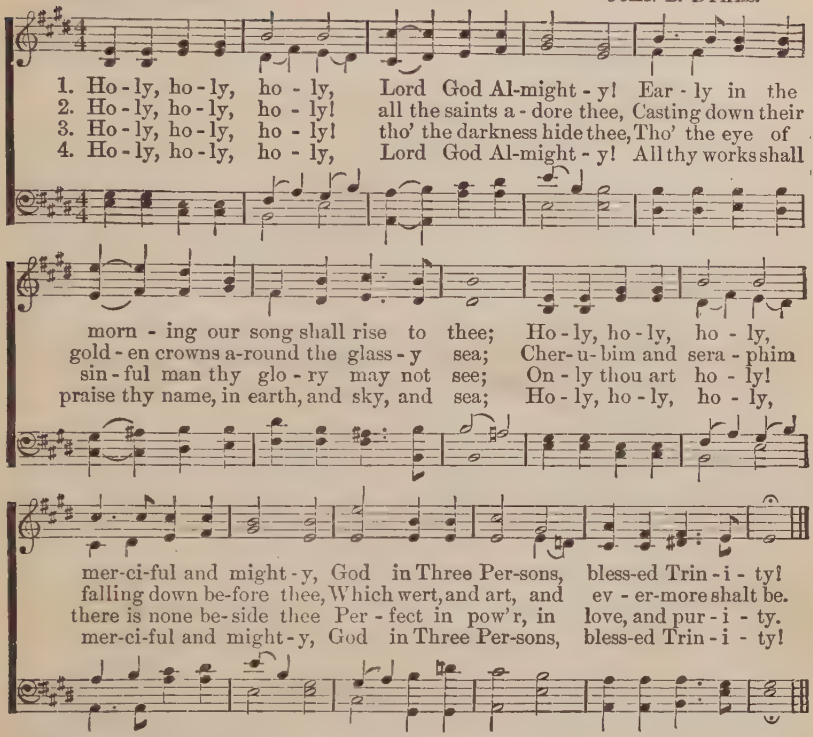
197. Abide with Me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. W. H. MONK.


1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
2. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour, What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
3. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

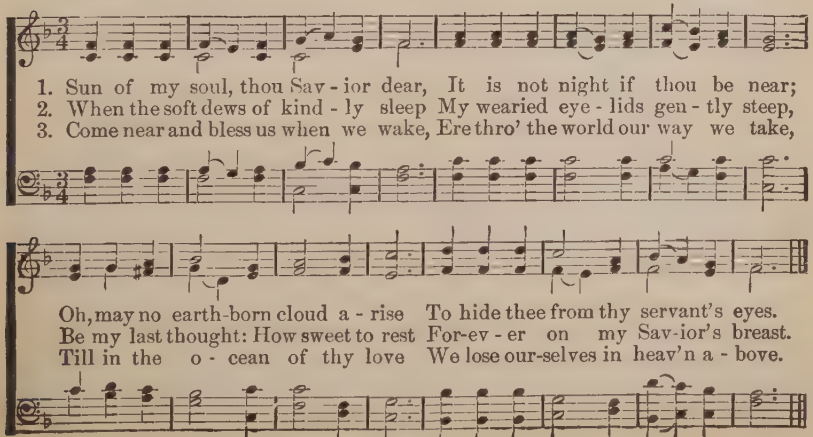
198. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer-ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
falling down be-fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer-ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

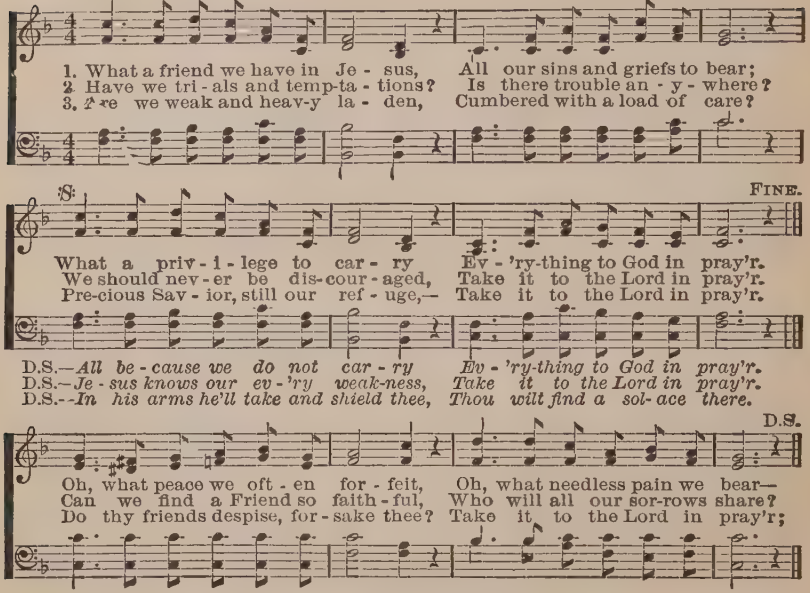
199. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. RITTER.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought: How sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.
Till in the o - cean of thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

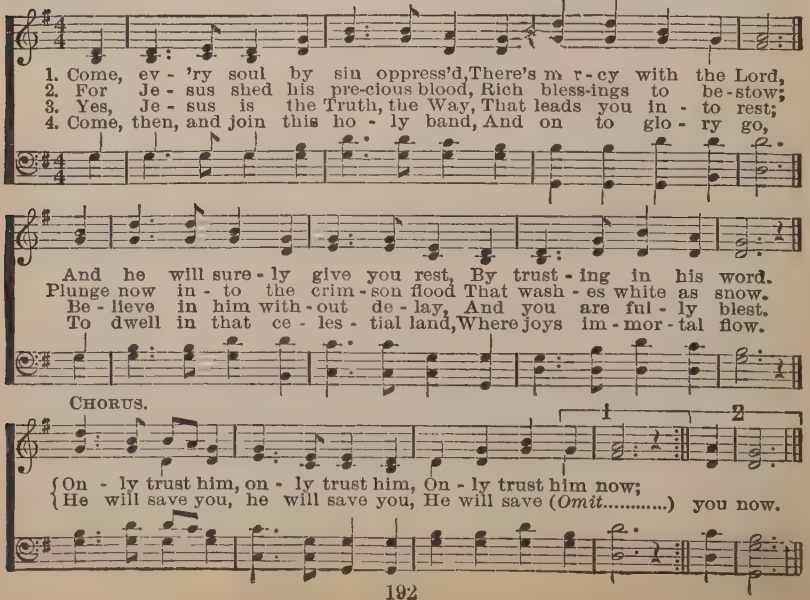
200. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev - er be dis-cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D.S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D.S.—In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

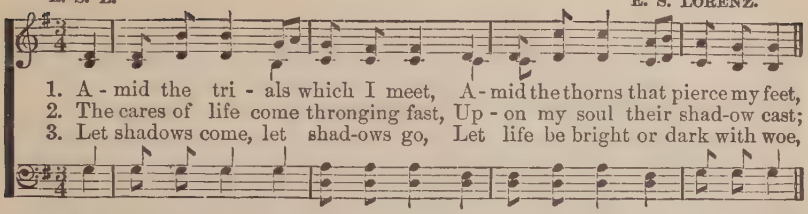
201. Only Trust Him.

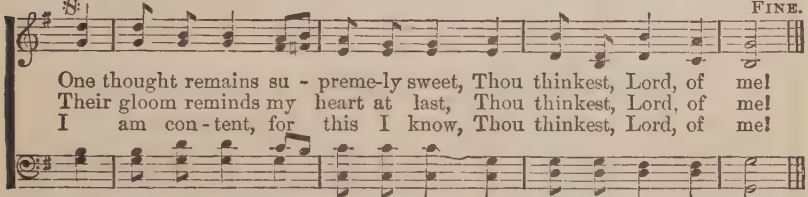
J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's m r - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
CHORUS.
1 2
On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will save (Omit.....) you now.

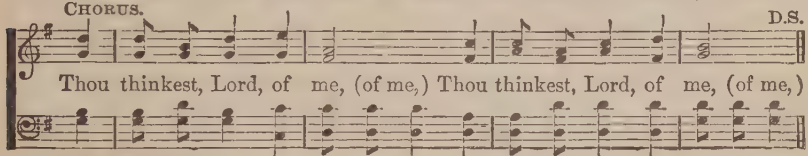
202. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,


S.
FINE.
One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

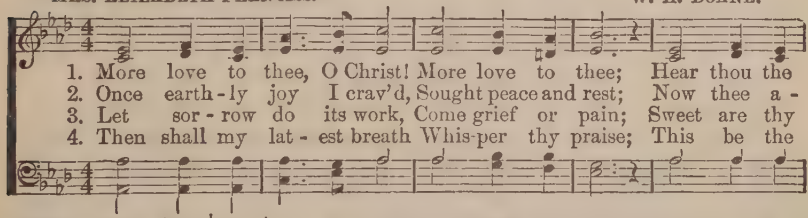
D.S.—*What need I fear since thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me!*

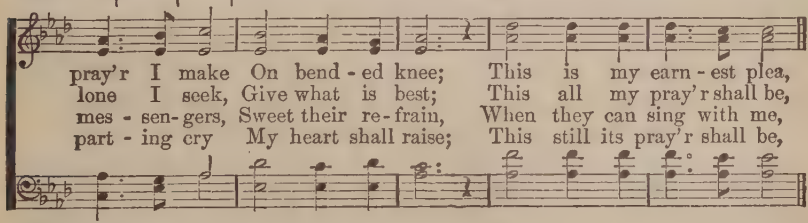


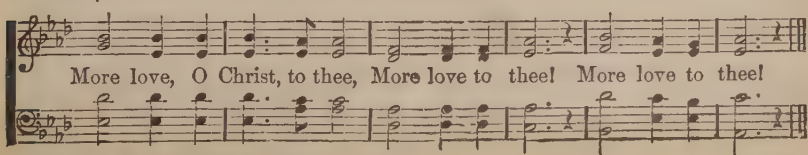
Copyright, 1885, by E. S. Lorenz.

203. More Love to Thee.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee; Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a -
3. Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis-per thy praise; This be the

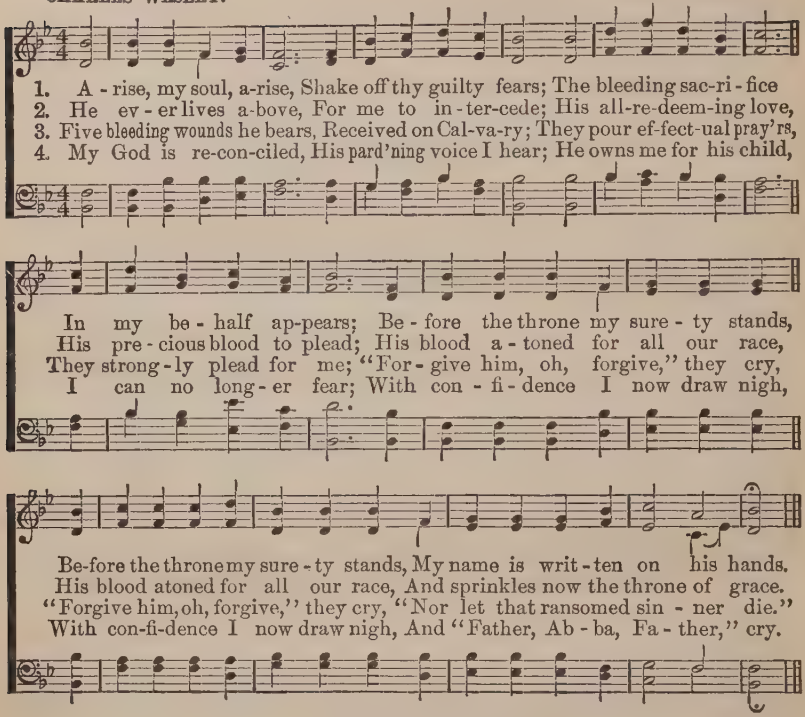

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,



Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by per.

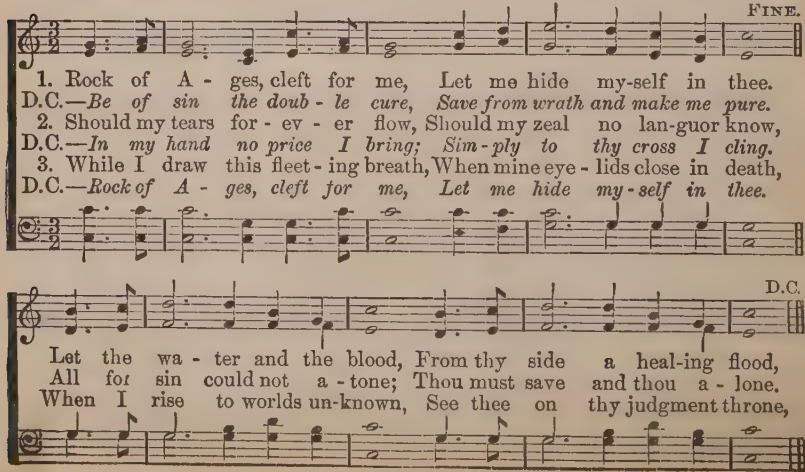
204. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.


1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac-ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all-re-deem-ing love,
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They pour ef-fect-ual pray'rs,
4. My God is re-con-ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for his child,
In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strong - ly plead for me; "For - give him, oh, forgive," they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,
Be-fore the throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die."
With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

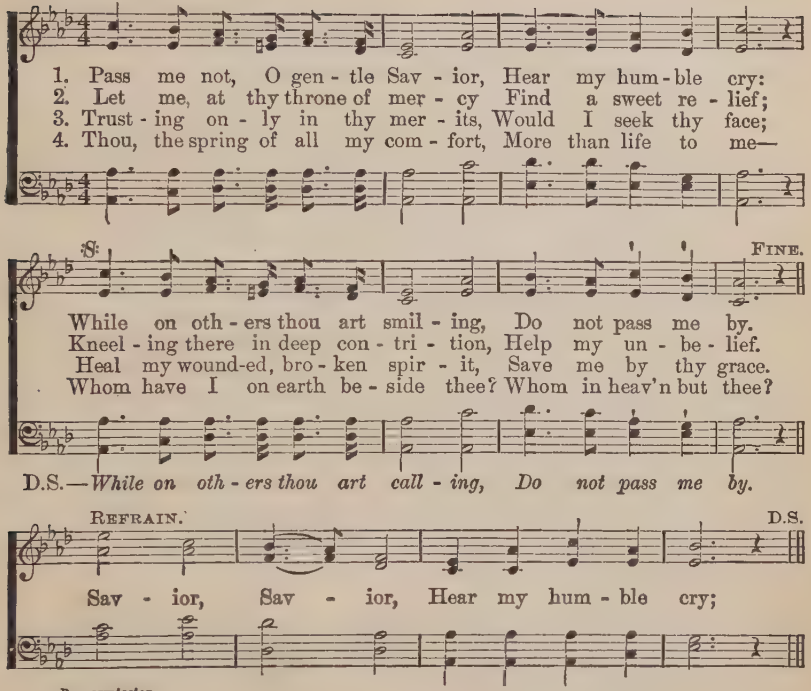
205. Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.
D.C.—*Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,
D.C.—*In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.*
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,
D.C.—*Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.*
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal-ing flood,
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone.
When I rise to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judgment throne,

206. Pass Me Not.

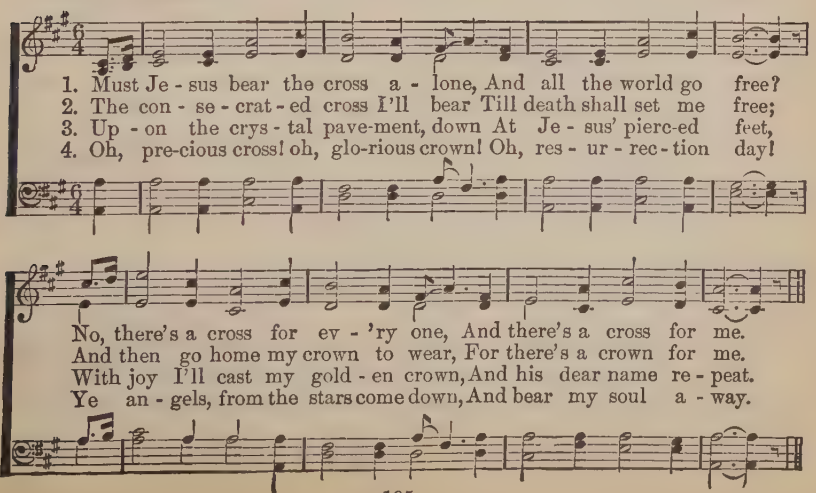
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry:
2. Let me, at thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - its, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—
S.
FINE.
While on oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
D.S.—While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
REFRAIN.
D.S.
Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

By permission.

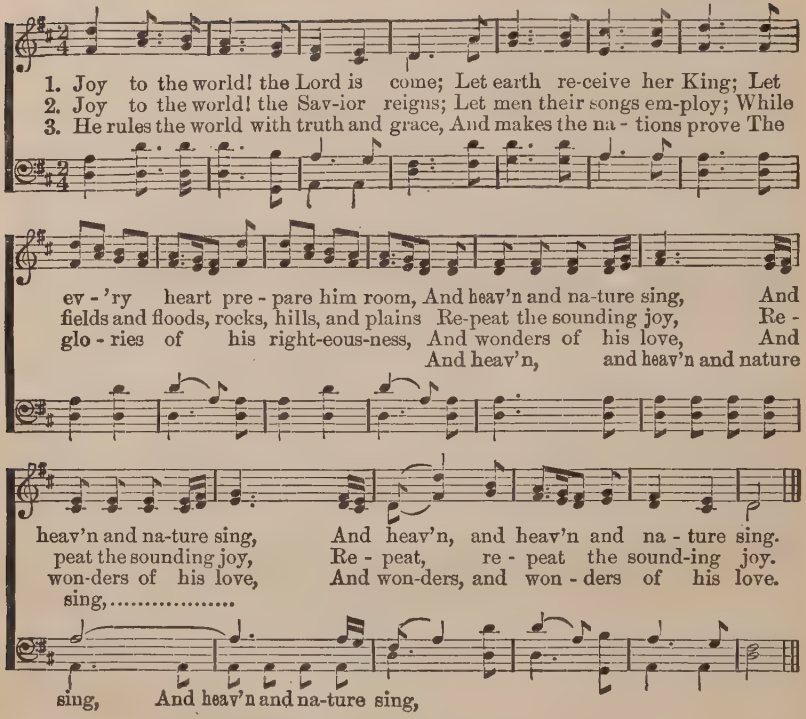
207. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

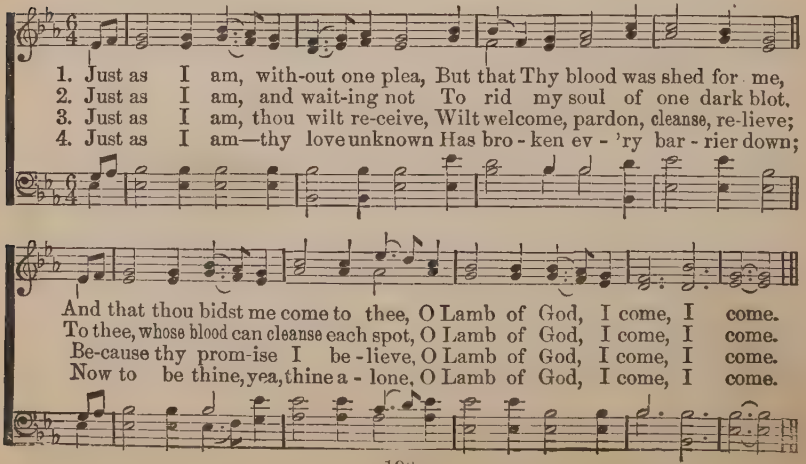
208. Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
glo - ries of his right-eous-ness, And wonders of his love, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and nature
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of his love, And won-ders, and won - ders of his love.
sing,.....
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

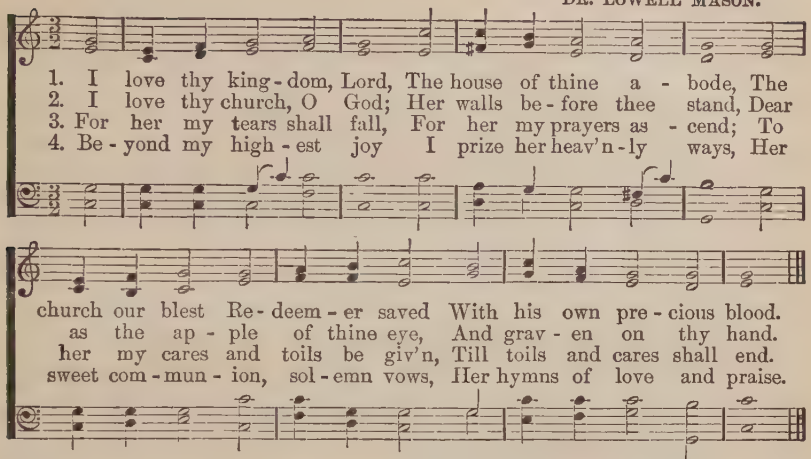
209. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot.
3. Just as I am, thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;
4. Just as I am—thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;
And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

210. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode, The
2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be-fore thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend; To
4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her
church our blest Re-deem-er saved With his own pre-cious blood.
as the ap-ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

211. Oh, Come and Dwell. S. M.

1 Oh, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

212. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

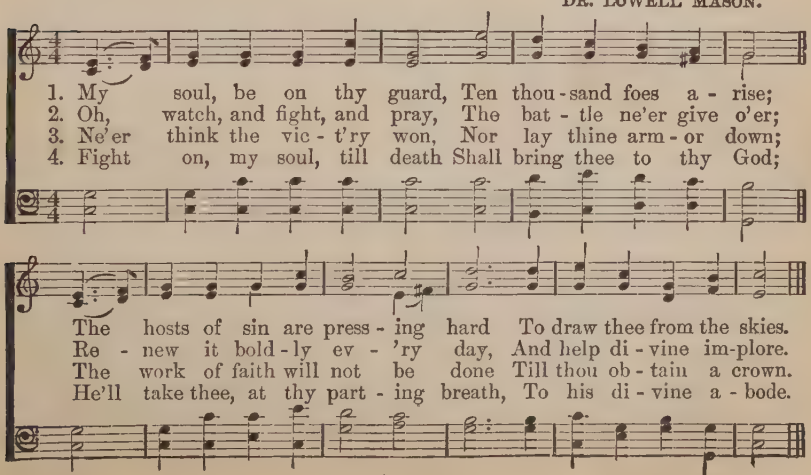
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

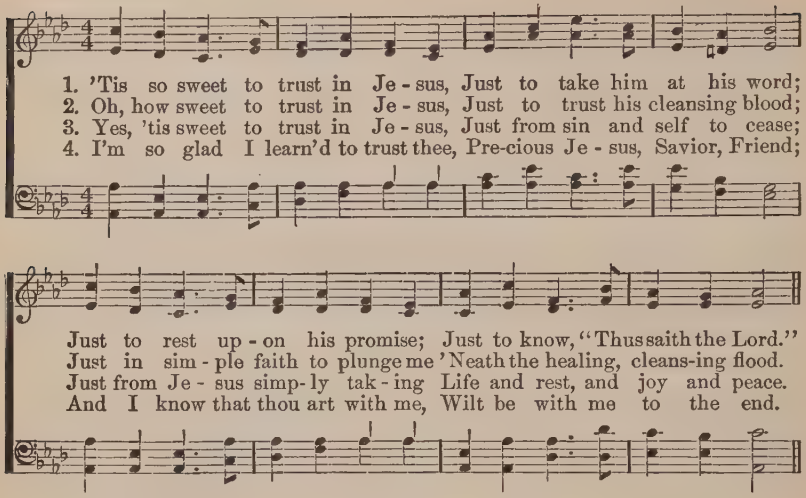
213. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm-or down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;
The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob-tain a crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To his di-vine a-bode.

214. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

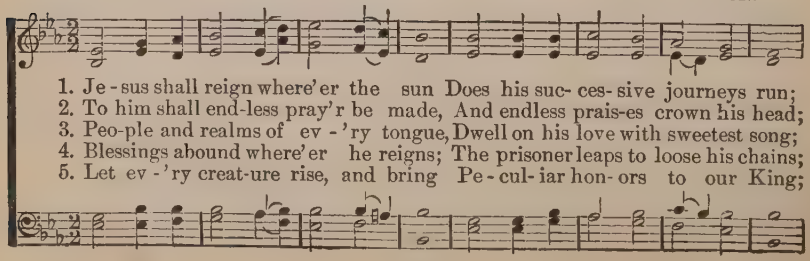
MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

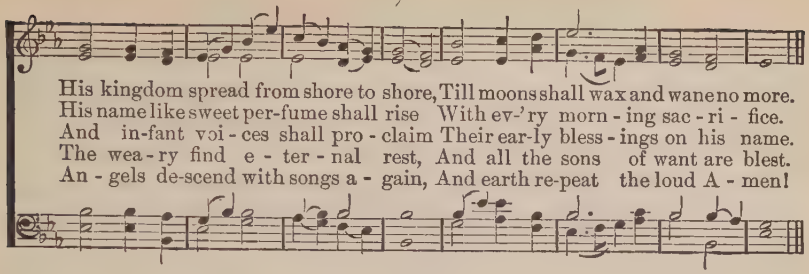

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleans-ing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp-ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him! How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! Oh, for grace to trust him more.

From "Songs of Triumph." By per.

215. Jesus Shall Reign.

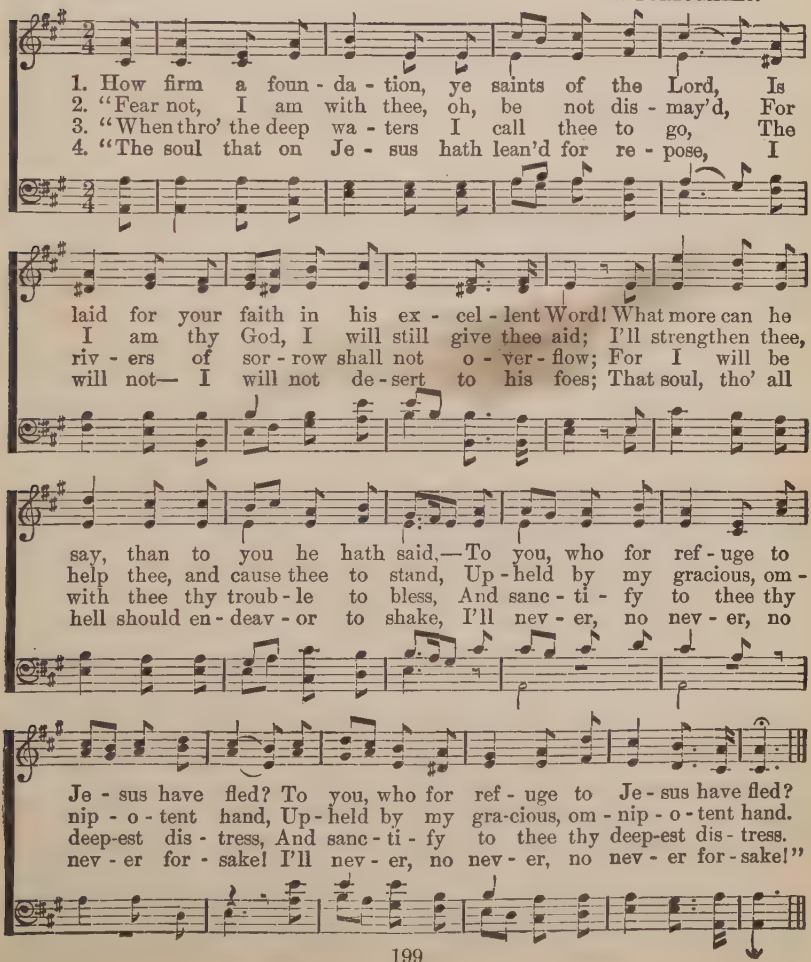
ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
2. To him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless prais-es crown his head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
5. Let ev - 'ry creat-ure rise, and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King;


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on his name.
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the loud A - men!

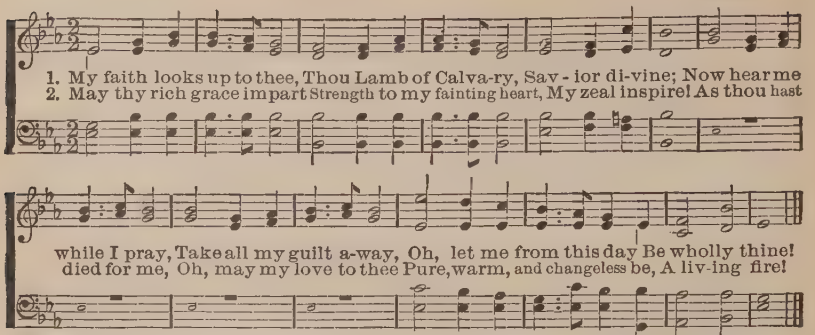
216. How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - may'd, For
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I
laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent Word! What more can he
I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be
will not— I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all
say, than to you he hath said,—To you, who for ref - uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gracious, om -
with thee thy troub - le to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no
Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
deep-est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress.
nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

217. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

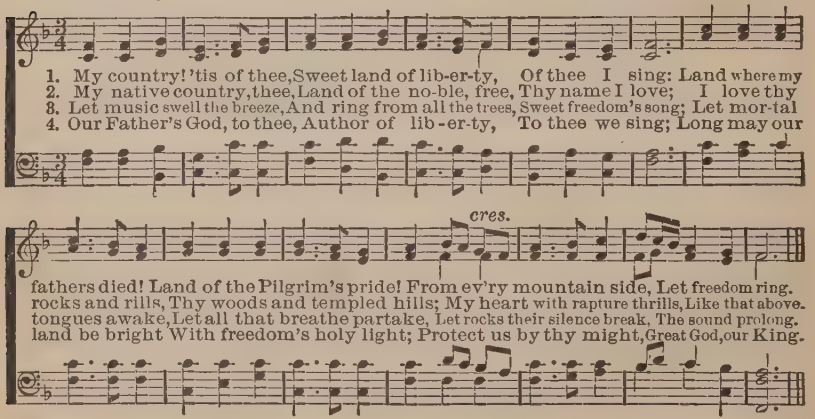

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Sav - ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

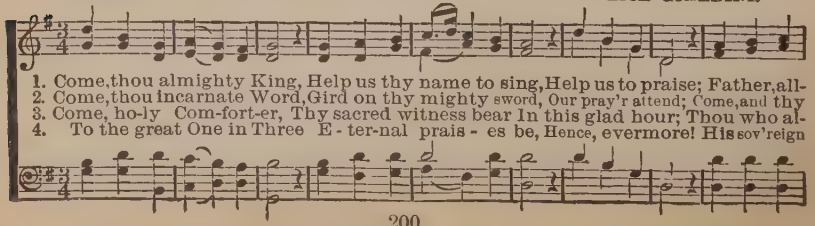
218. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. HENRY CAREY.

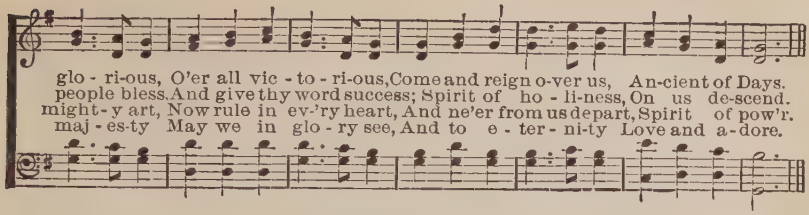

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our Father's God, to thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our
cres.
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake. Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

219. Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY FELICE GIARDINI.

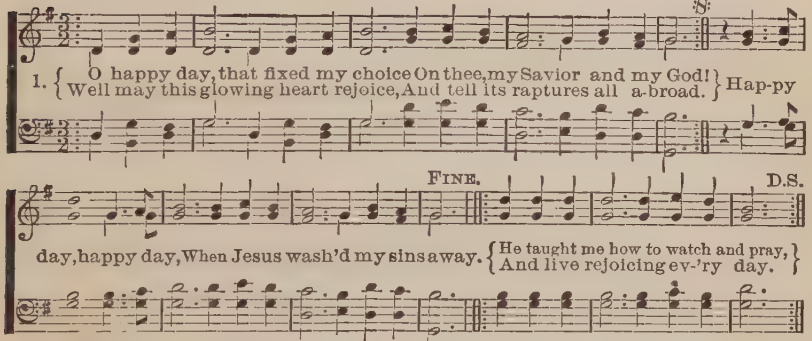

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father, all-
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal prais-es be, Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.


glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
people bless. And give thy word success; Spirit of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend.
might - y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r.
maj - es-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni-ty Love and a-dore.

220. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

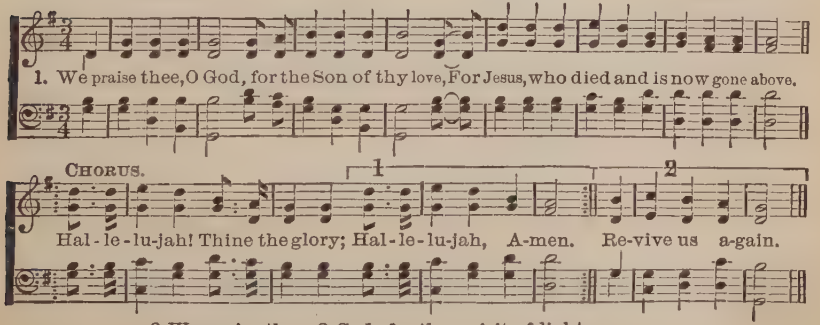

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Savior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. } Hap-py
FINE.
D.S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live rejoicing ev-'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am the Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

221. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Jesus, who died and is now gone above.
CHORUS.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory; Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Re-vive us a-gain.

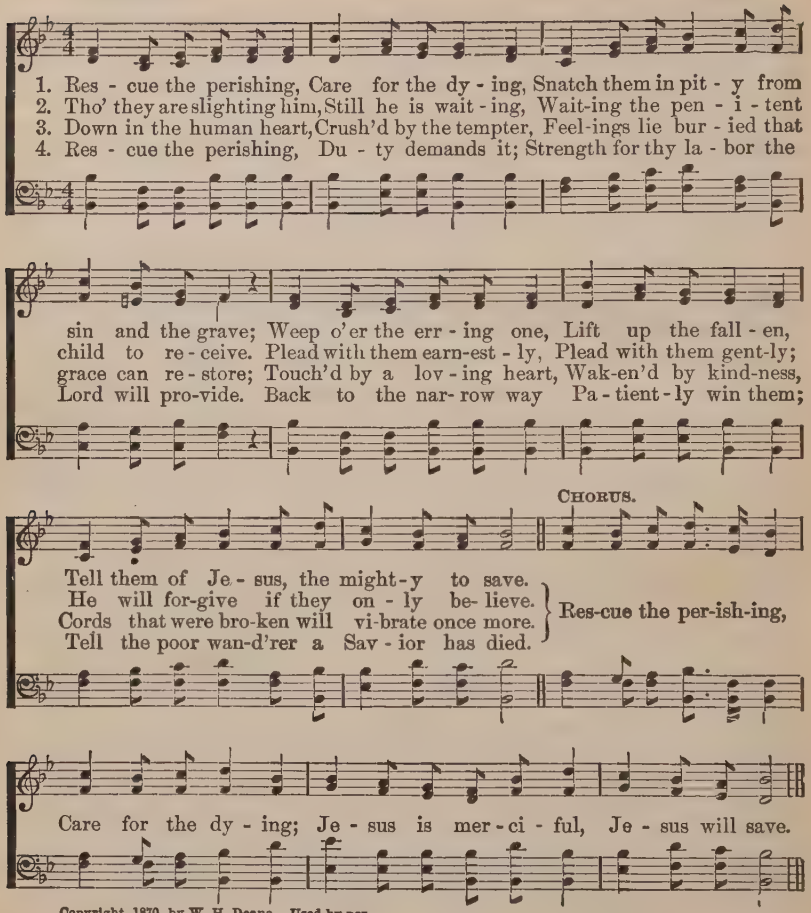
2 We praise thee, O God, for thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

222. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the perishing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait - ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gent-ly;
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-en'd by kind-ness,
4. Res - cue the perishing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro-vide. Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be- lieve.
Cords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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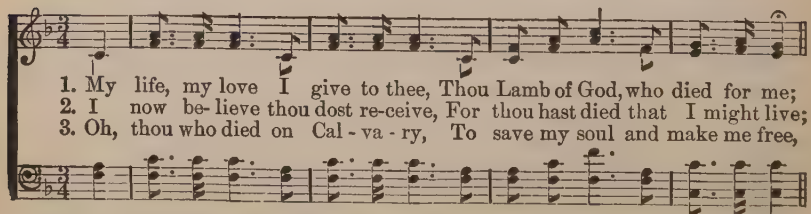
223. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.


1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be- lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

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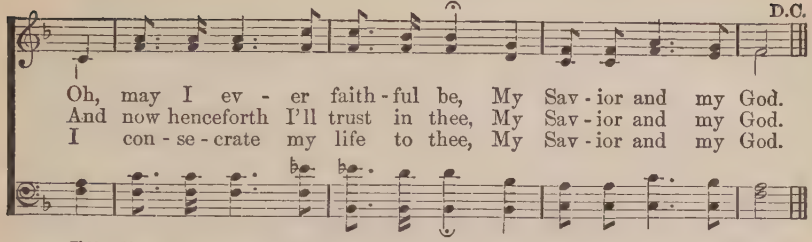
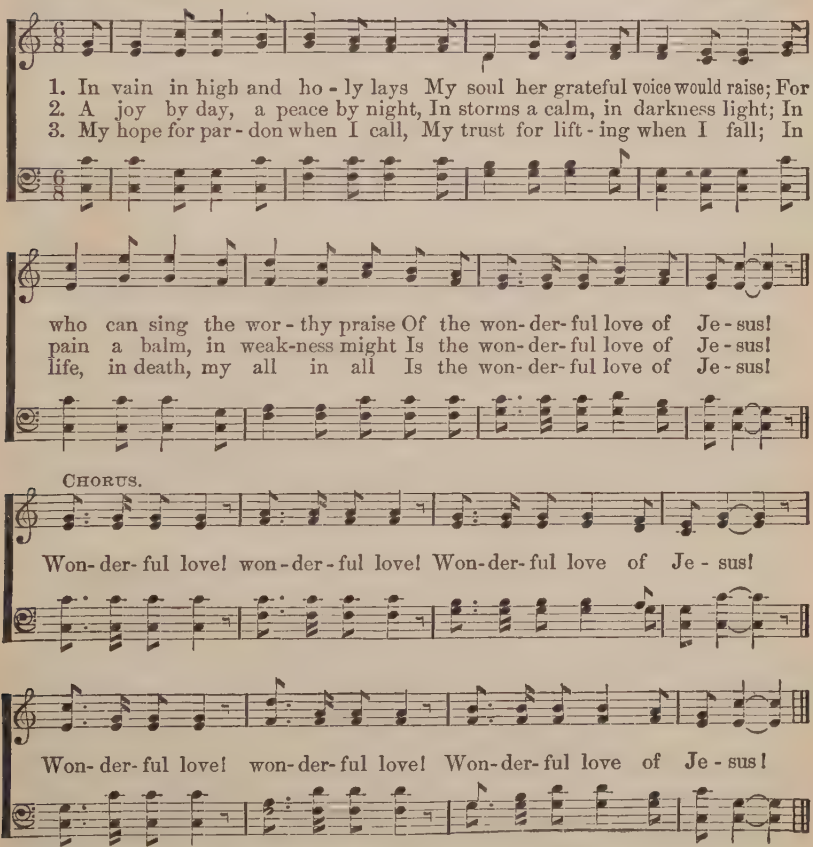
I'll Live for Him.—Concluded.


D.C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God.
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - ior and my God.
I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - ior and my God.
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God.

224. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In
who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus!
pain a balm, in weak-ness might Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus!
life, in death, my all in all Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus!
CHORUS.
Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!
Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

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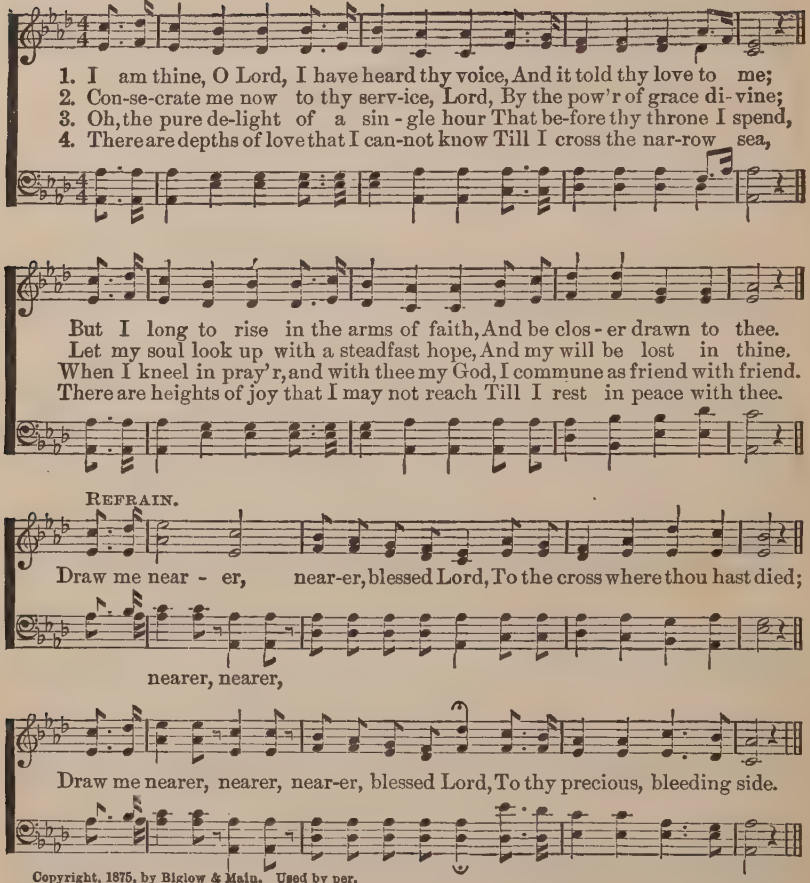
225. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,
Draw me nearer, nearer, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

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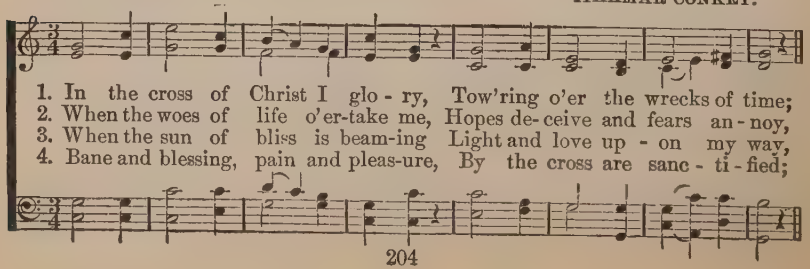
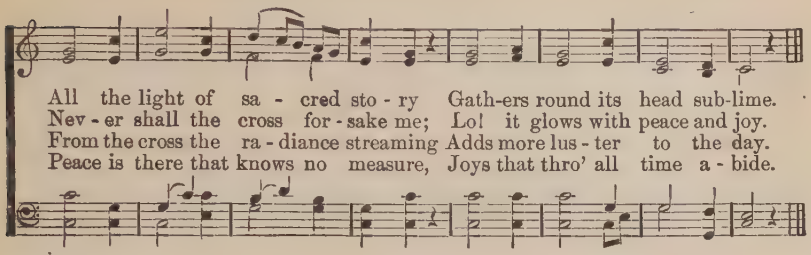
226. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

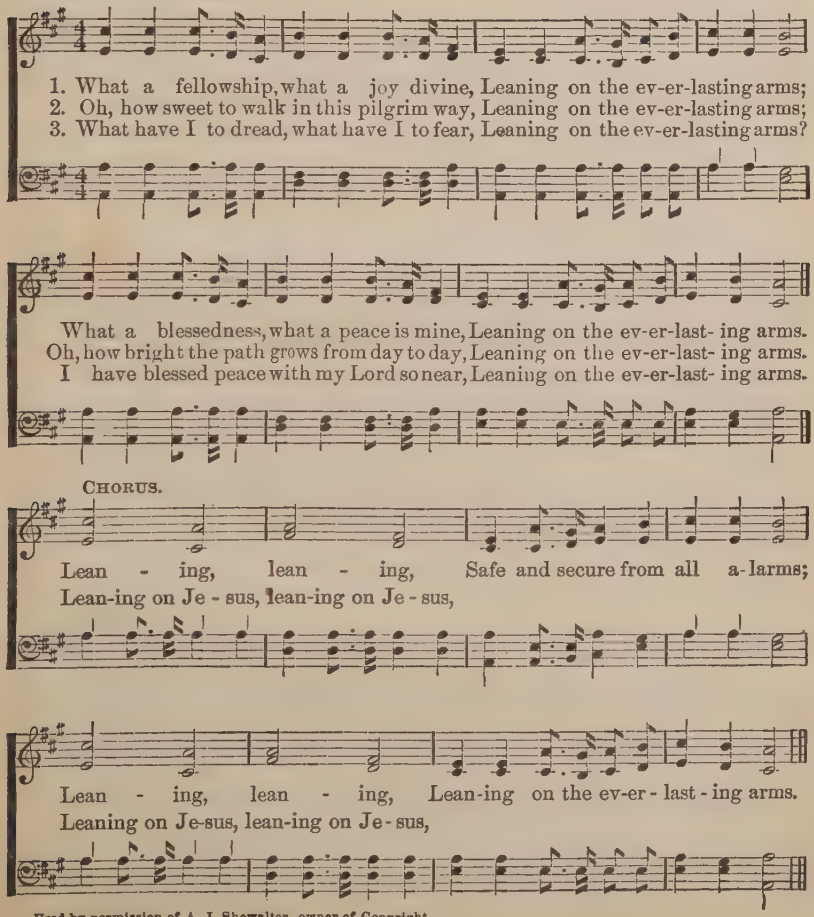

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.—Concluded.


All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

227. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms?
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last- ing arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last- ing arms.
CHORUS.
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er - last - ing arms.
Leaning on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

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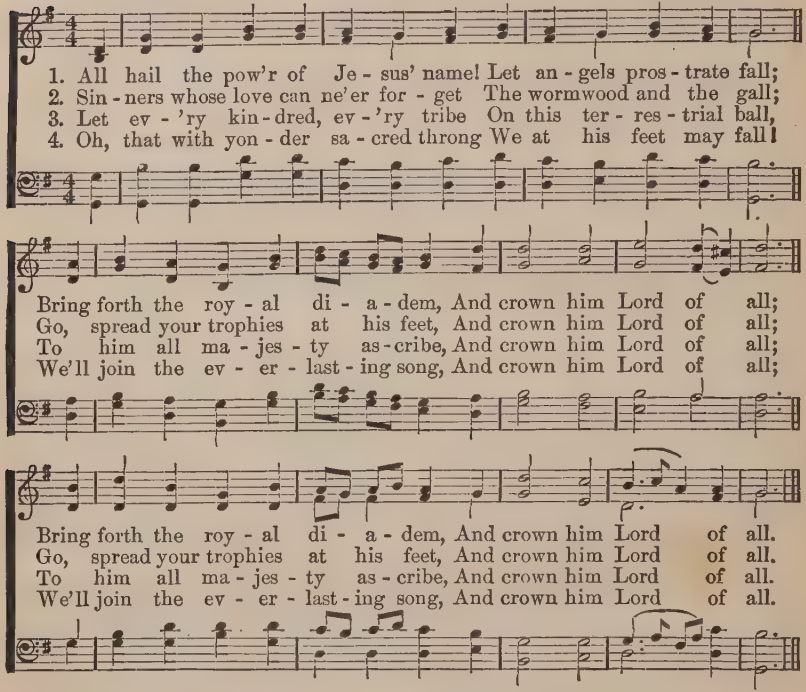
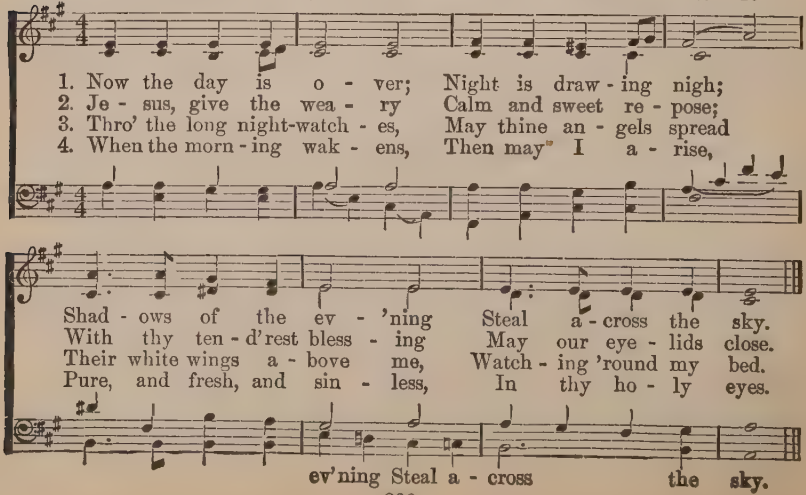
228. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

EDW. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

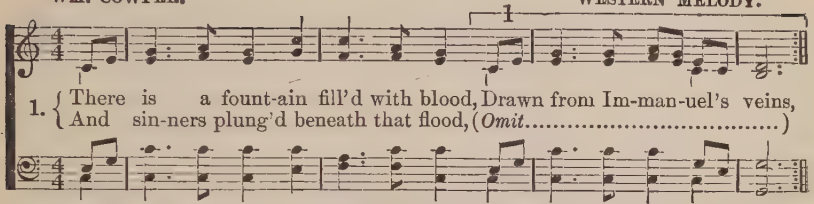
229. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

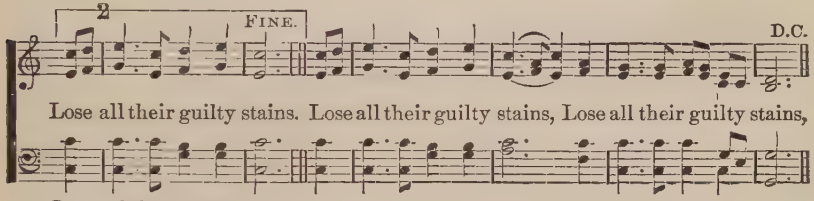

1. Now the day is o - ver; Night is draw - ing nigh;
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In thy ho - ly eyes.
ev'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

230. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY.



D.C.—*And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood,* (*Omit*.....)



Lose all their guilty stains.

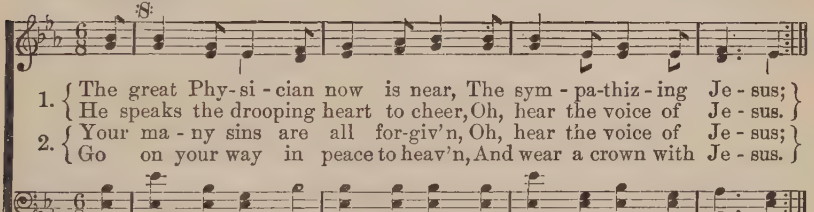
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

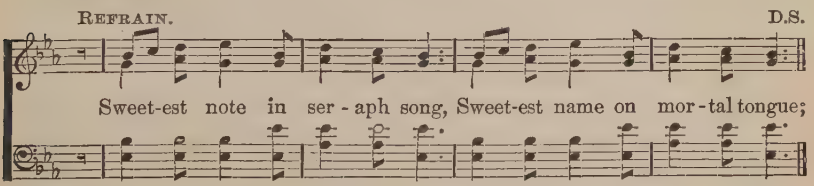
4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

231. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.


S.
1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.

D.S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.*

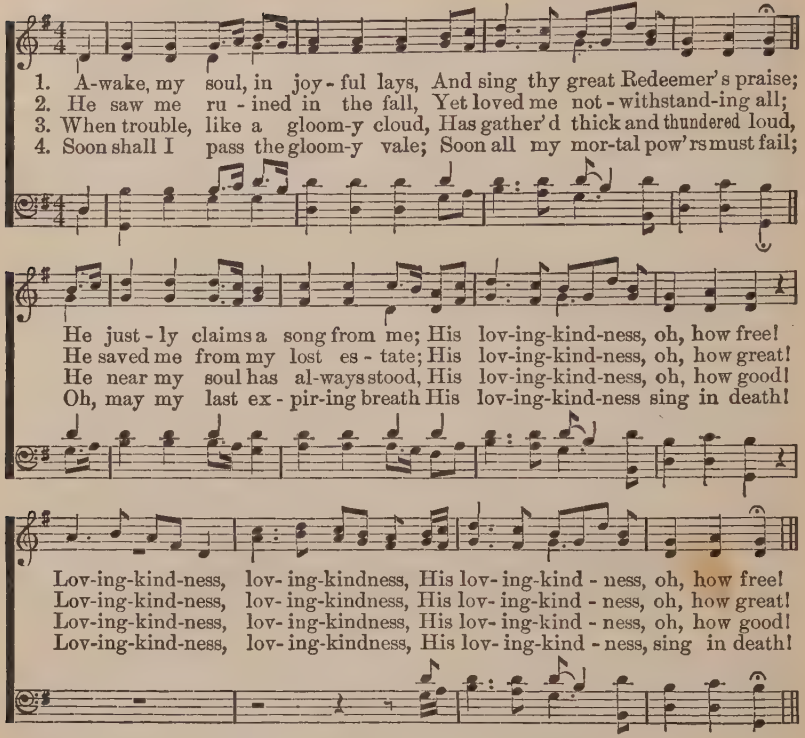


3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus,
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

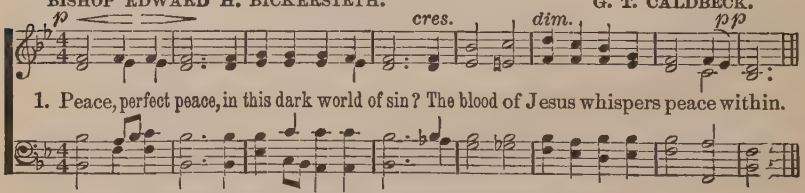
232. Awake, My Soul.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. WILLIAM CALDWELL.


1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstand-ing all;
3. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gather'd thick and thundered loud,
4. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale; Soon all my mor-tal pow'rs must fail;
He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!
Oh, may my last ex - pir-ing breath His lov-ing-kind-ness sing in death!
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing-kind - ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing-kind - ness, oh, how good!
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing-kind - ness, sing in death!

233. Peace, Perfect Peace.

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging 'round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

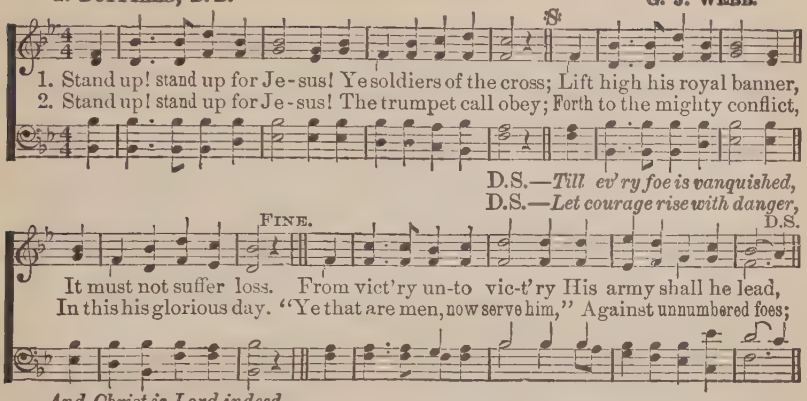
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

234. Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD, D. D. G. J. WEBB.


S.
1. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner,
2. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict,
D.S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
D.S.—Let courage rise with danger,
FINE.
D.S.
It must not suffer loss. From vict'ry un-to vic-t'ry His army shall he lead,
In this his glorious day. "Ye that are men, now serve him," Against unnumbered foes;

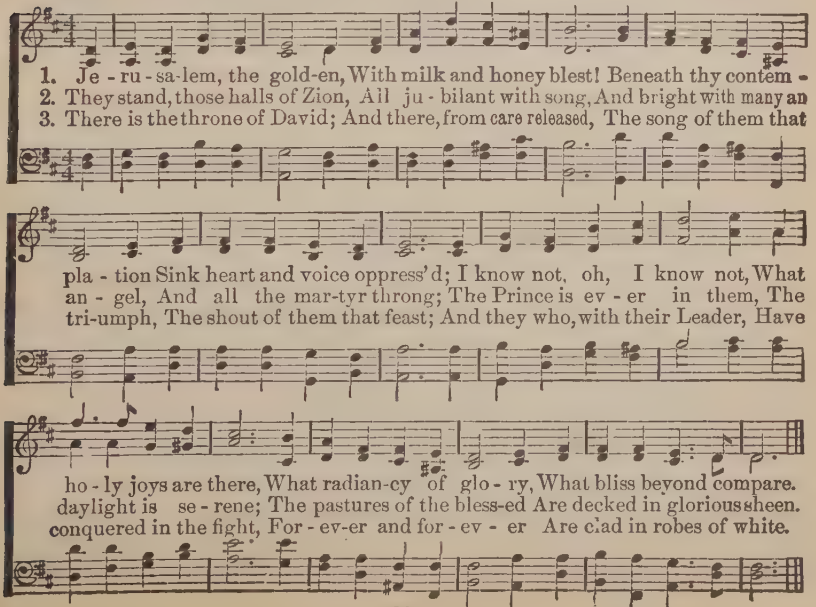
And Christ is Lord indeed.
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

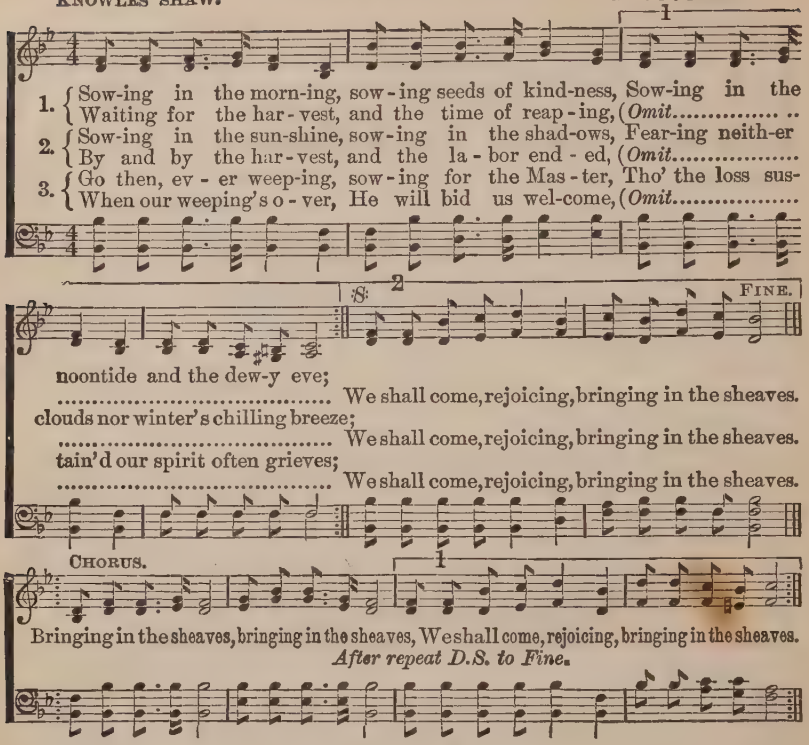
235. Jerusalem, the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. TR. BY J. M. NEALE. ALEX. EWING.


1. Je-ru-sa-lem, the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy contem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju-bilant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that
pla-tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd; I know not, oh, I know not, What
an-gel, And all the mar-tyr throng; The Prince is ev-er in them, The
tri-umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader, Have
ho-ly joys are there, What radian-cy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare.
daylight is se-rene; The pastures of the bless-ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
conquered in the fight, For-ev-er and for-ev-er Are clad in robes of white.

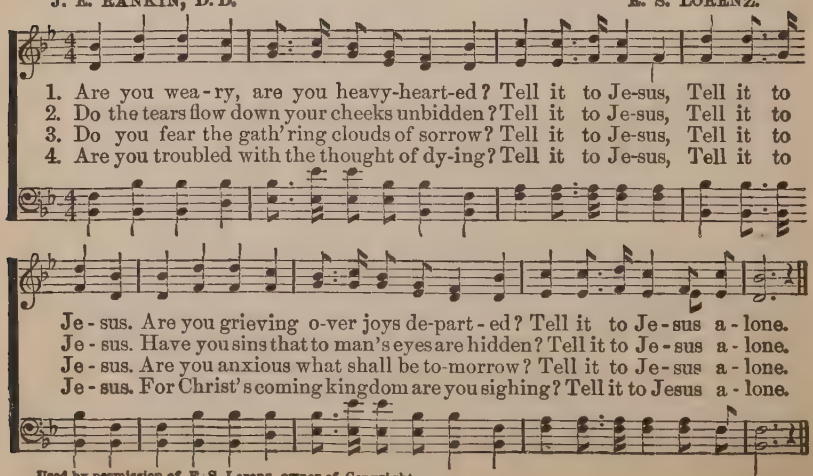
236. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.


1
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, (Omit.....
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing neith-er
By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, (Omit.....
3. Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, (Omit.....
2
FINE.
noontide and the dew-y eve;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
tain'd our spirit often grieves;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
1
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
After repeat D.S. to Fine.

237. Tell It to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Are you wea-ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
4. Are you troubled with the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
Je-sus. Are you grieving o-ver joys de-part-ed? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. Have you sins that to man's eyes are hidden? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Jesus a-lone.

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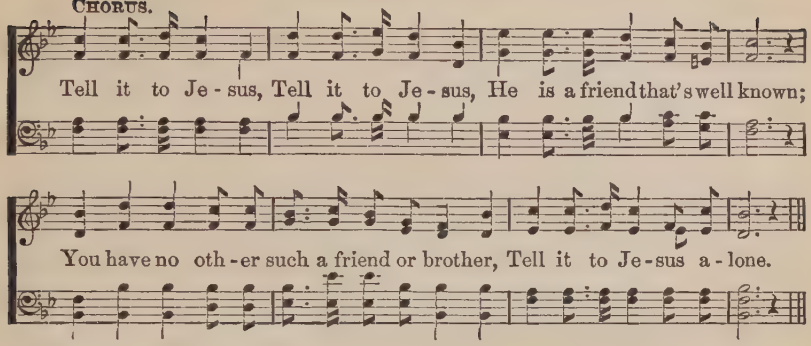
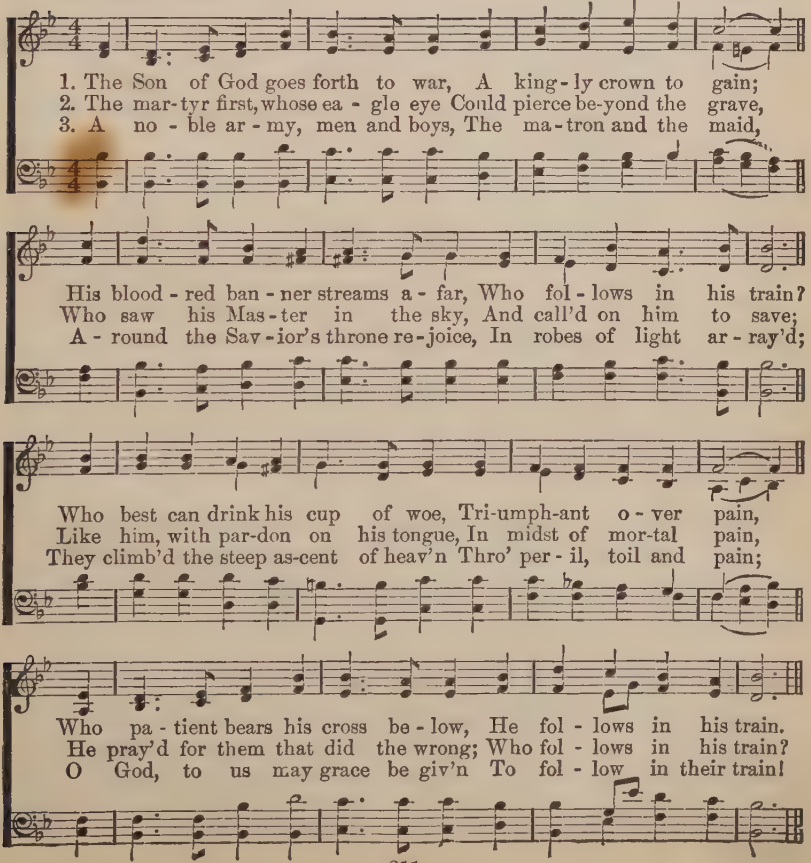
Tell it to Jesus.—Concluded.

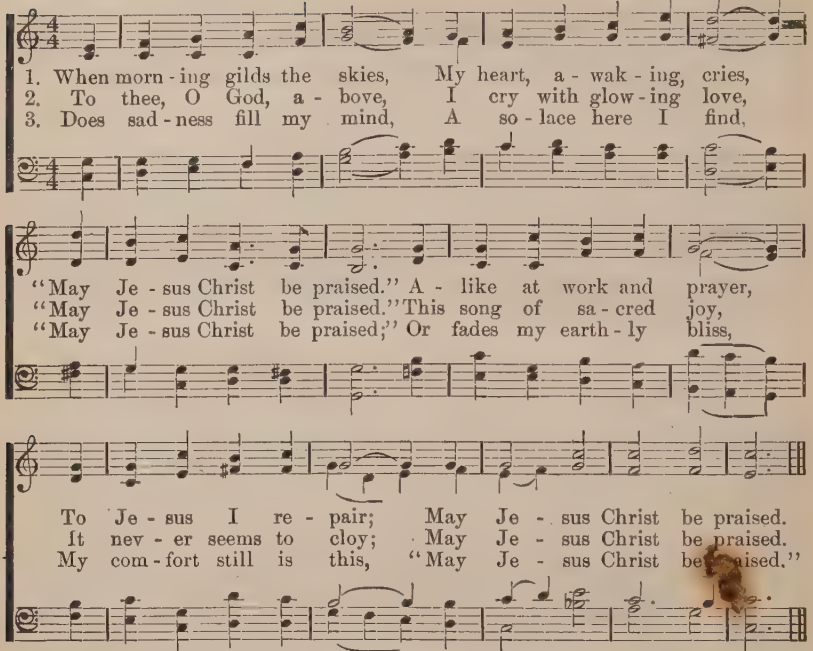

CHORUS.
Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;
You have no oth - er such a friend or brother, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

238. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. DR. H. S. CUTLER.

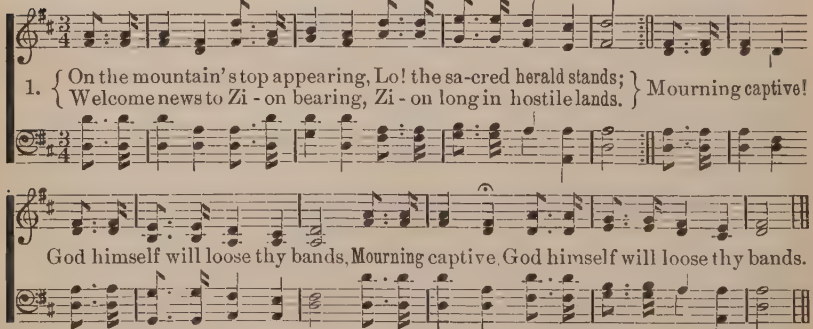

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain,
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in his train.
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on him to save;
Like him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd;
They climb'd the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

239. Laudes Domini.

TR. EDWARD CASWELL. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing, cries,
2. To thee, O God, a - bove, I cry with glow - ing love,
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A so - lace here I find,
"May Je - sus Christ be praised." A - like at work and prayer,
"May Je - sus Christ be praised." This song of sa - cred joy,
"May Je - sus Christ be praised;" Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
It nev - er seems to cloy; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this, "May Je - sus Christ be praised."

240. Zion.

T. KELLY. DR. T. HASTINGS.


1. { On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands; } Mourning captive!
{ Welcome news to Zi - on bearing, Zi - on long in hostile lands. }
God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.

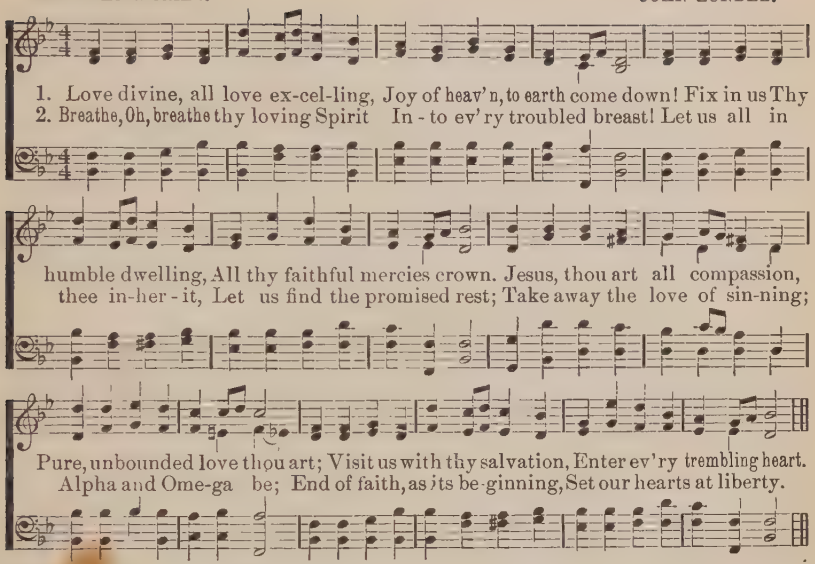
2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears, thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely end.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Savior, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

241. Beecher.

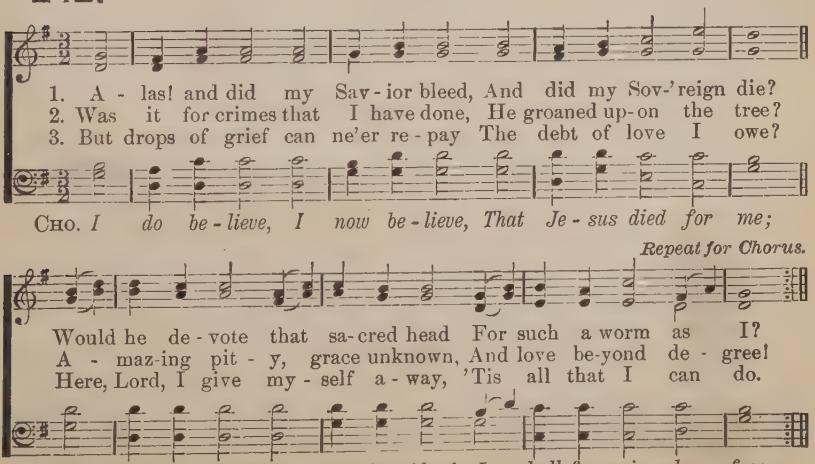
CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving Spirit In - to ev'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,
thee in-her - it, Let us find the promised rest; Take away the love of sin-ning;
Pure, unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation, Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Alpha and Ome-ga be; End of faith, as its be-ginning, Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

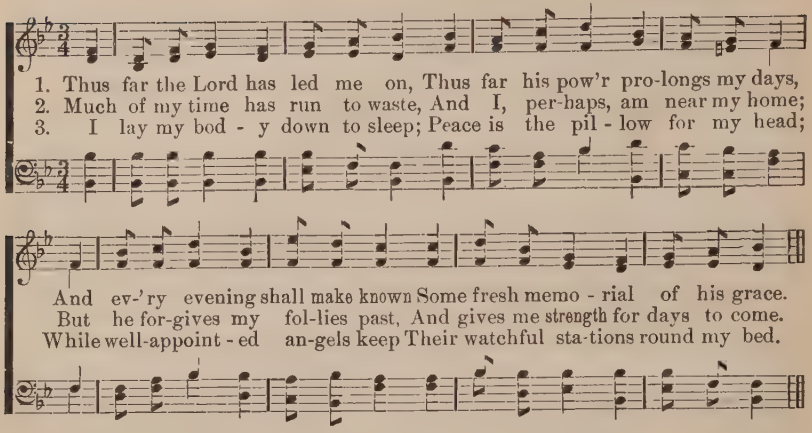
4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

242. I Do Believe.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe?
Cho. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;
Repeat for Chorus.
Would he de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.
And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

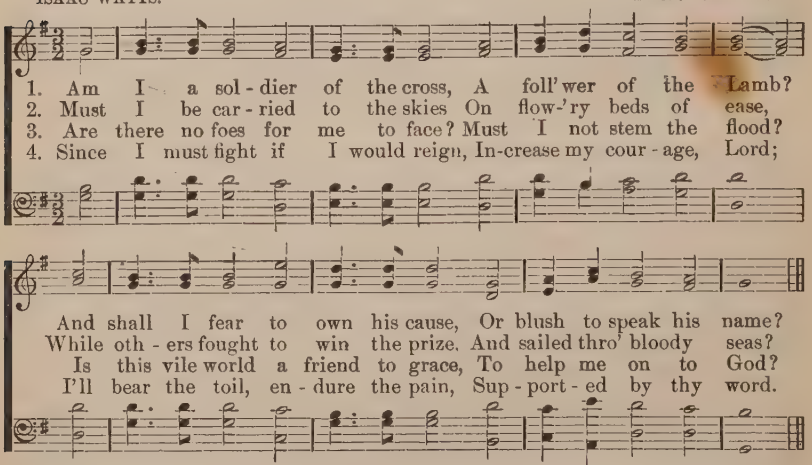
243. Thus far the Lord has Led Me on.

LOWELL MASON.


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days,
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
And ev-'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memo - rial of his grace.
But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appoint - ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

244. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize. And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

245.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys,
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

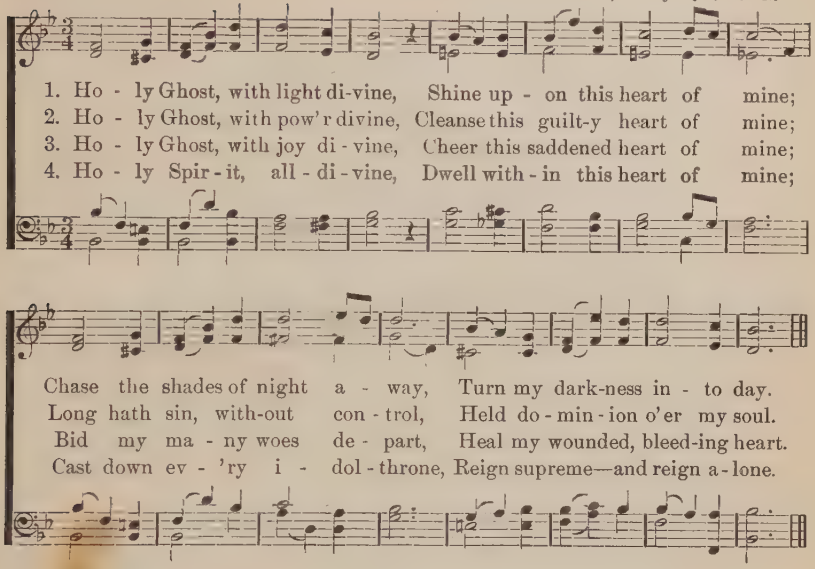
3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

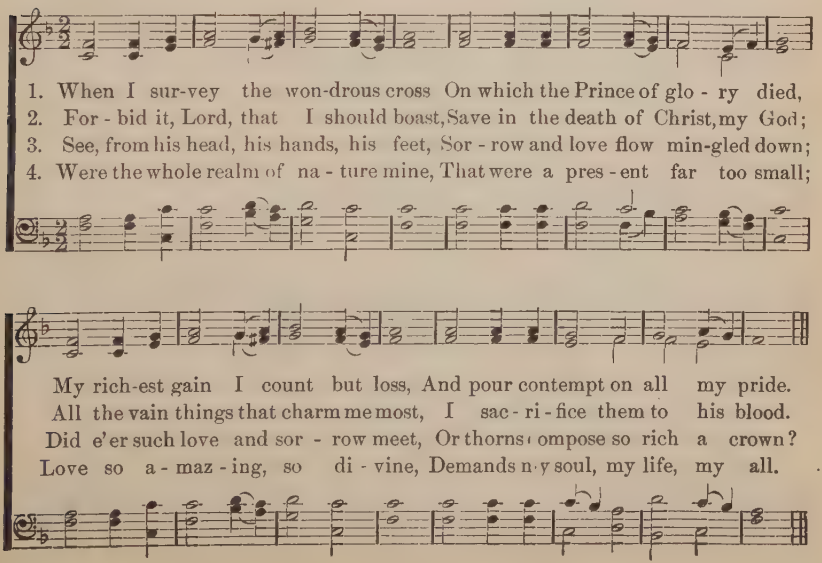
246. Last Hope.

ANDREW REED. L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. MAIN.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all - di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign supreme—and reign a - lone.

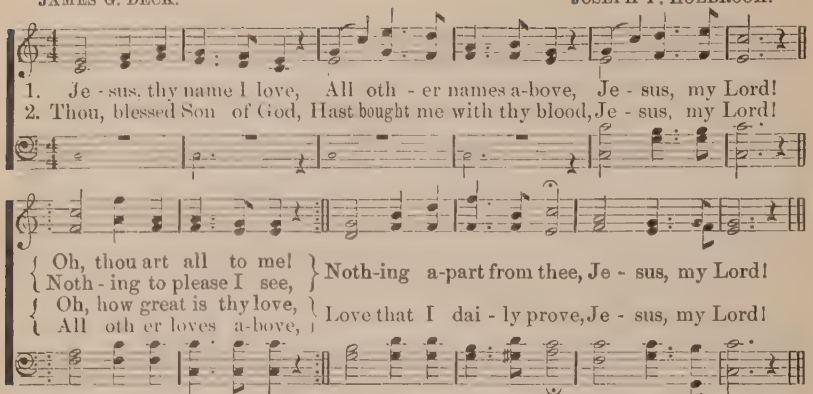
247. Hamburg.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

248. Lyte.

JAMES G. DECK. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

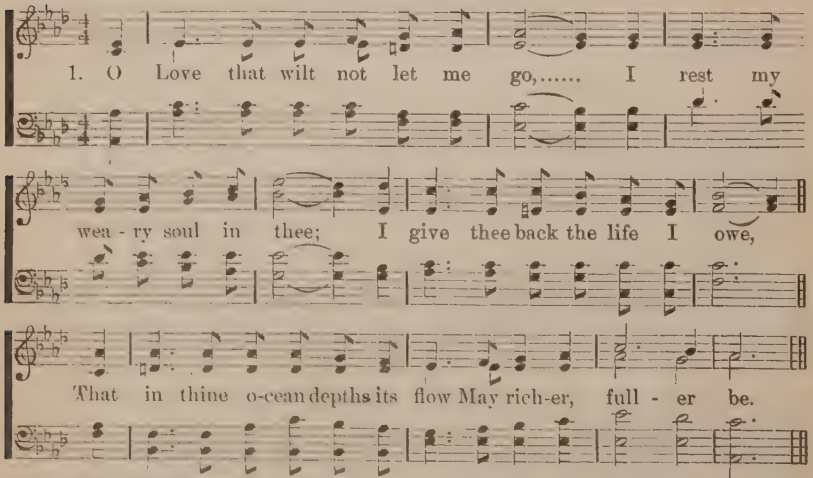

1. Je - sus, thy name I love, All oth - er names a-bove, Je - sus, my Lord!
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me! Noth-ing a-part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
Noth - ing to please I see,
Oh, how great is thy love, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
All oth er loves a-bove,

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

249. St. Margaret.

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go,..... I rest my
wea - ry soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full - er be.

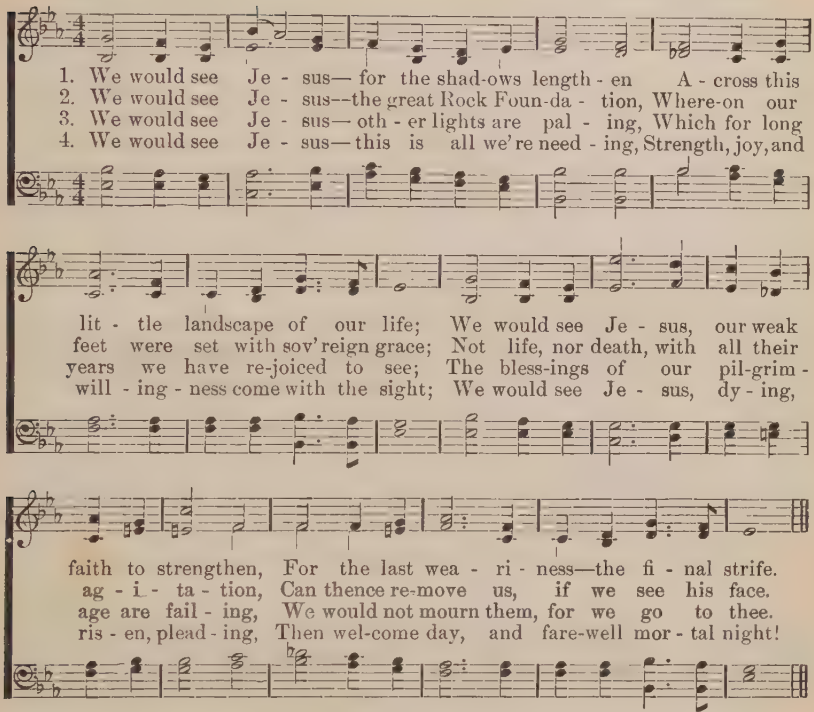
2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's glow its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

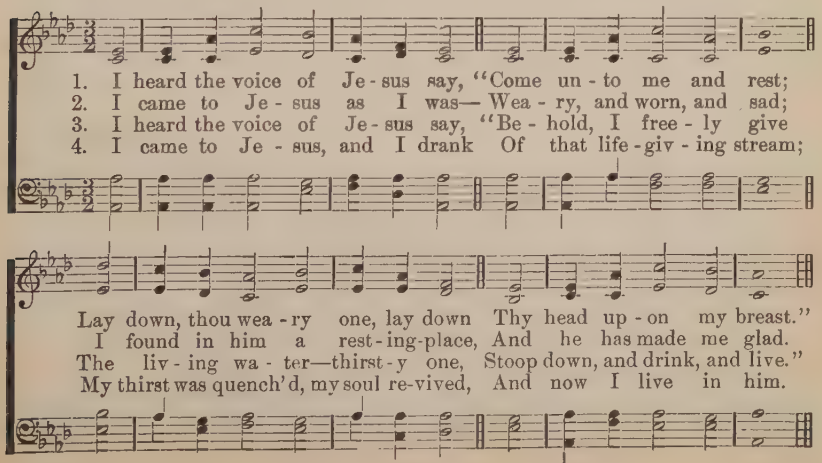
250. We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.


1. We would see Je - sus— for the shad-ows length - en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus--the great Rock Foun-da - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and
lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim -
will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,
faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see his face.
age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.
ris - en, plead - ing, Then wel-come day, and fare-well mor - tal night!

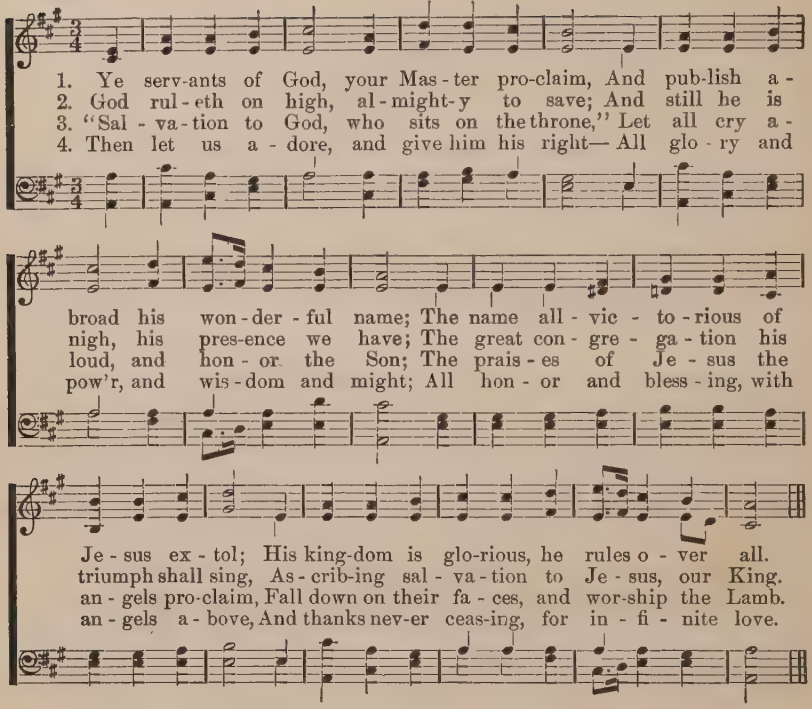
251. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. BONAR, D. D. WM. H. HAVERGAL.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was— Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.

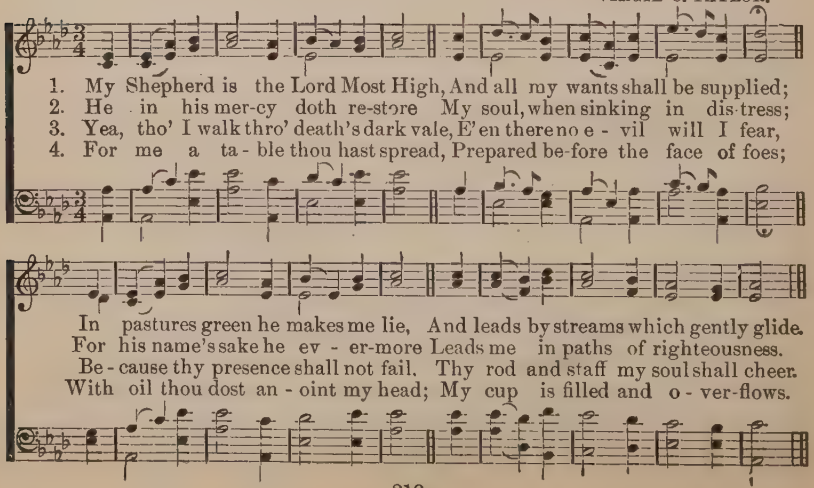
252. Lyons.

CHARLES WESLEY. FRANZ J. HAYDN.

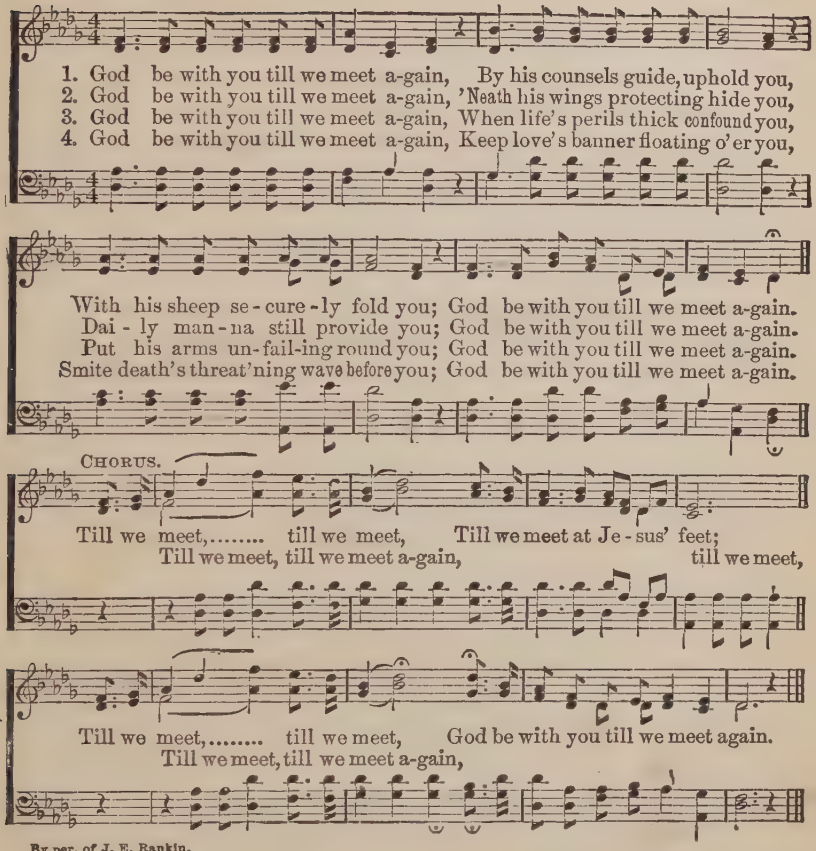

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-
2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still he is
3. "Sal-va-tion to God, who sits on the throne," Let all cry a-
4. Then let us a-dore, and give him his right— All glo-ry and
broad his won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious of
nigh, his pres-ence we have; The great con-gre-ga-tion his
loud, and hon-or the Son; The prais-es of Je-sus the
pow'r, and wis-dom and might; All hon-or and bless-ing, with
Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-rious, he rules o-ver all.
triumph shall sing, As-crib-ing sal-va-tion to Je-sus, our King.
an-gels pro-claim, Fall down on their fa-ces, and wor-ship the Lamb.
an-gels a-bove, And thanks nev-er ceas-ing, for in-fi-nite love.

253. Louvan.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.


1. My Shepherd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be supplied;
2. He in his mer-cy doth re-store My soul, when sinking in dis-tress;
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, E'en there no e-vil will I fear,
4. For me a ta-ble thou hast spread, Prepared be-fore the face of foes;
In pastures green he makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide.
For his name's sake he ev-er-more Leads me in paths of righteousness.
Be-cause thy presence shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
With oil thou dost an-oint my head; My cup is filled and o-ver-flows.

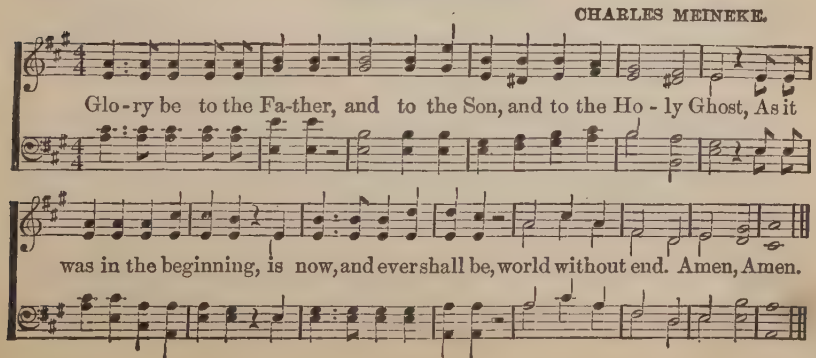
254. God be with You.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still provide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet,
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

255. Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

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